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ABSTRACT

Hopi storytellers told, in Hopi, 20 stories for this supplementary reading series. Each story was translated into English, graded (1.1 to 3.8), and illustrated. These stories normally serve to entertain as well as to instruct both children and adults during the winter nights. Several of the stories have Coyote as the central character. He typifies the clever, mischievous one who, through his scheming, often overreaches himself and becomes the butt of his own joke. The Hopi stories, unlike European ones, almost never spell out the moral but leave it implicit, to be drawn out as the hearer recalls or ponders a tale. A related document (RC 005 039) contains the same stories printed in the Hopi language. (LS)

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[COYOTE TALES.

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English Version.]

June 1970

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HOPI DEVELOPMENTAL MATERIALS PROJECT

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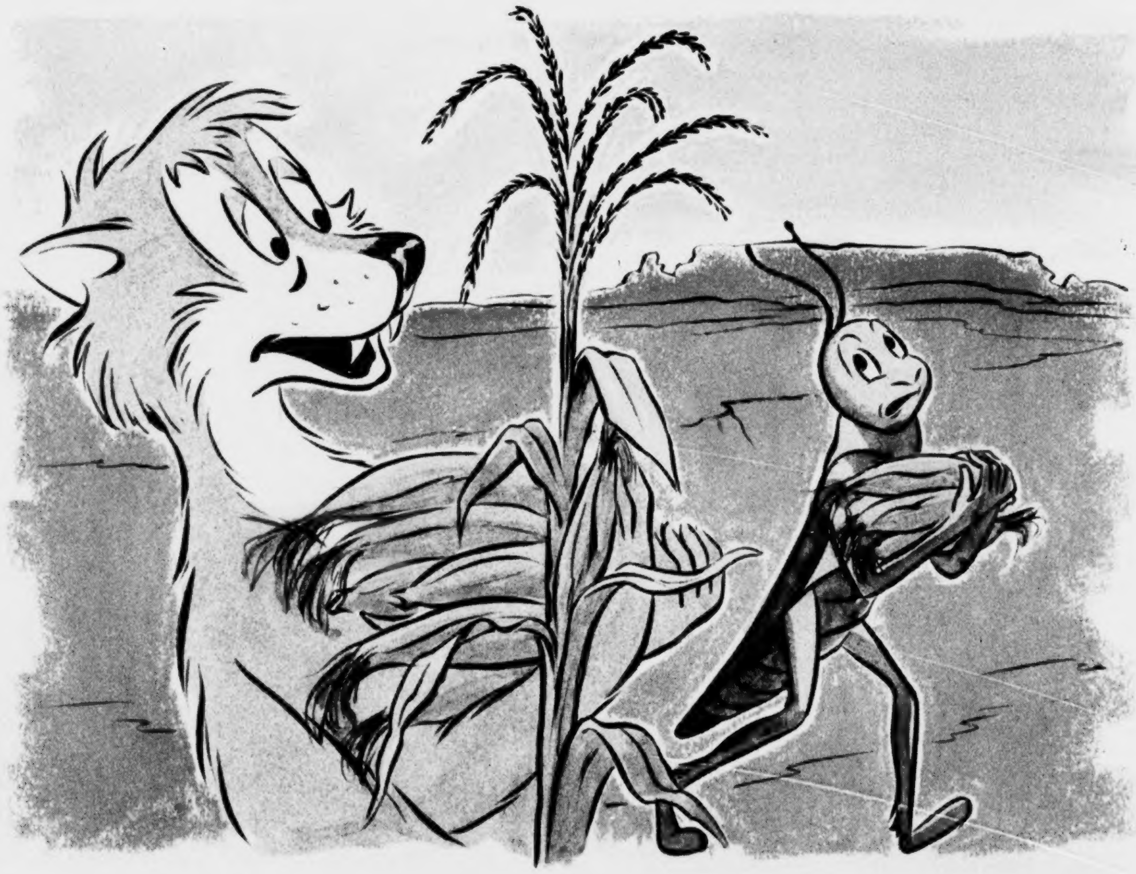
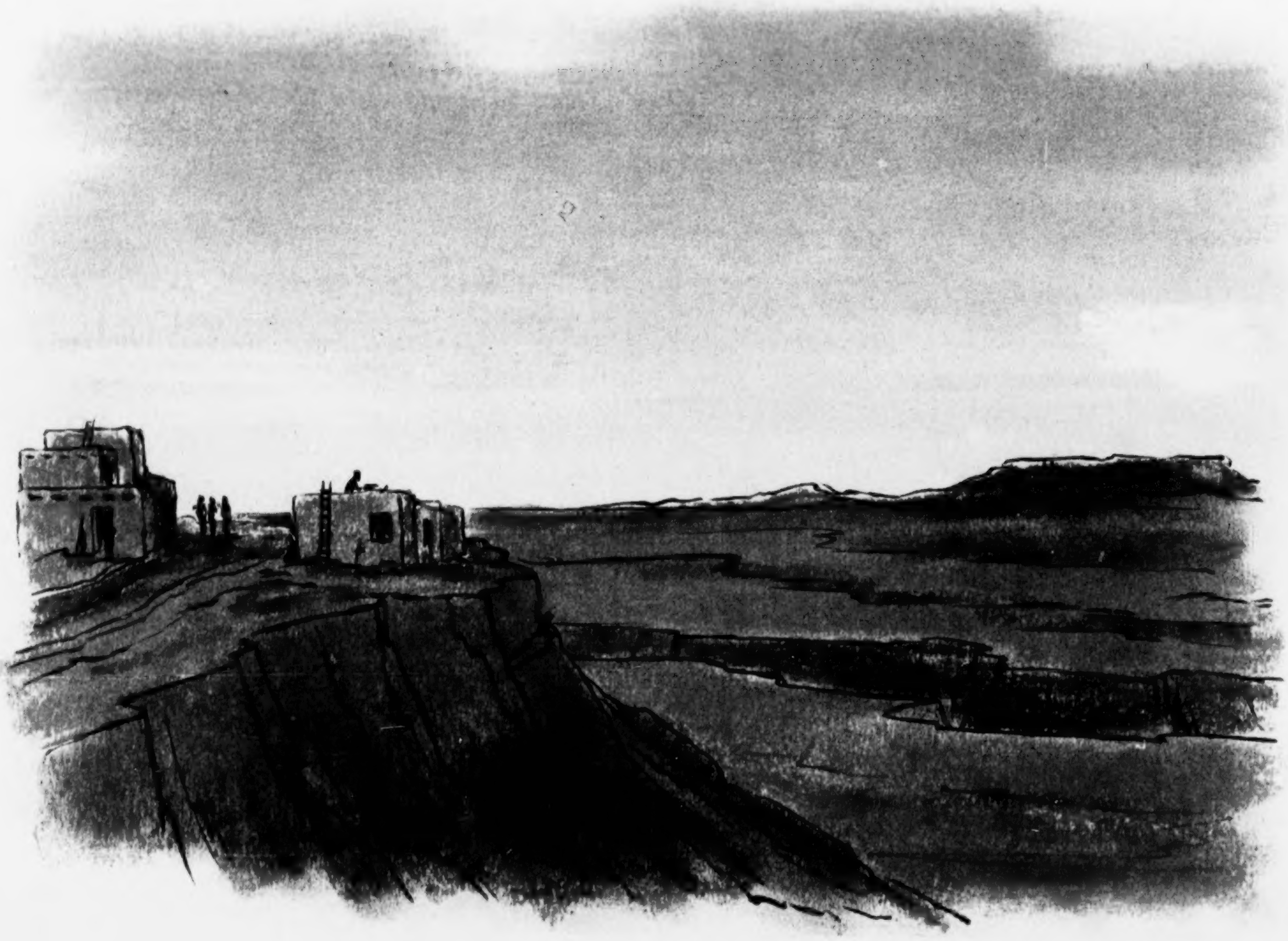
the coyote and the grasshopper harvest corn



A HOPI TALE AS TOLD BY ROY ALBERT

ILLUSTRATED BY DR. DON DOUGLASS



Long ago people lived here. Coyote lived nearby. He lived at Coyote Ridge.

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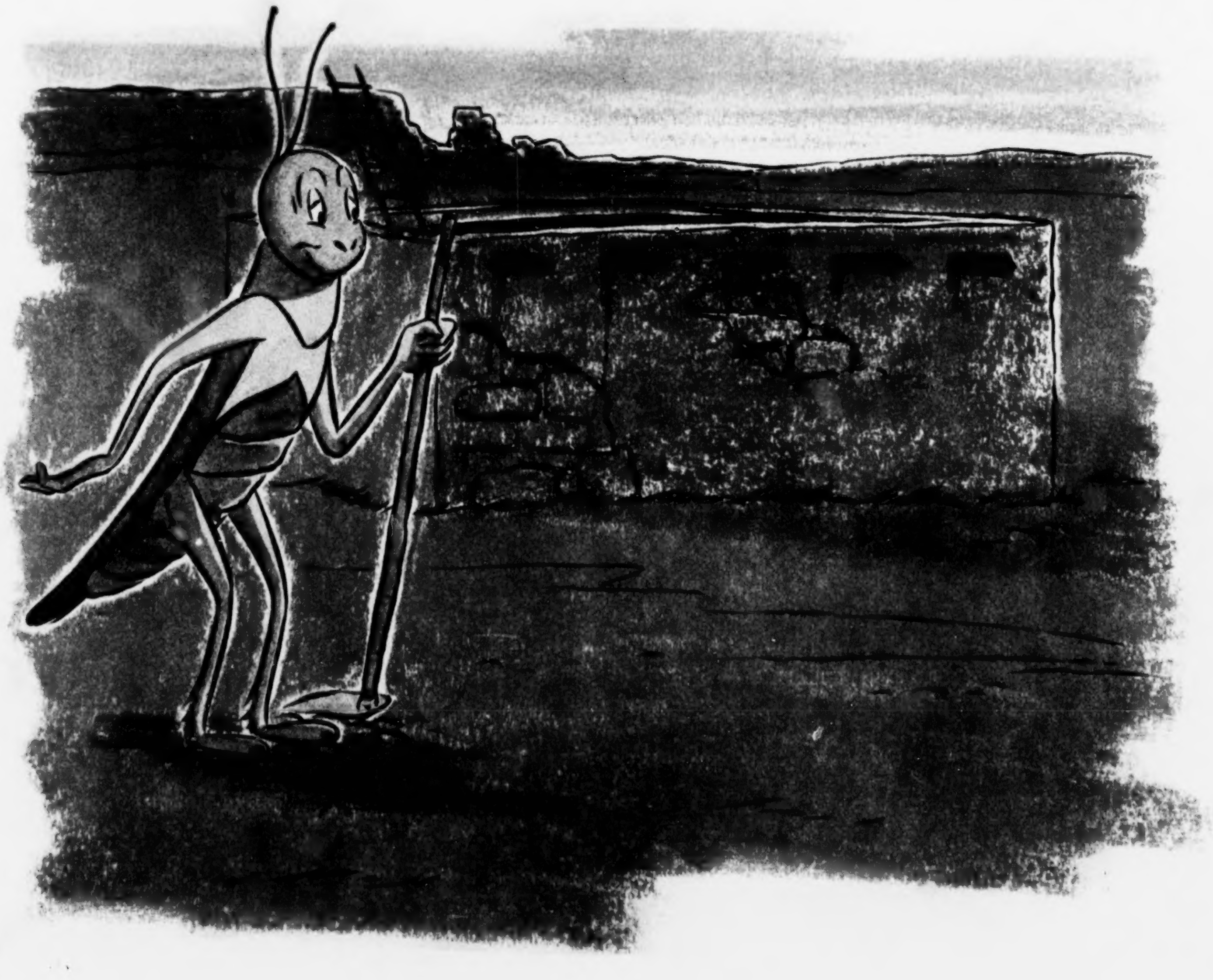
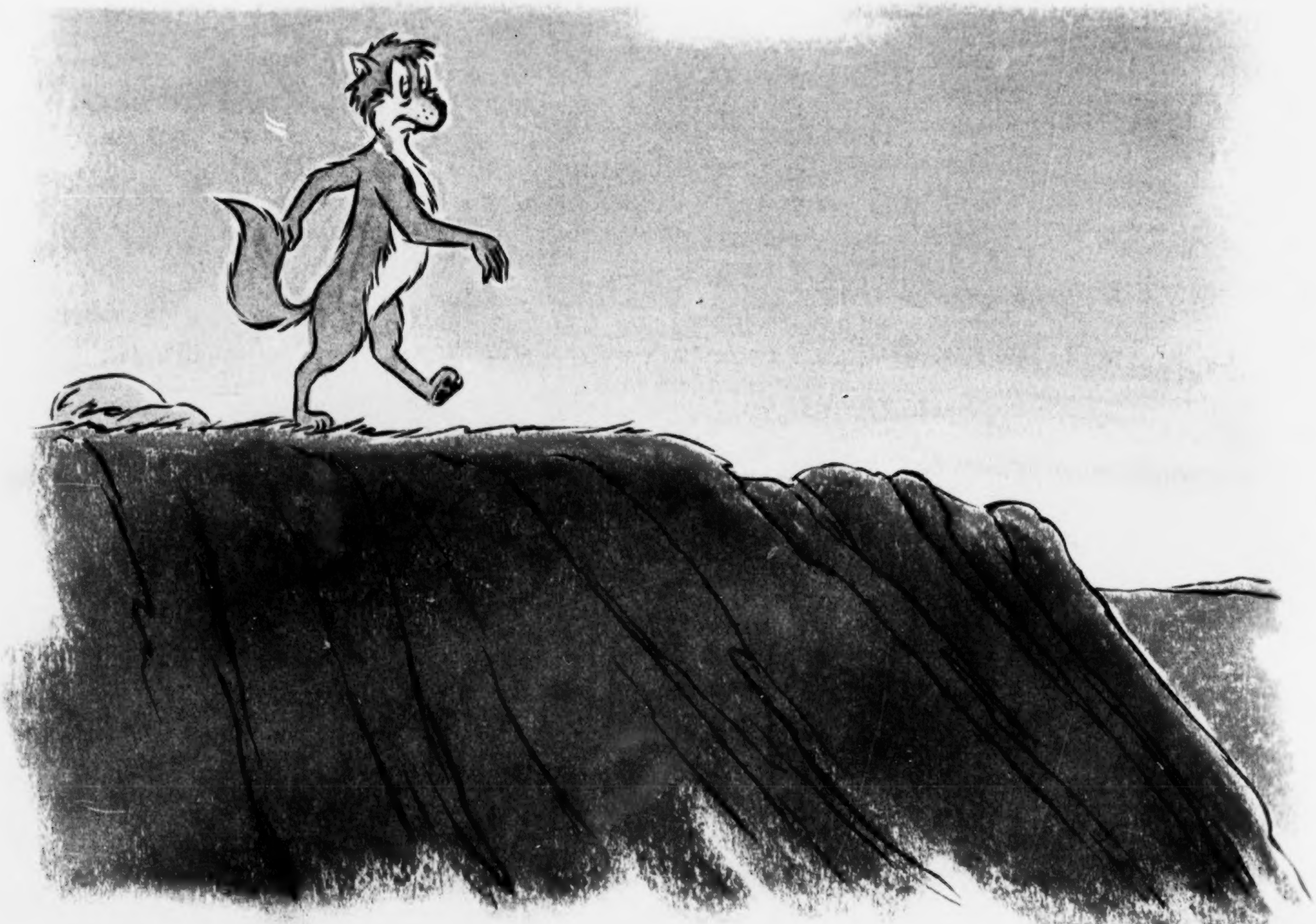


Grasshopper lived nearby also. Grasshopper lived near Spirit Canyon.



One day Coyote went hunting near Spirit Canyon. He ran along the ridge of the canyon. Then he went down into the canyon.

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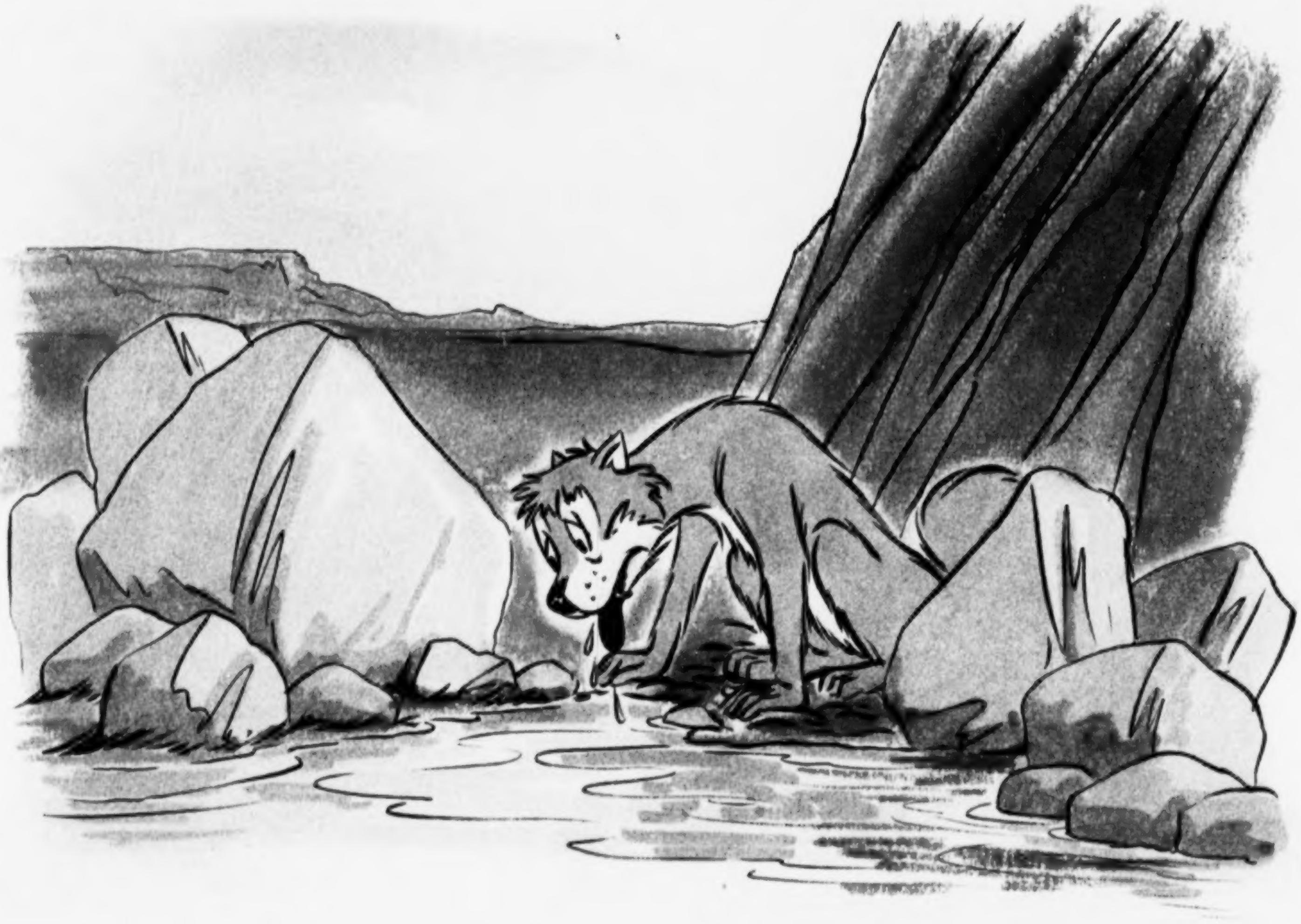
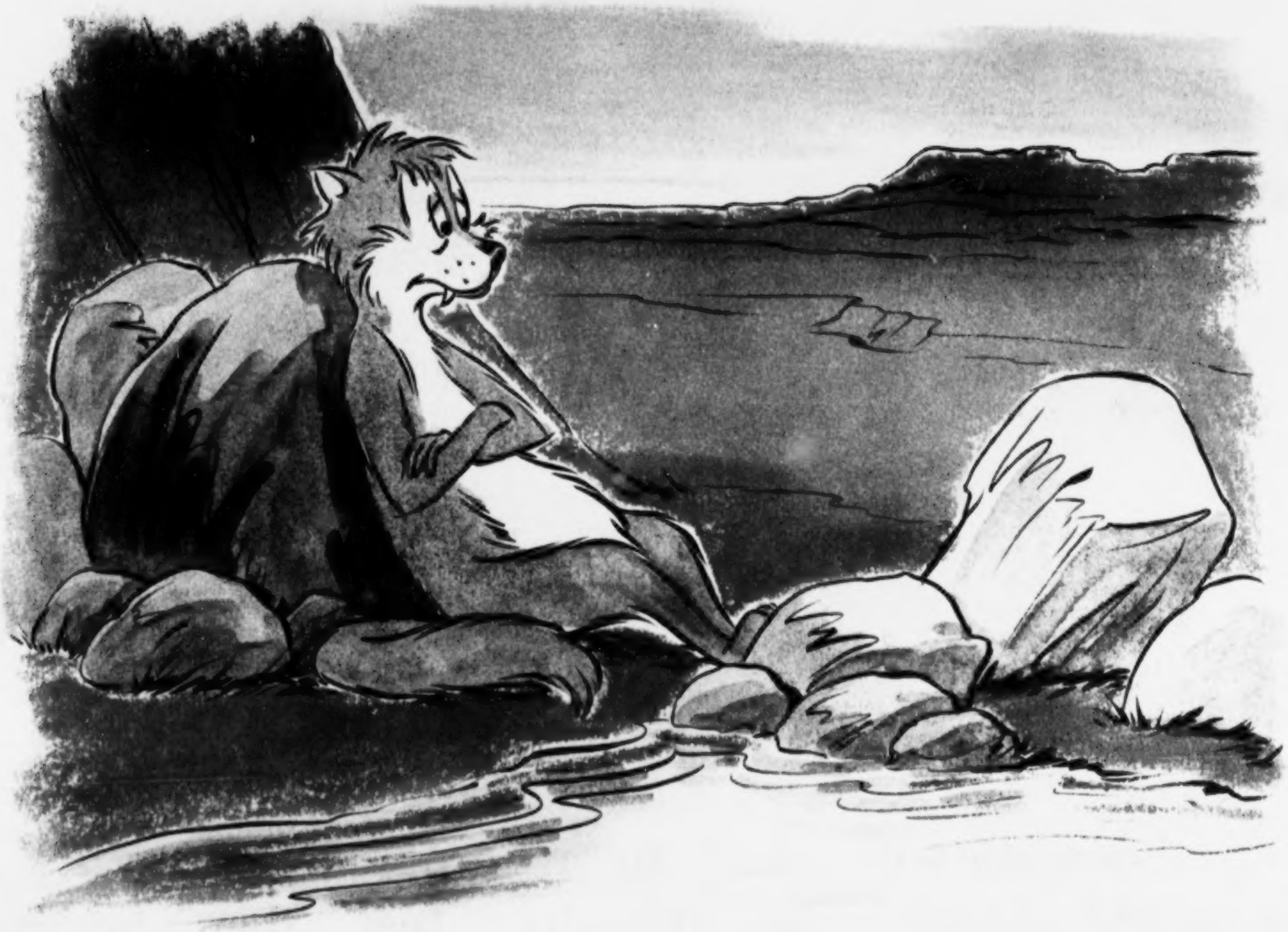
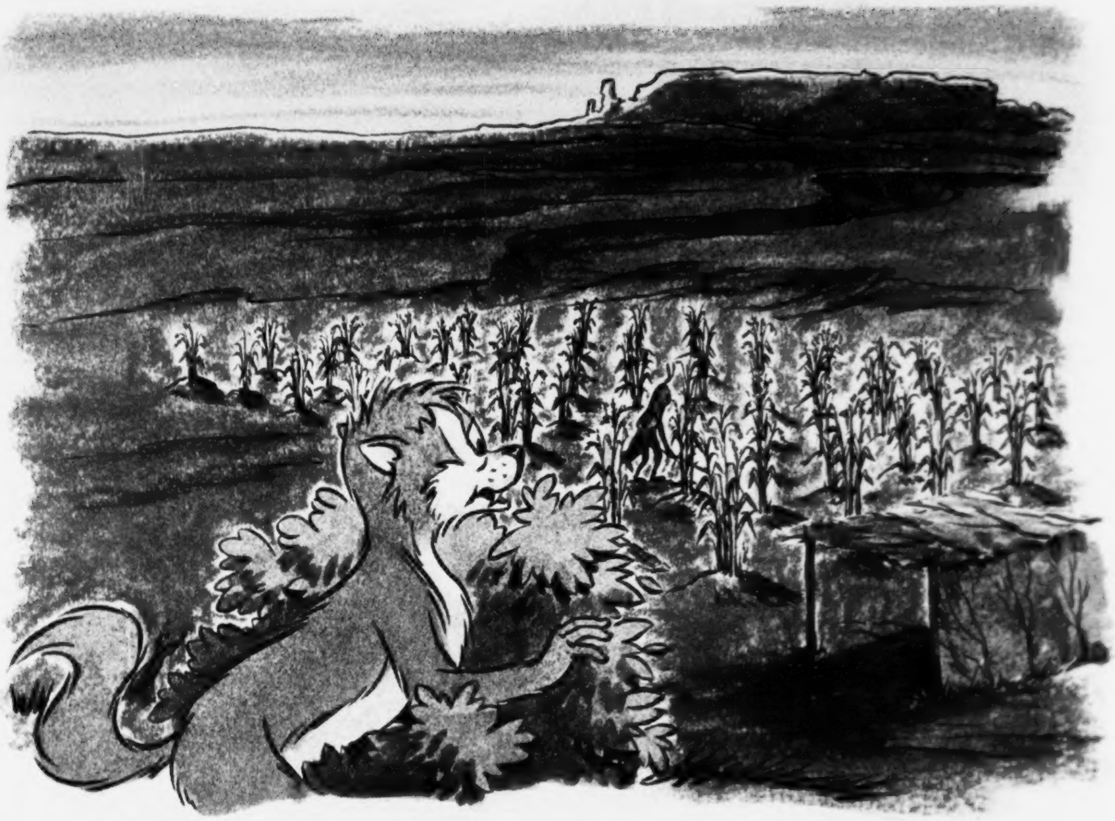


Coyote stopped at the spring. It was full. "Good," said Coyote. "It has been raining. It has been a good summer."



Coyote rested a while. Then he climbed back up the ridge. He went on with his hunting.



Soon Coyote came to a cornfield. "Who has a cornfield here?" he thought. Just then he saw Grasshopper. Grasshopper was working in the cornfield. "Oh, it is Grasshopper. Now I remember. Grasshopper has a field here," thought Coyote.

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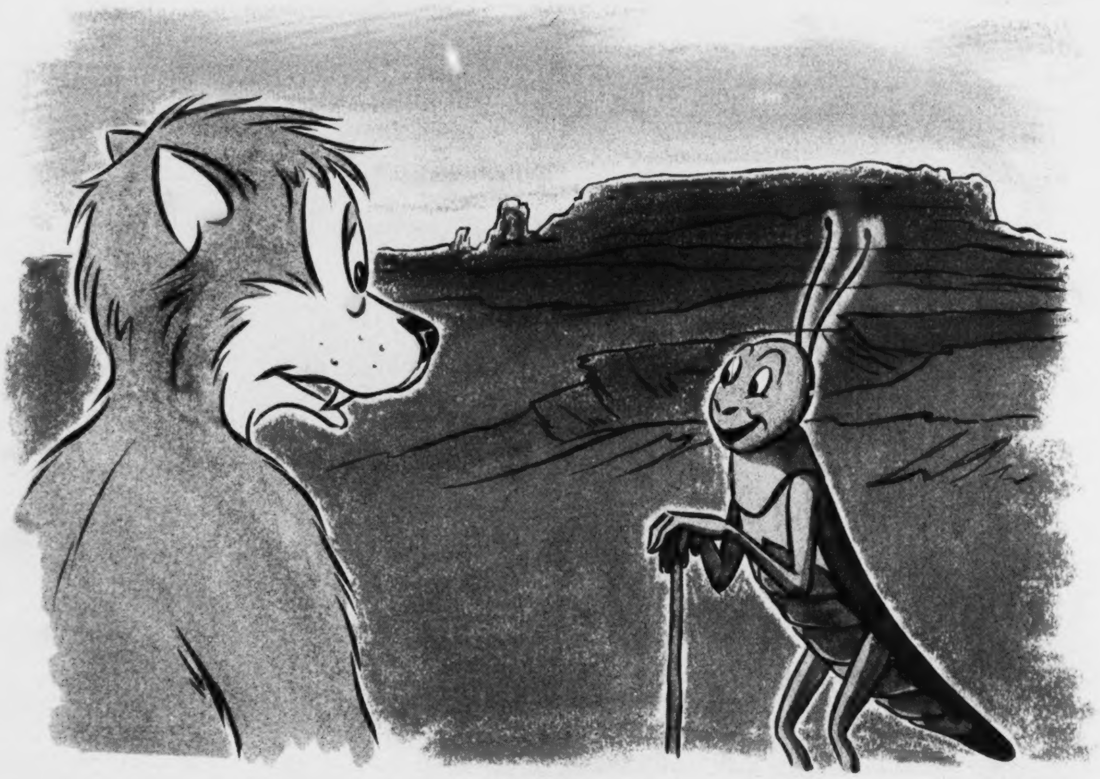


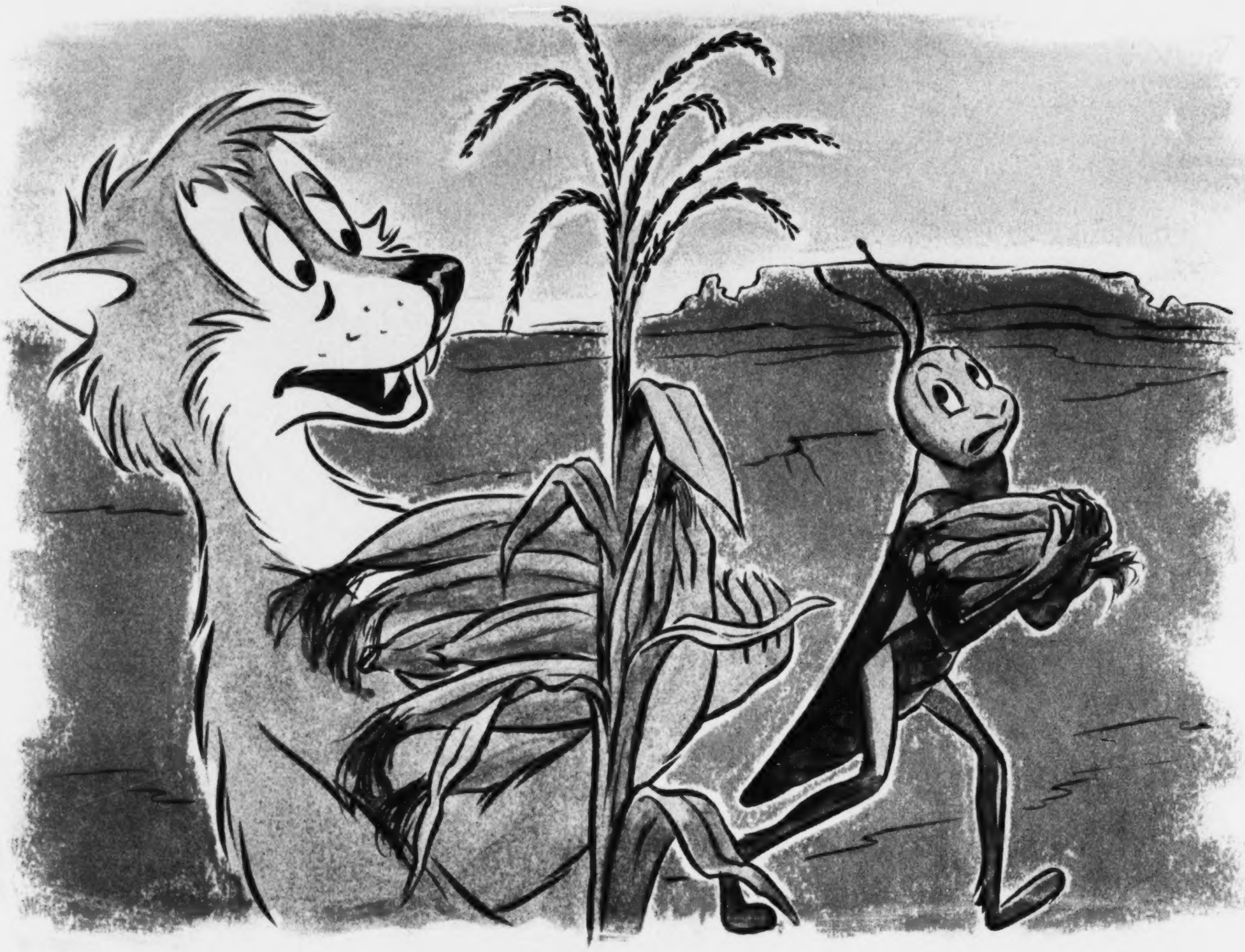
“Oh my friend!” called Coyote. “Is it you?”

“Yes,” answered Grasshopper.

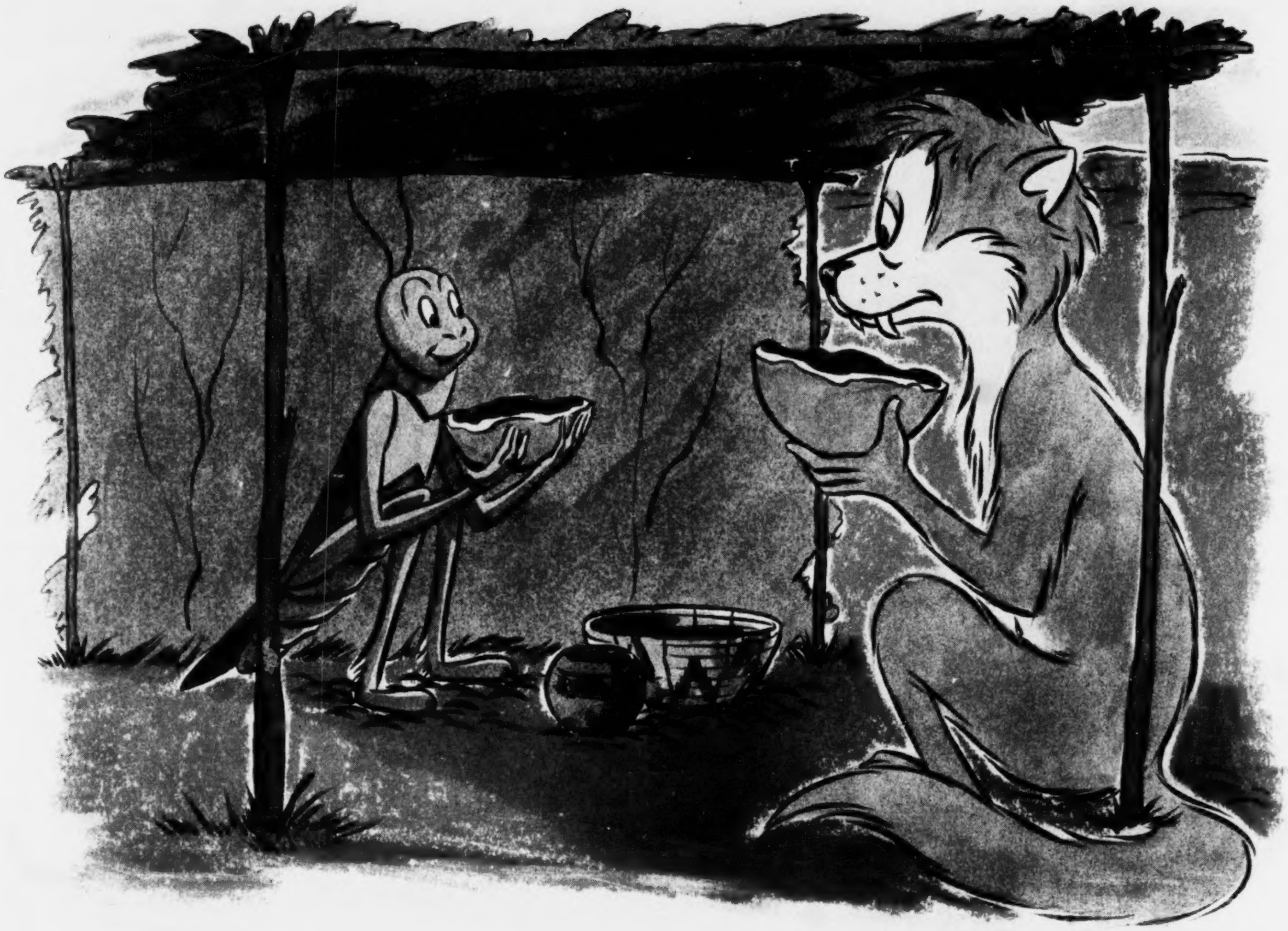
“I see you have been working,” said Coyote.

“Yes, I am almost through,” said Grasshopper. “It is good that you came. Help me with my harvest. I will give you some lunch.”

“I will help you,” said Coyote.



So Coyote and Grasshopper worked hard. At noon they stopped to eat. They had watermelon and some piki. They also had some stew.



They rested for a while. Then they went back to work.

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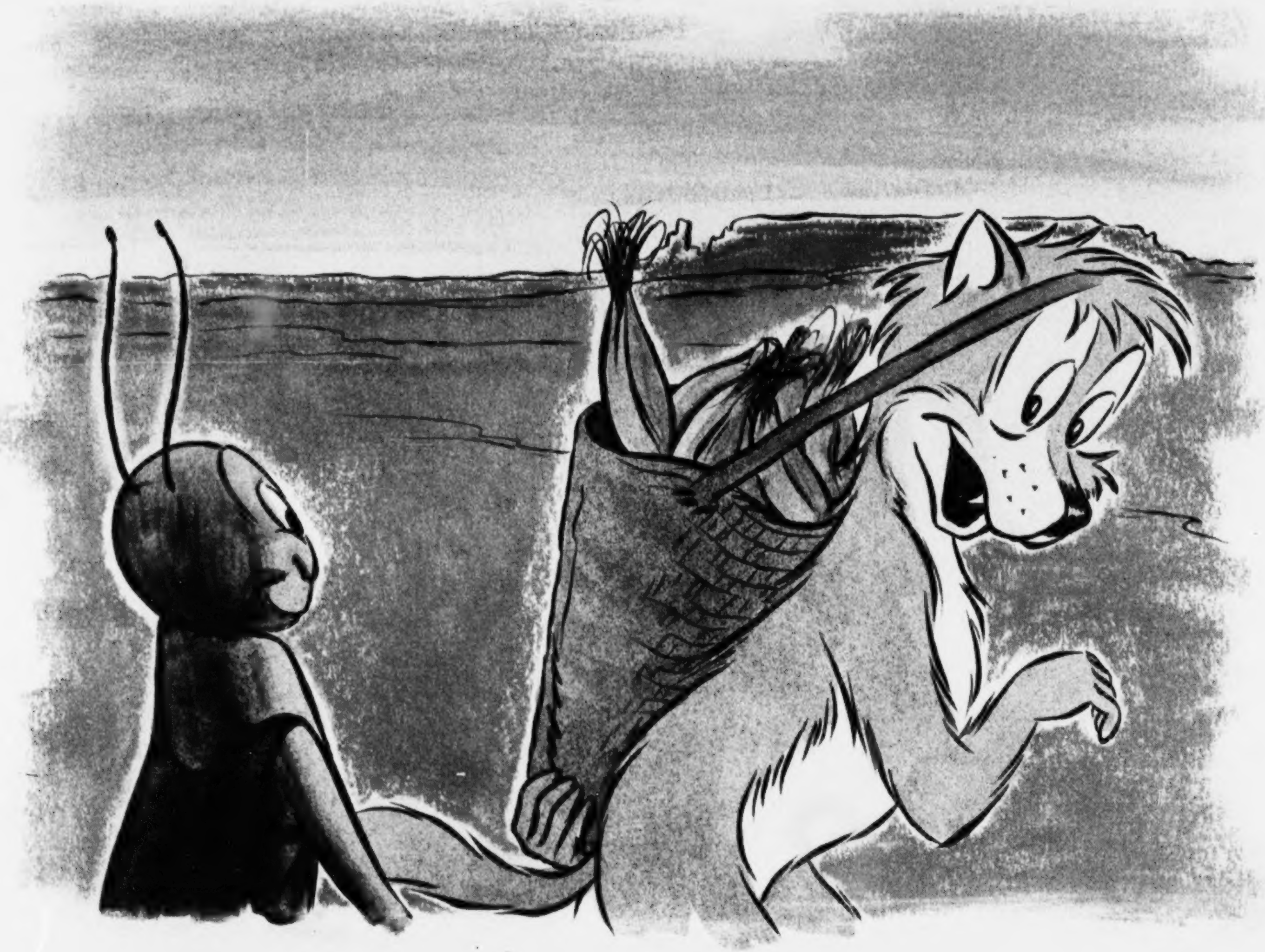
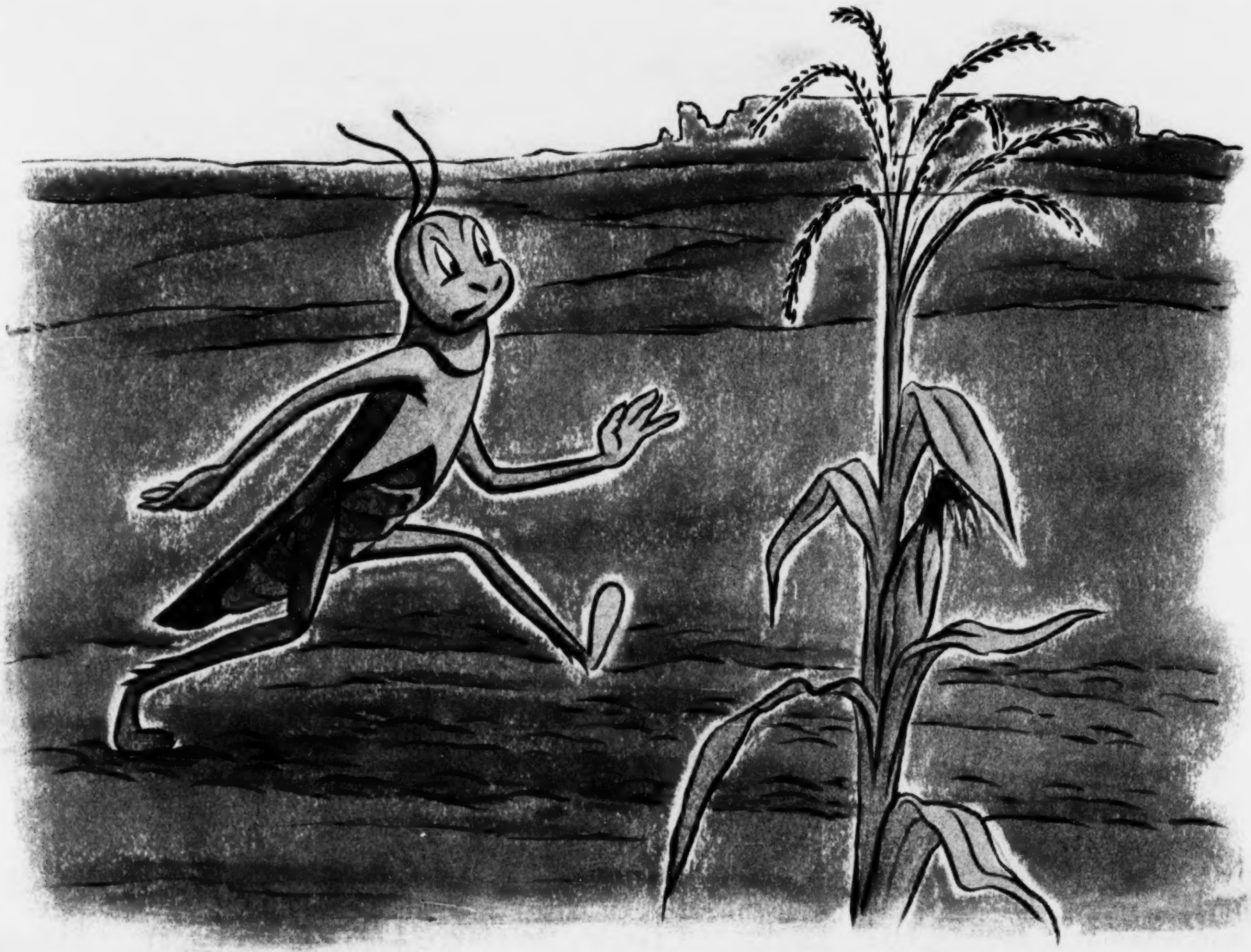


Grasshopper had a store house. It was at the edge of the field. They put the corn in a basket. Then they would carry it to the store house.



"My friend is working hard," thought Grasshopper. "I will give him something when we are through. I will give him melons and peaches."

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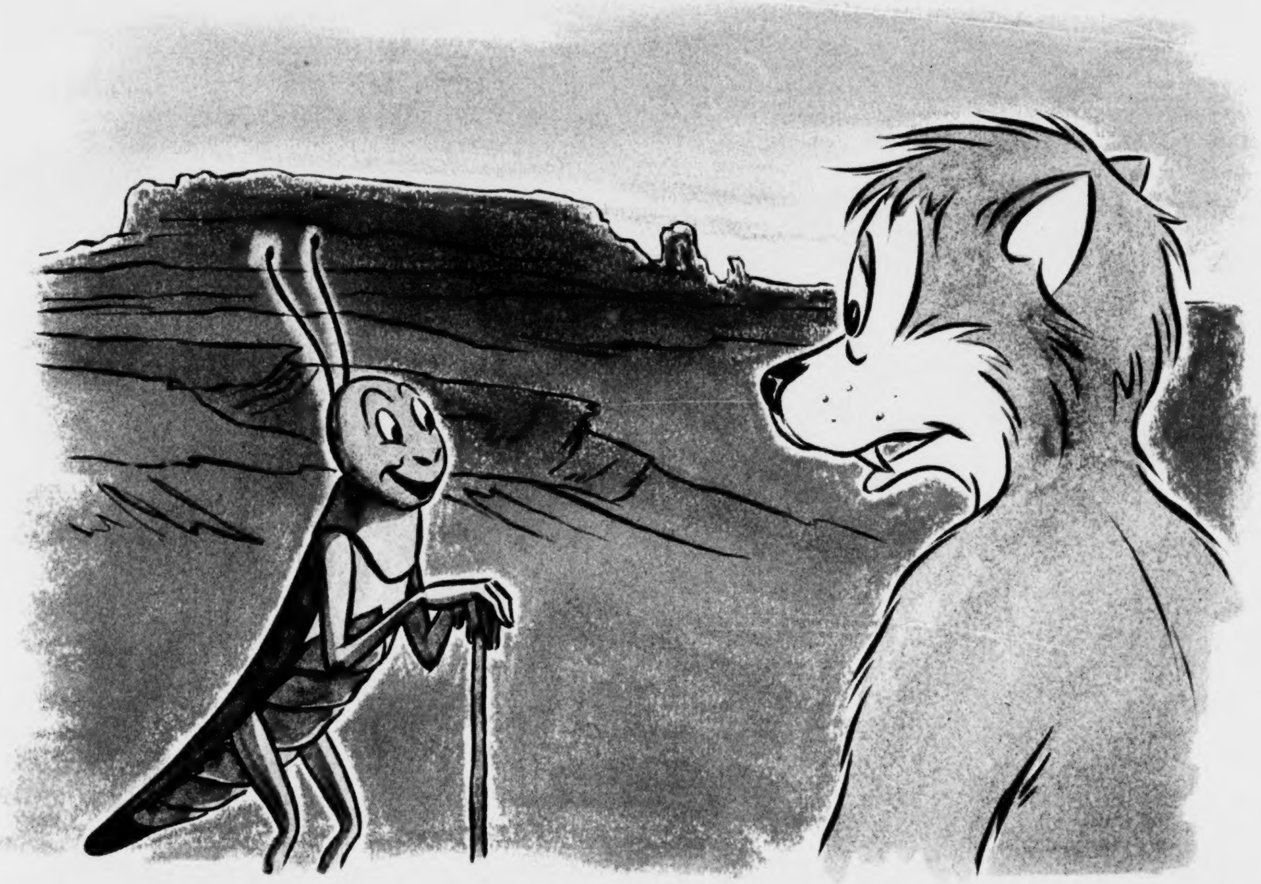
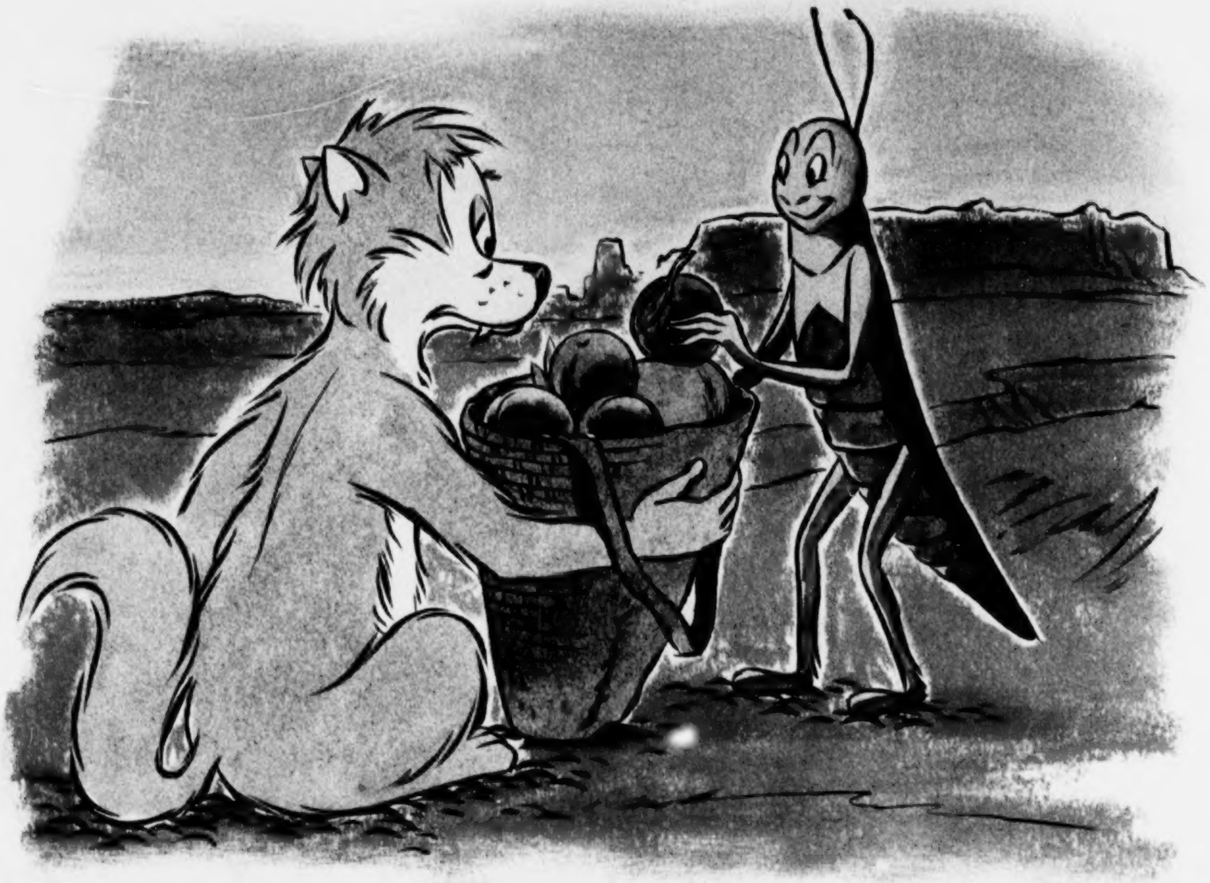


They worked late. They were tired when they were through. Coyote ate the rest of the lunch. "It was good that you came," said Grasshopper. "Go to the other side of the field. There are melons there. Take what you want. You have worked hard."



So Coyote went to the melon field. He filled a basket with melons. He took all that he could carry.

Grasshopper picked some peaches. He put them in Coyote's basket too.

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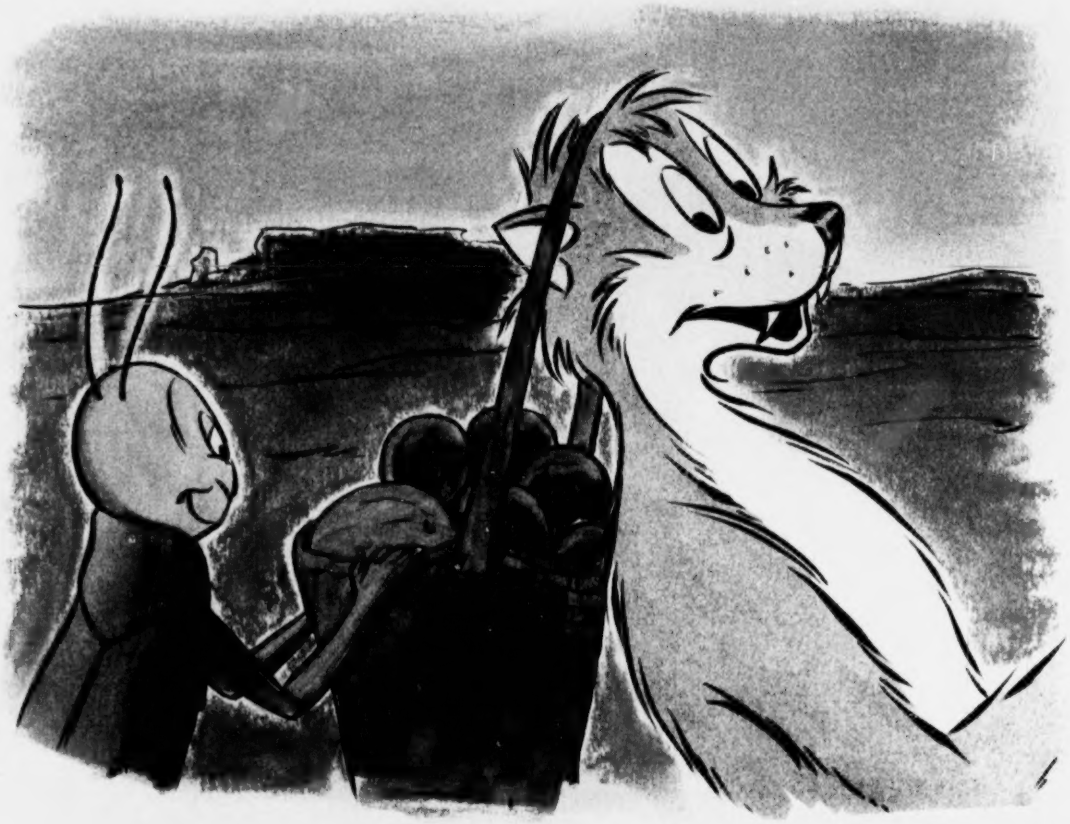

Coyote lifted the basket. "I don't know if I can carry it," he said. Grasshopper helped him put on the shoulder straps. Coyote started for Coyote Ridge.

"You should get home before you are too tired," called Grasshopper.

"I will try," said Coyote.

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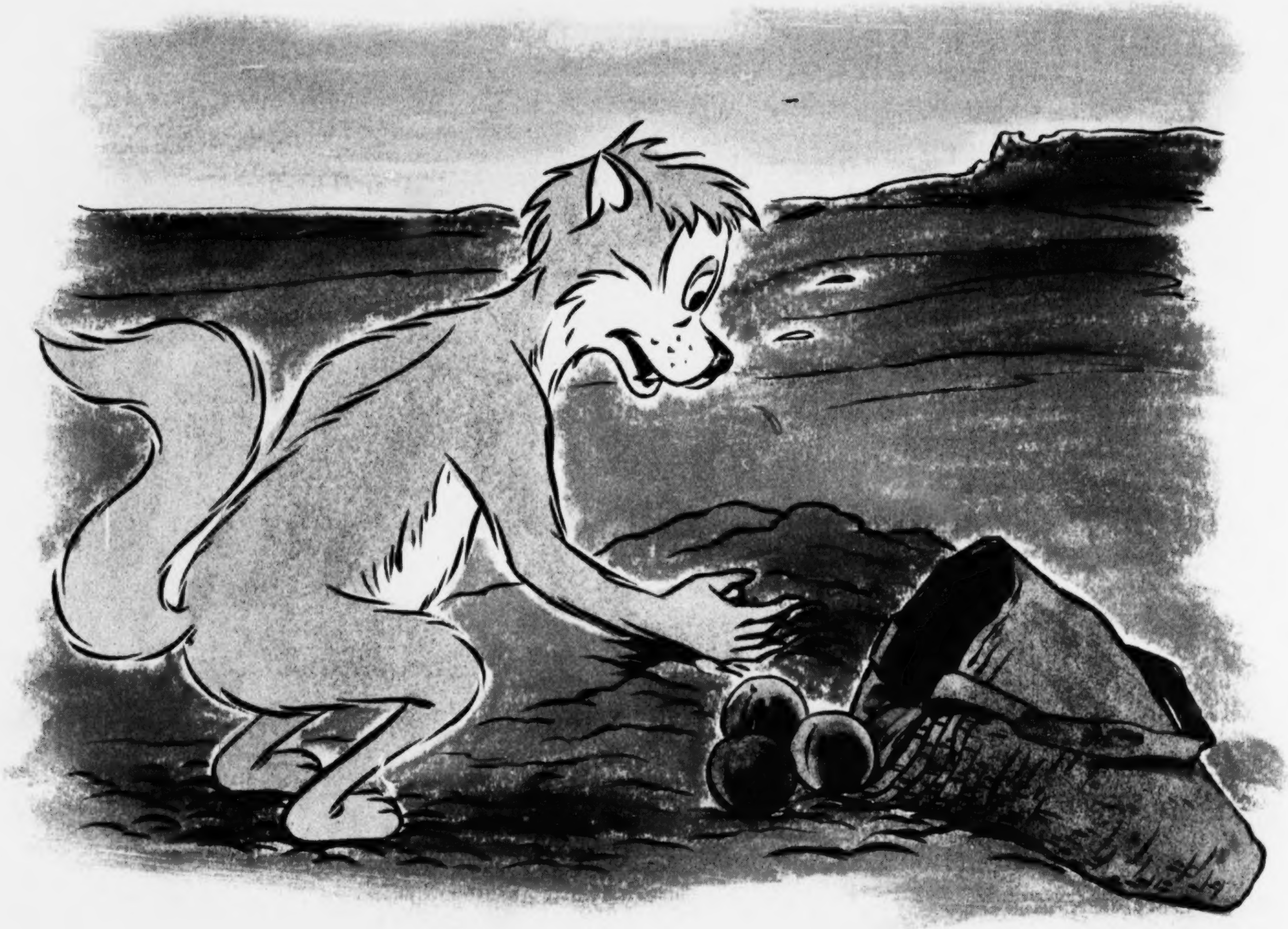

Coyote tried to keep the basket on his back. Soon he took out some melons. He dug a hole. He put the melons in the hole. "I will get these tomorrow," he thought.

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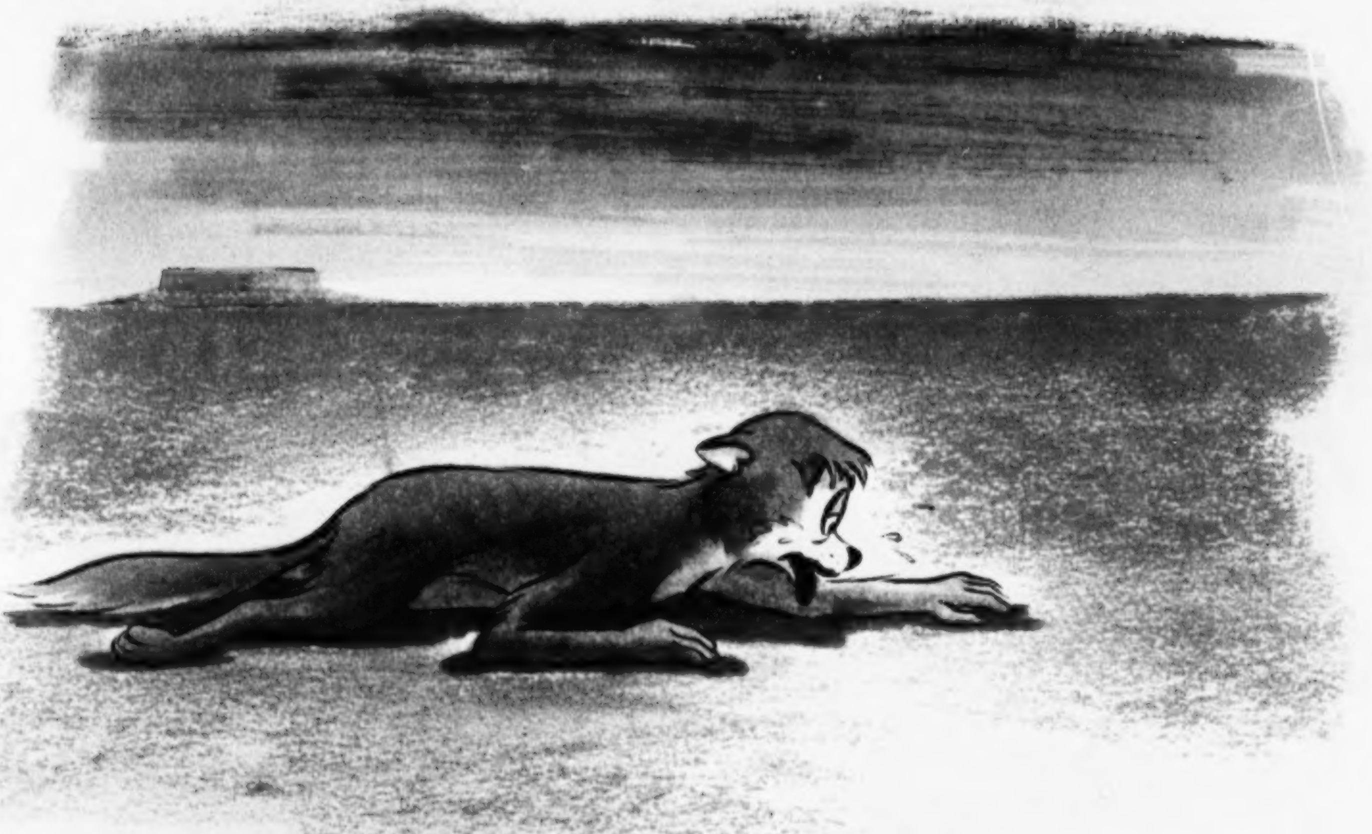

At last Coyote got home. He was very tired. "I was too greedy," he thought. "Next time I will not be so greedy."

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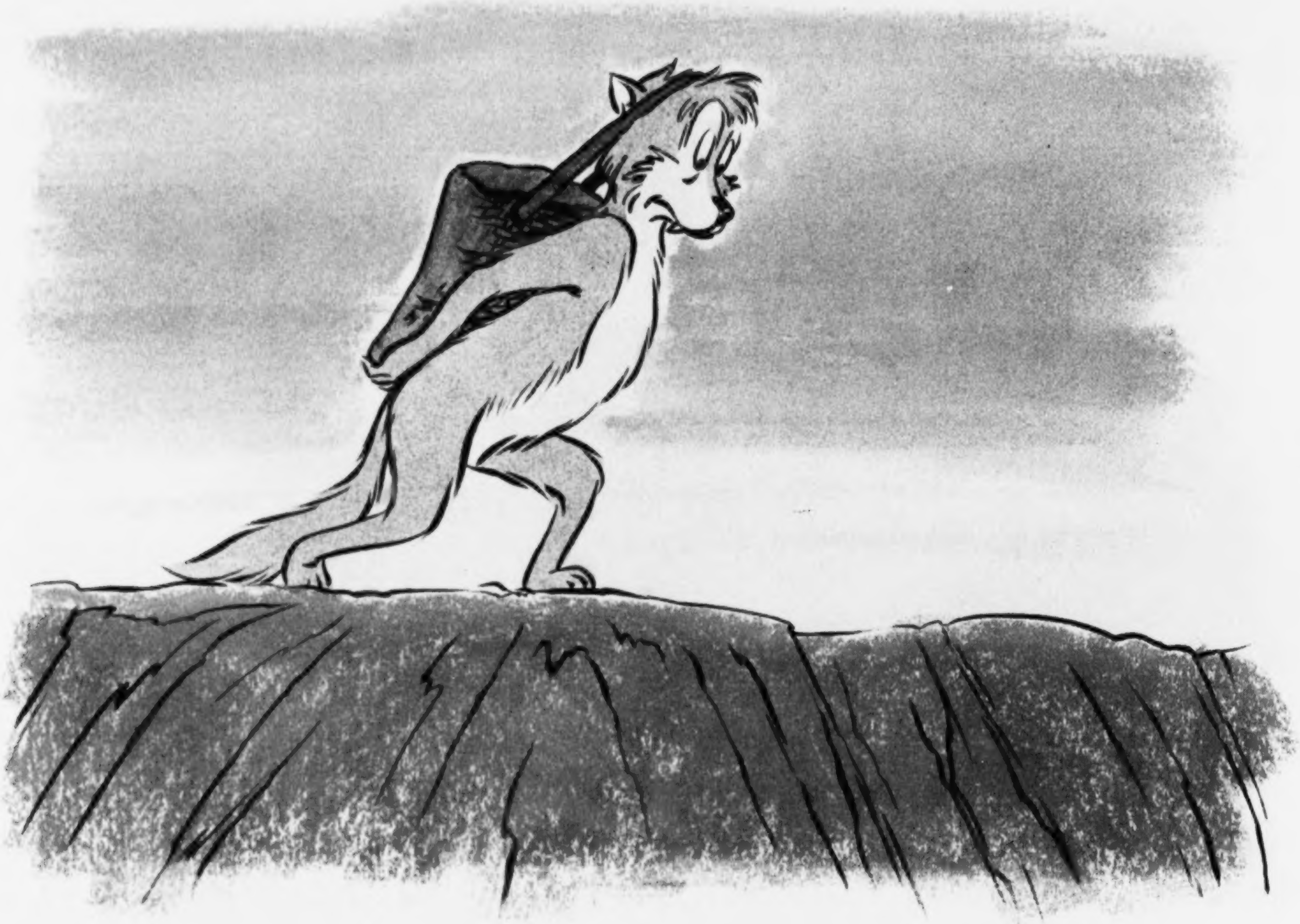

Next day Coyote went back for the rest of his melons. They were still there. He took them home to Coyote Ridge. Perhaps he still has his melons.

That ends this story.

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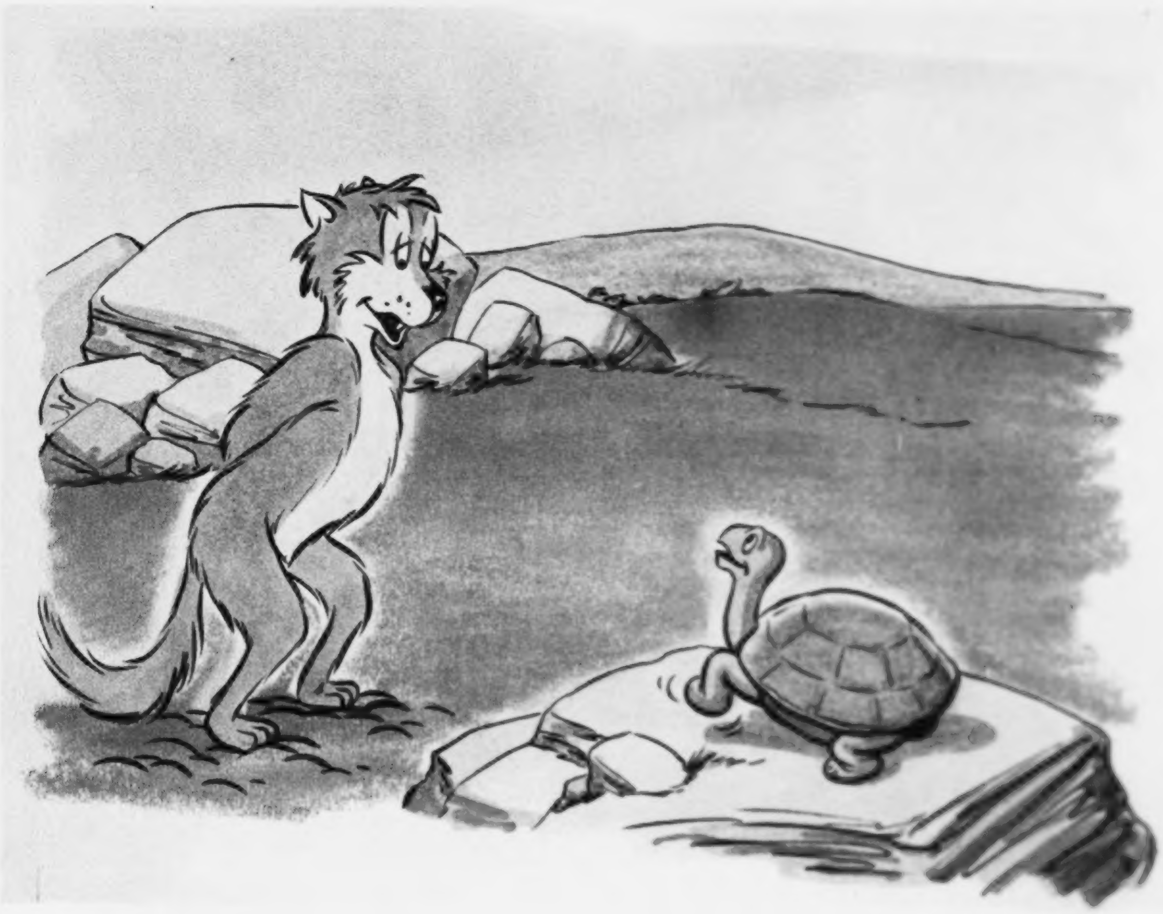
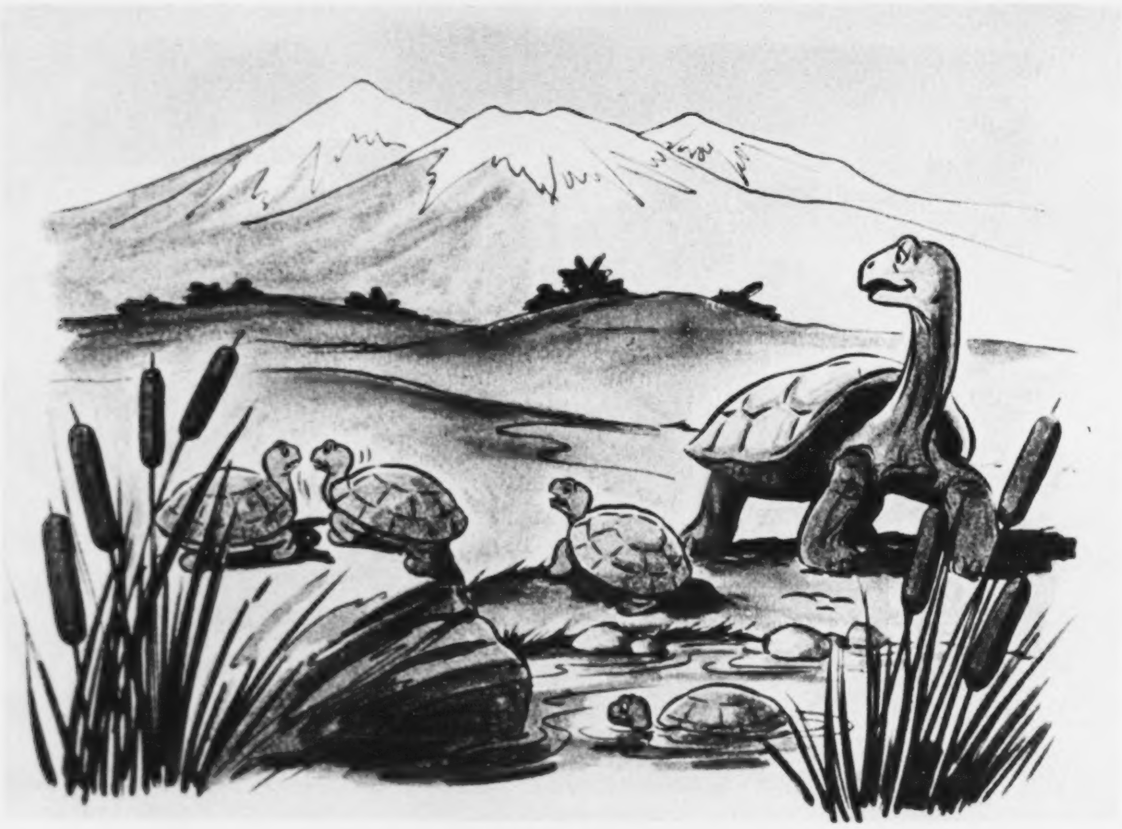
the coyote and the little turtle



A HOPI TALE AS TOLD BY CHARLIE TALAWEPI

ILLUSTRATED BY DR. DON DOUGLASS



Once again, this story takes place at Oraibi. West of the village is a place called Snow Mountain. At this place there lived some turtles.

A mother turtle lived there with her little turtles. Near Snow Mountain was a spring. Bulrushes and cattails grew near the spring. The turtles would go to the spring. They would eat the bulrushes and cattails.

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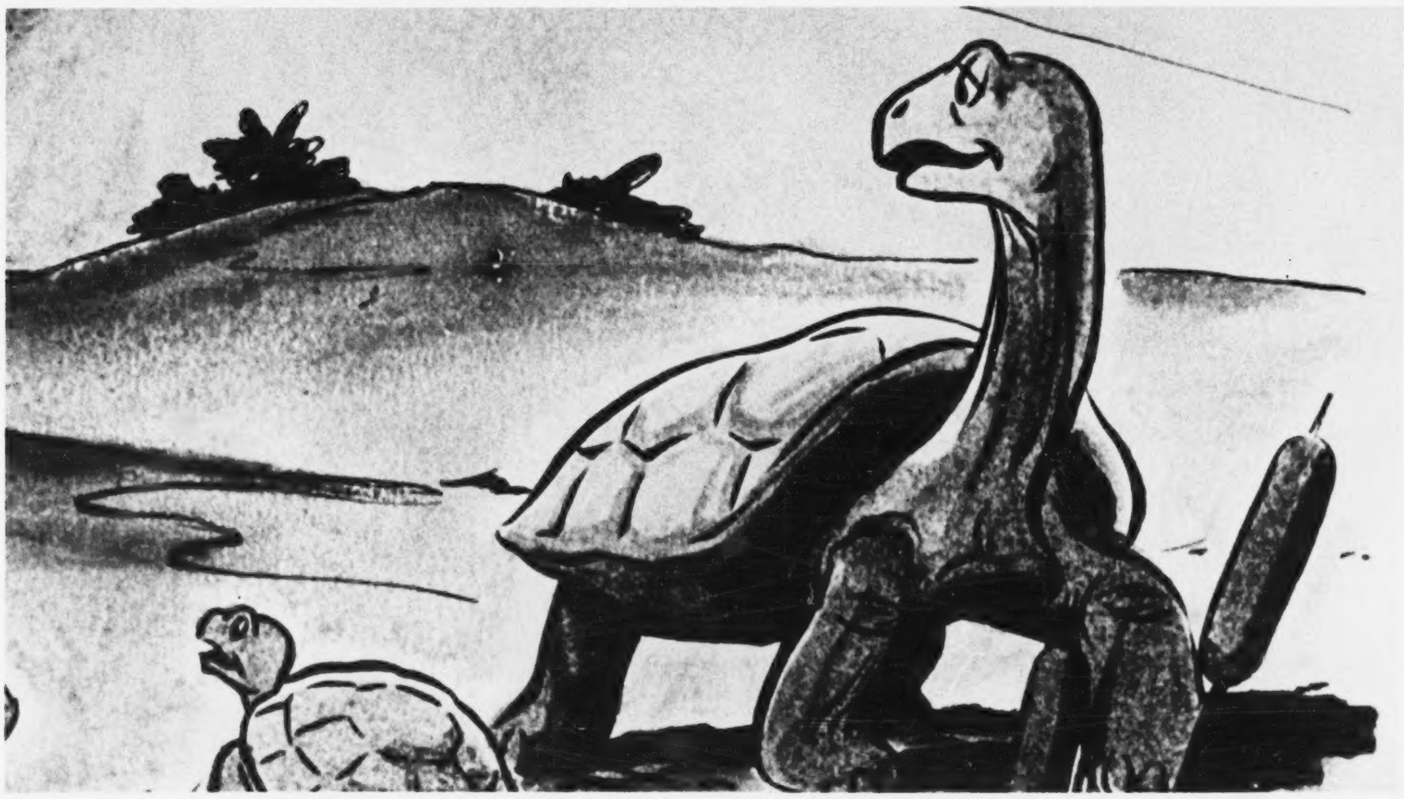

Soon the spring began to dry up. Only a trickle was left. The turtles still went to look for their favorite food. But very little could they find.

One day mother turtle said to the little turtles, "The spring is drying up. There is very little food for us. We must go home to Blue Lake. There we will find much food and water."

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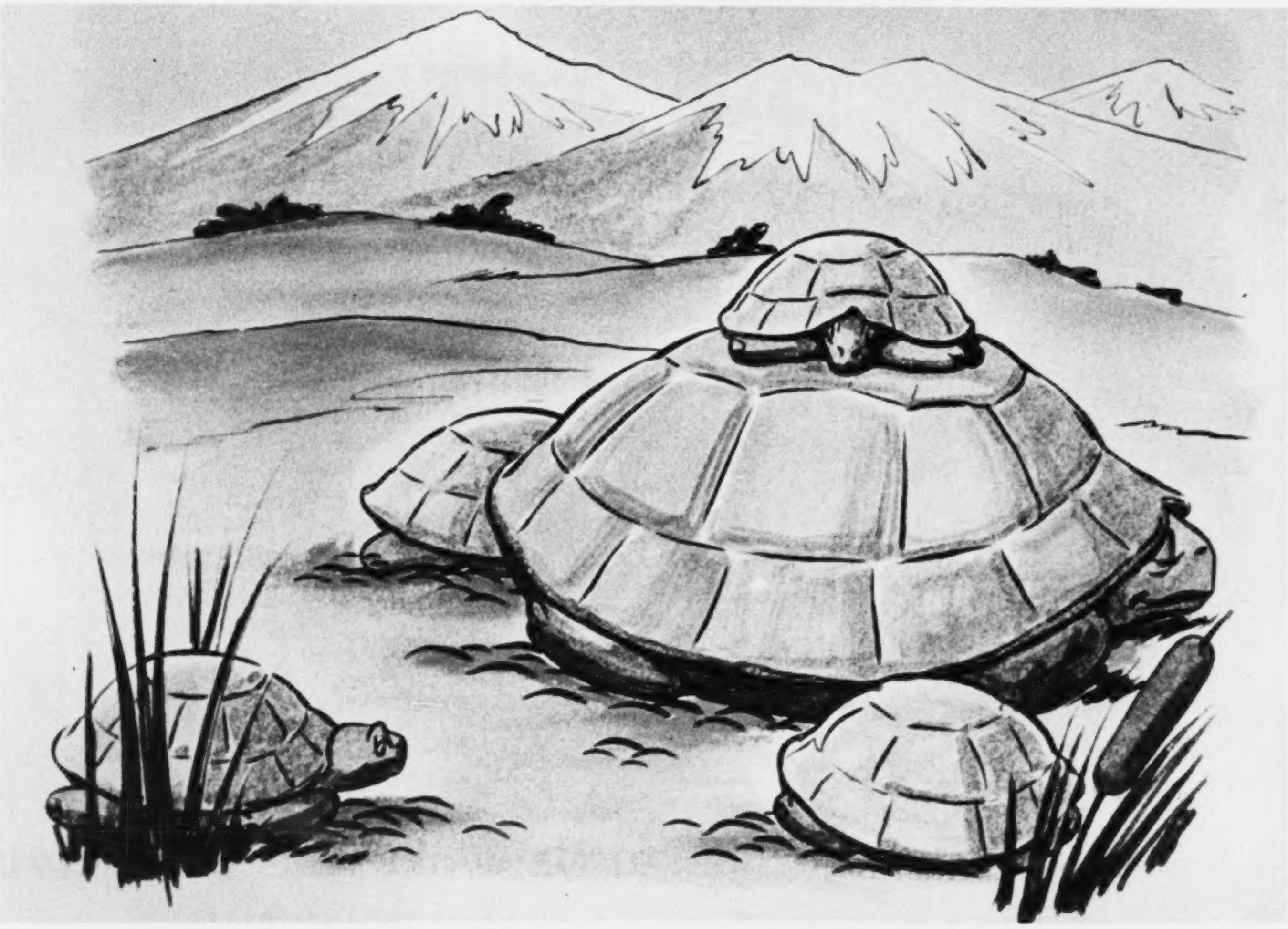

So they made ready to leave. Mother turtle said, "We must leave early. It is far away. We must go before the sun is up."

Night came. The turtles went to sleep early. They had a long way to go in the morning.

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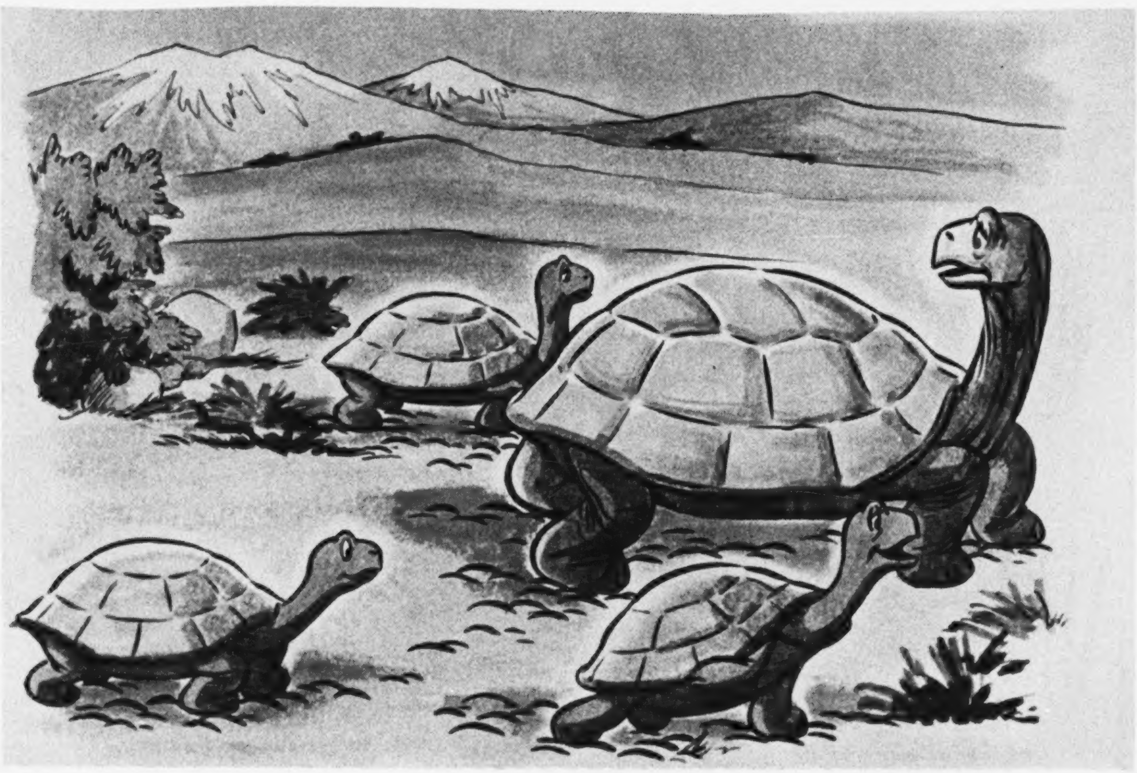
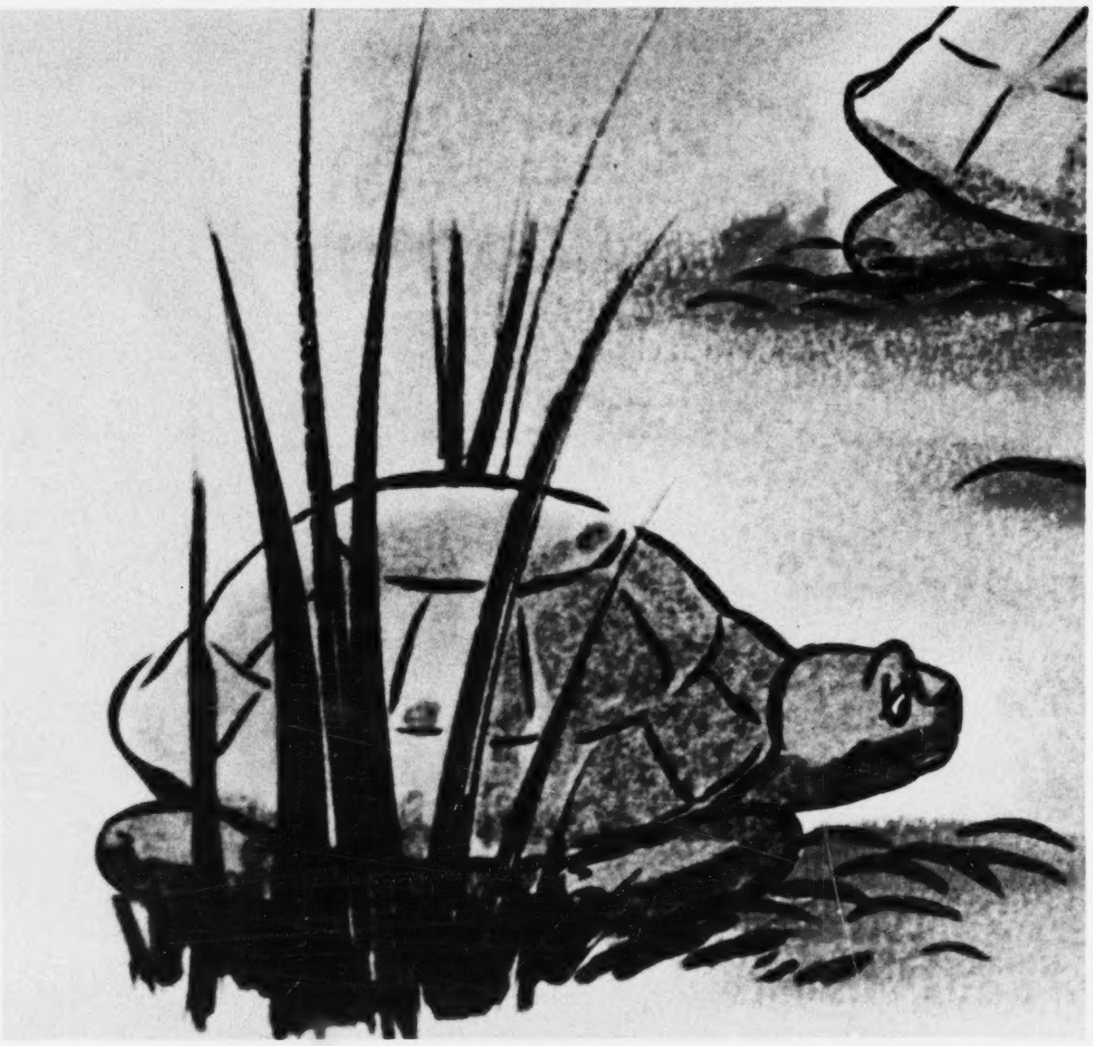


Very early mother turtle woke the little turtles. They soon were on their way to Blue Lake.

When they were somewhere west of Shongopavi mother turtle stopped. She looked at the little turtles. She cried out, "Oh dear! We are not all here. There is one missing. We will have to go without the youngest one." So they went on. All of the turtles were sad.



Back at Snow Mountain the youngest turtle woke up. All of the others were gone. He was all alone. He ran here and there. He looked for his mother and the other little turtles. He could not find them.

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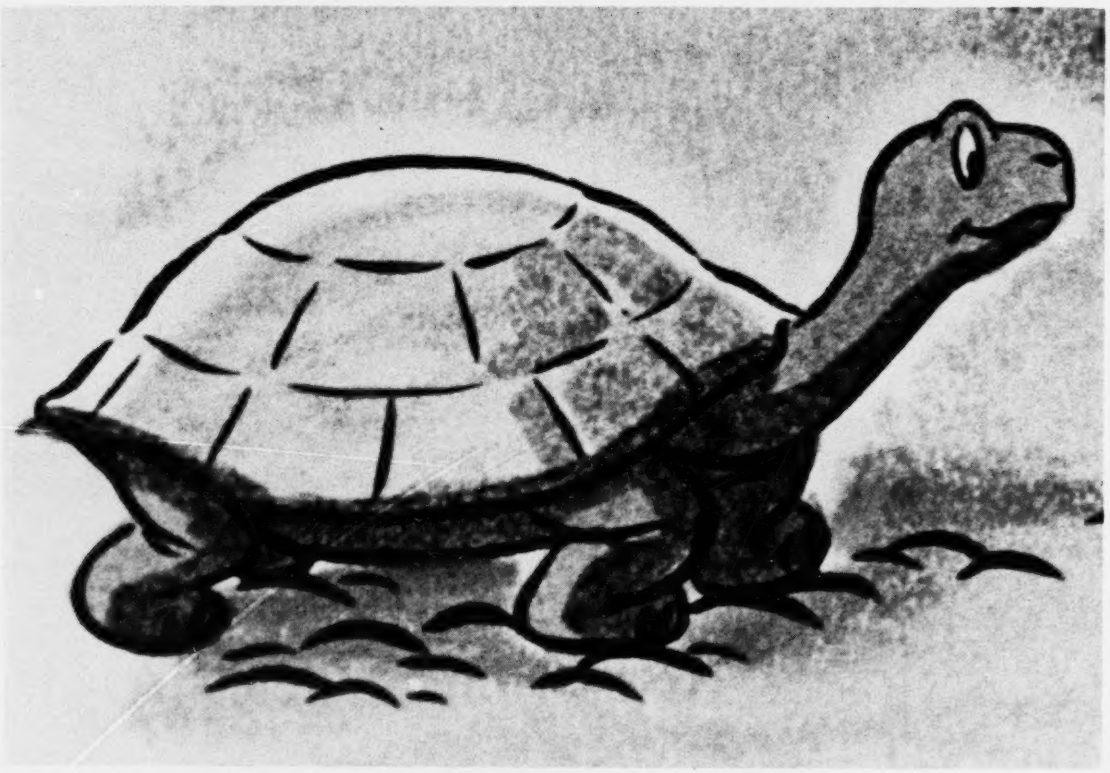

He looked until he found some tracks. They were his mother's tracks. He saw the tracks of the other little turtles. They went south. He began to follow the tracks.

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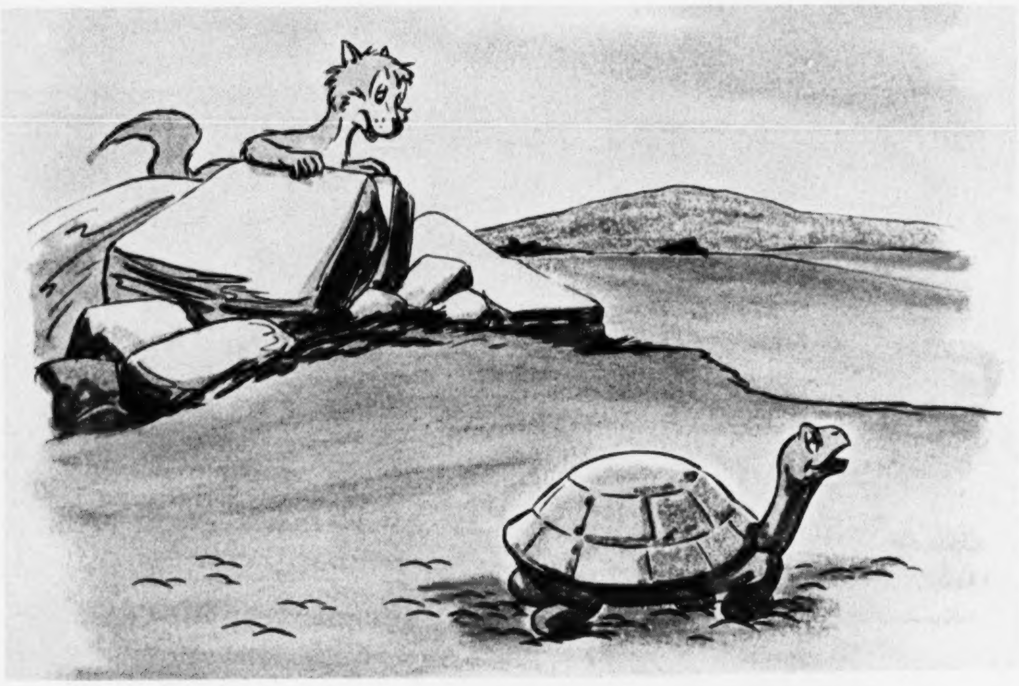

In the afternoon he passed a hill. This was near Shongōpavi. Also, about that time, a coyote was hunting near the hill.

The coyote heard someone crying. He ran up a small hill. He looked around. The crying was coming not far from the coyote. He ran to another hill. Again he looked around. Then he saw the little turtle. The little turtle was at the foot of the hill.

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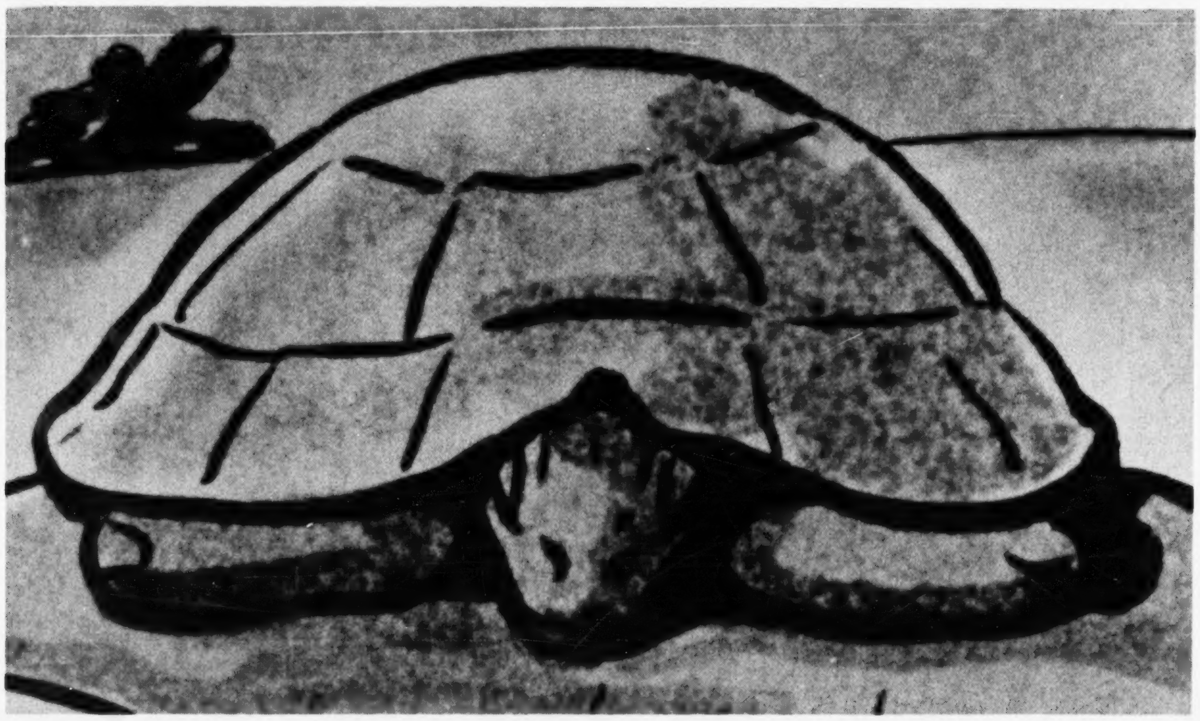
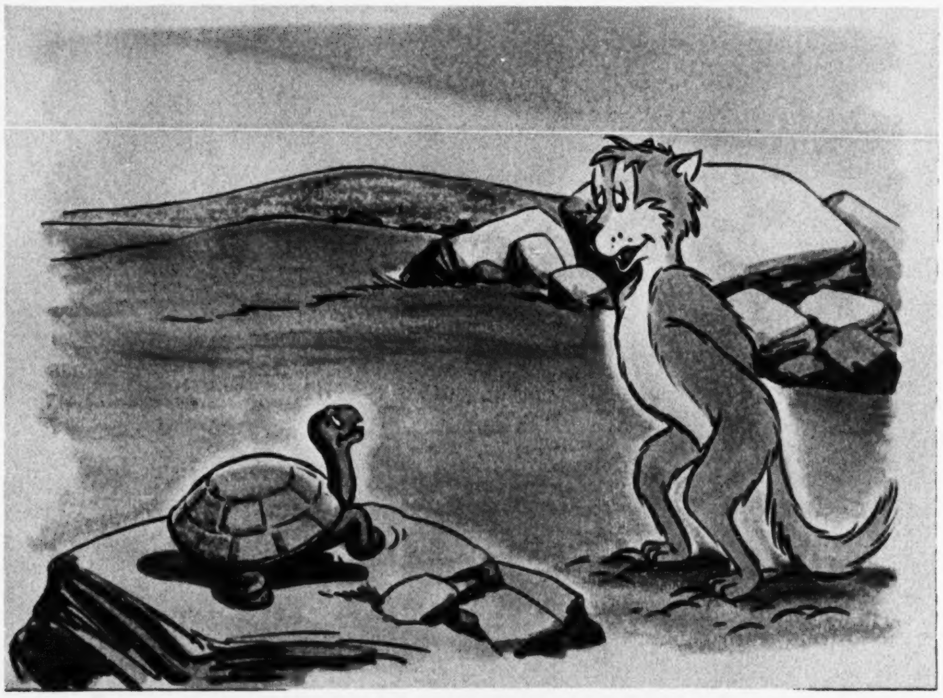


The little turtle was singing as he went along. When the little turtle stopped singing the coyote ran up to him. He stopped quickly beside him. The little turtle pulled in all his legs. Only his shell could be seen.



The coyote asked, "Why are you crying?" "I am not crying," said the little turtle. "I am singing."

The coyote then asked, "What are you doing out here? It is hot today. Where are you going? It is too hot to go far."

The little turtle answered, "We were going to Blue Lake. My mother did not wake me up. I am trying to follow them. And, I am not crying. I am singing as I follow the tracks."

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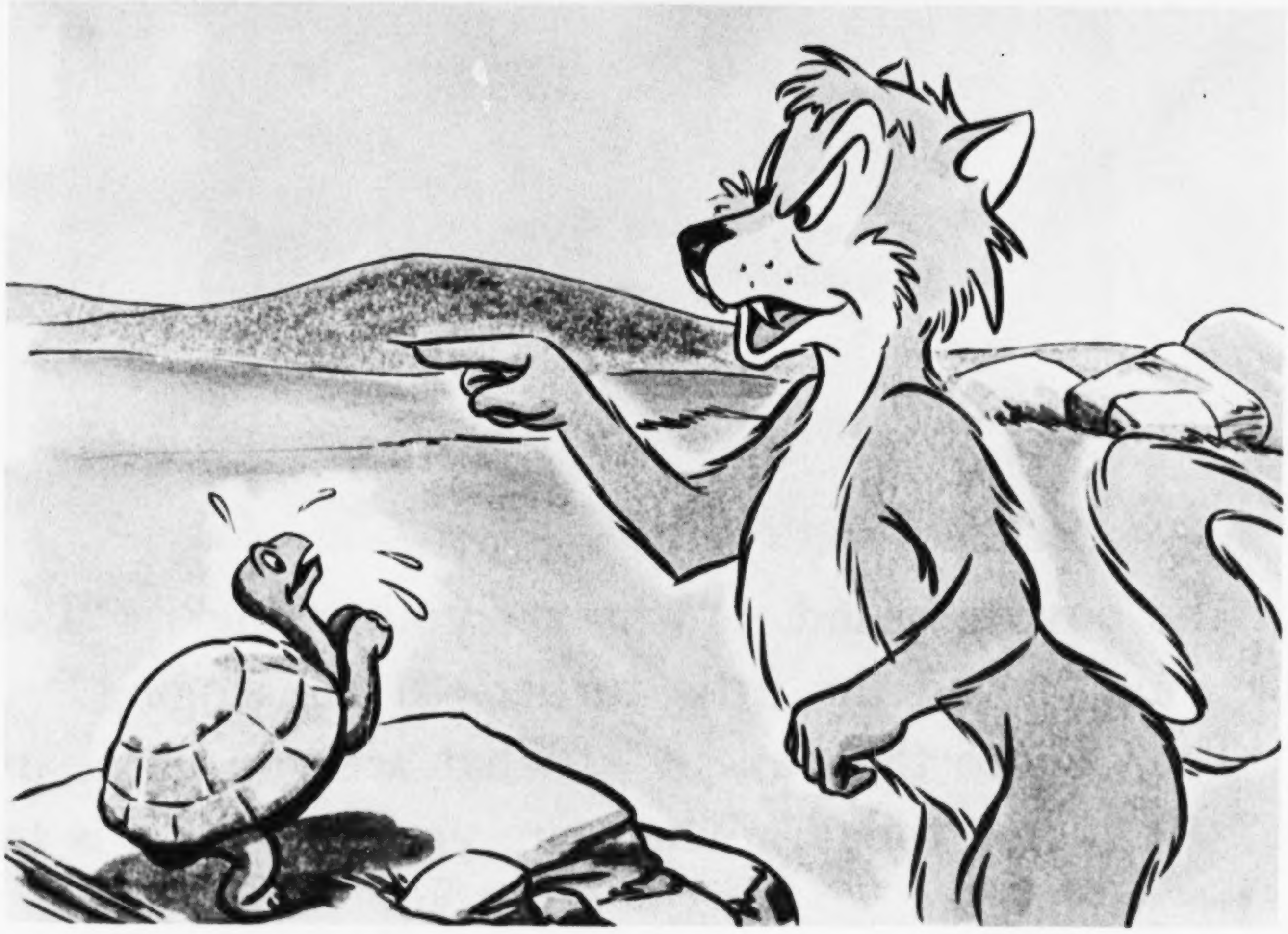
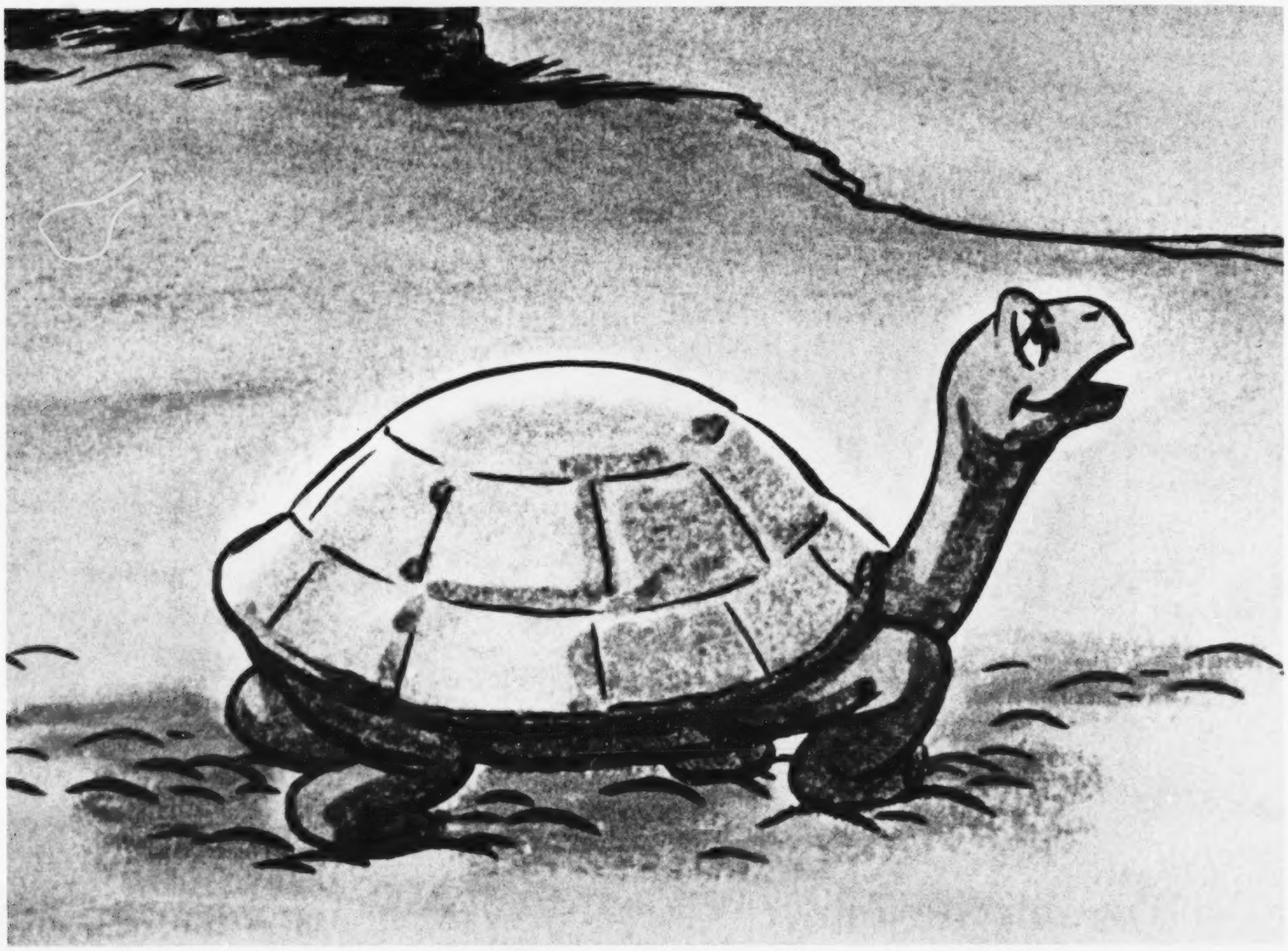
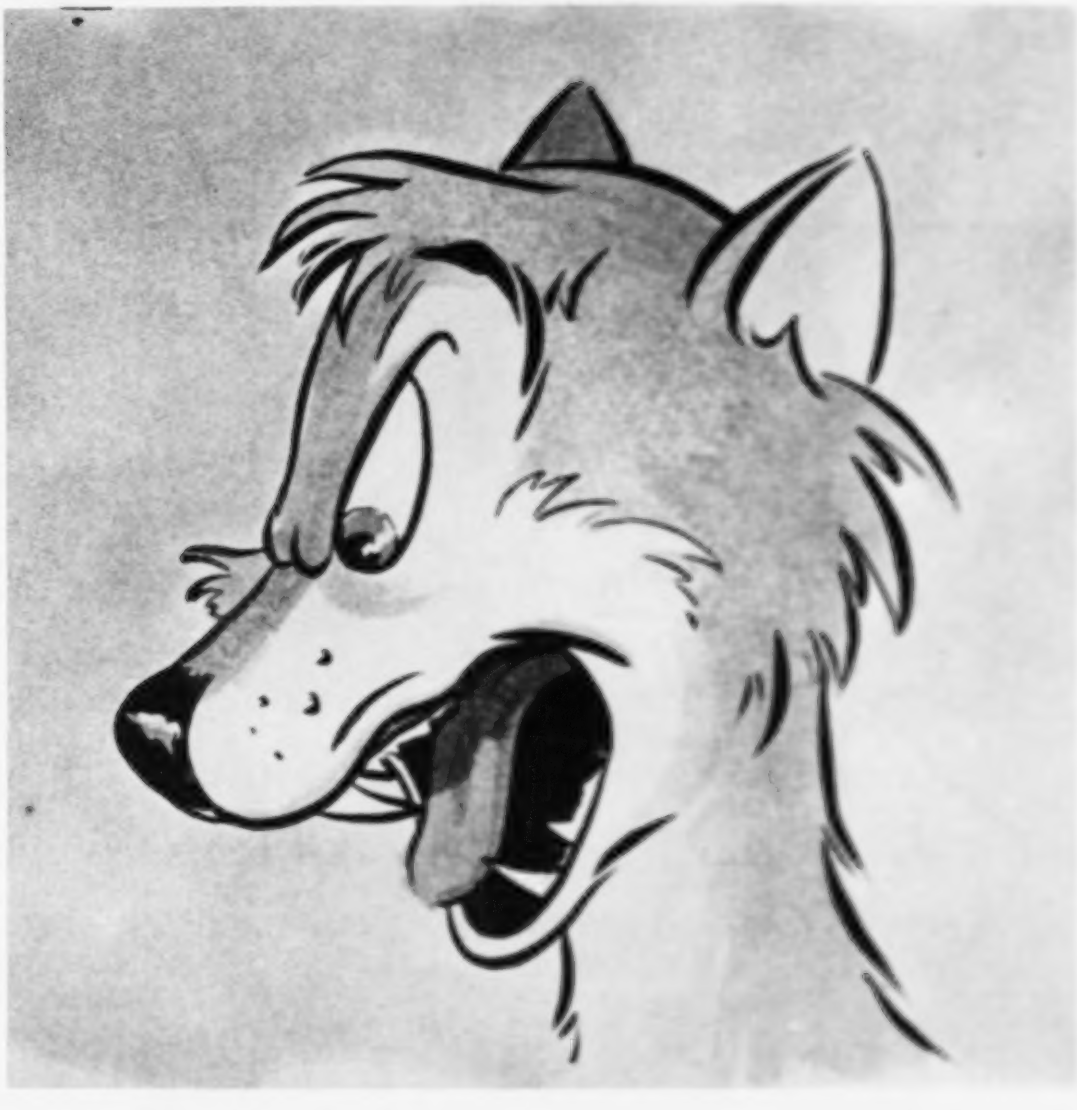


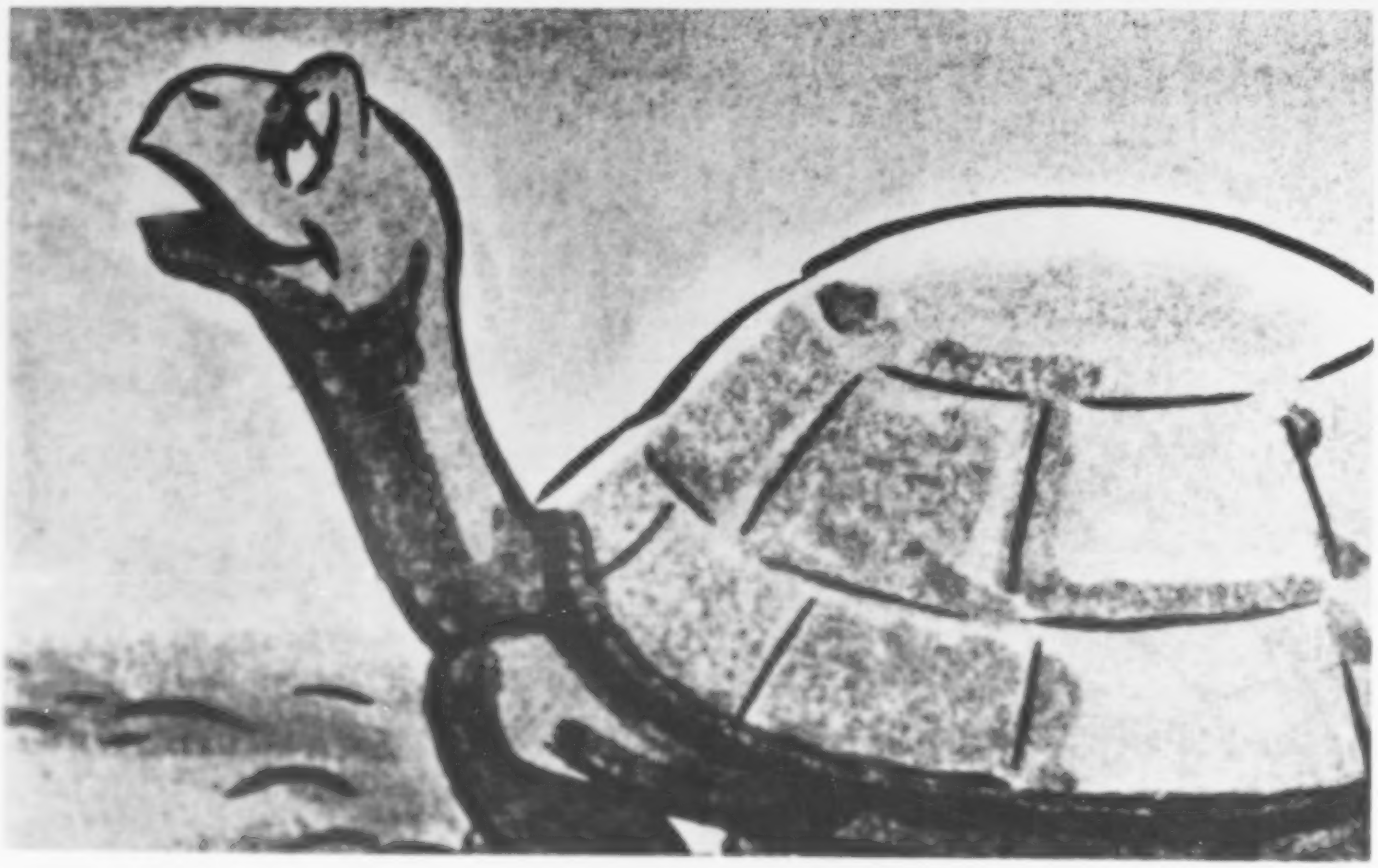
The coyote said, "You are really crying. But you have a nice song. Please sing it to me."

The little turtle answered, "No. I will not sing for you."





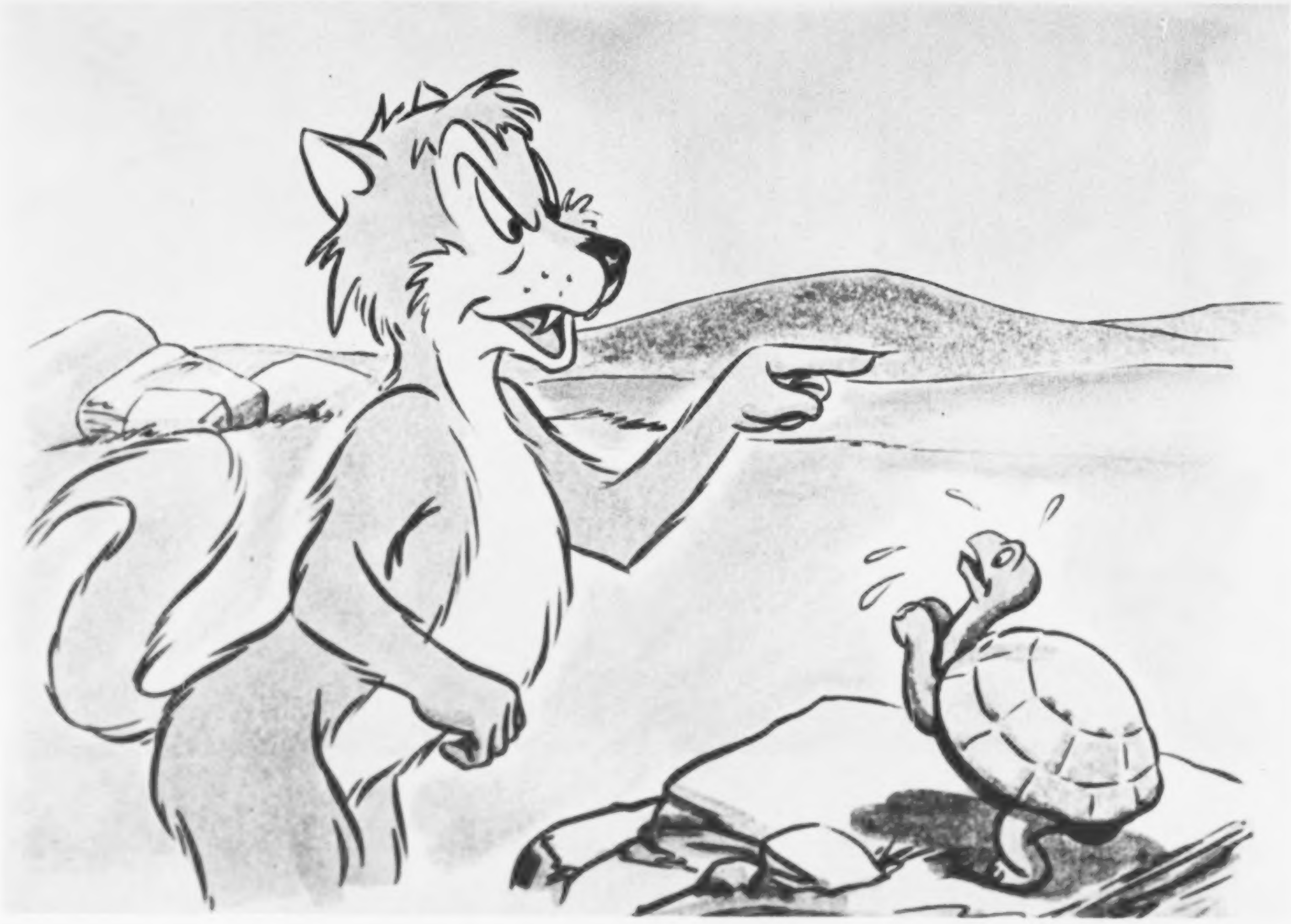
The coyote said, "Come on. Sing for me. If you do not I will roll you over in the hot sand."



"Go right ahead," said the little turtle. "Roll me over in the hot sand. I will not die."

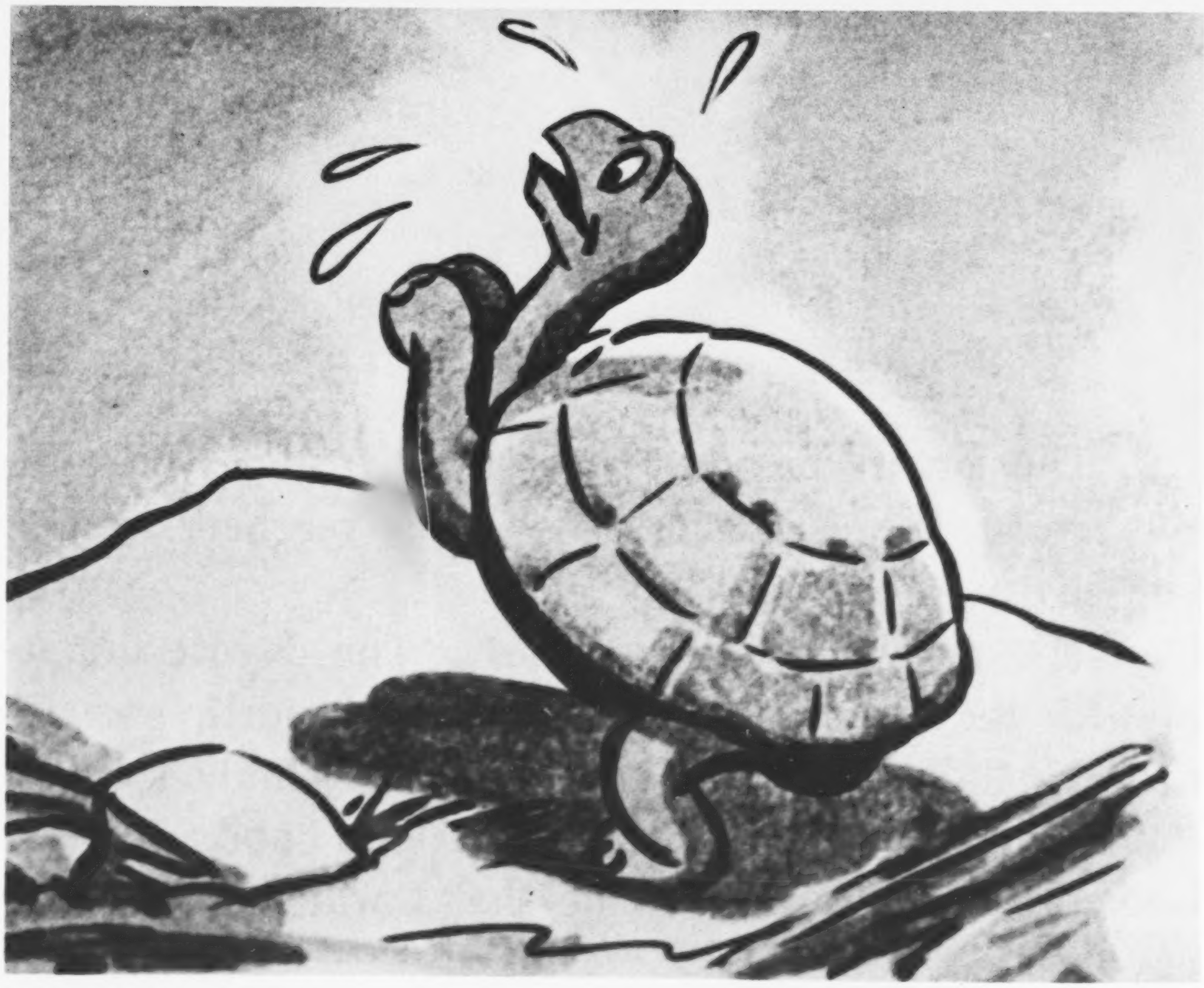
The coyote thought a while. Then he said, "Come on. Sing for me. If you do not I will eat you."

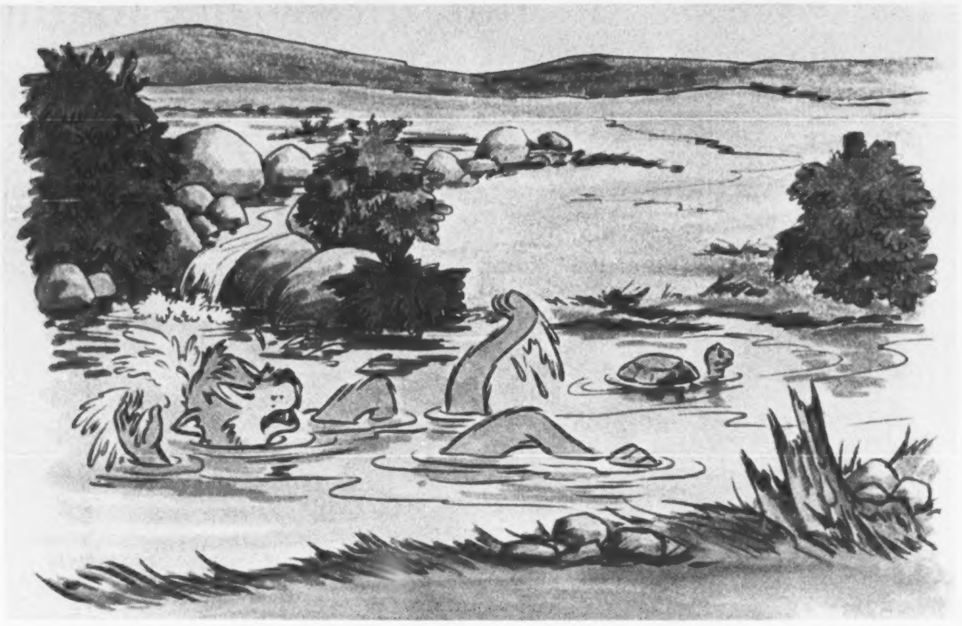
The little turtle answered, "Go right ahead. Eat me. I will not die."



The coyote did not know what to do. He just could not frighten the little turtle. He thought again. Then he said, "Sing for me or I will throw you in the river."

"Oh no! Please do not throw me in the river! I will die!" cried the little turtle.

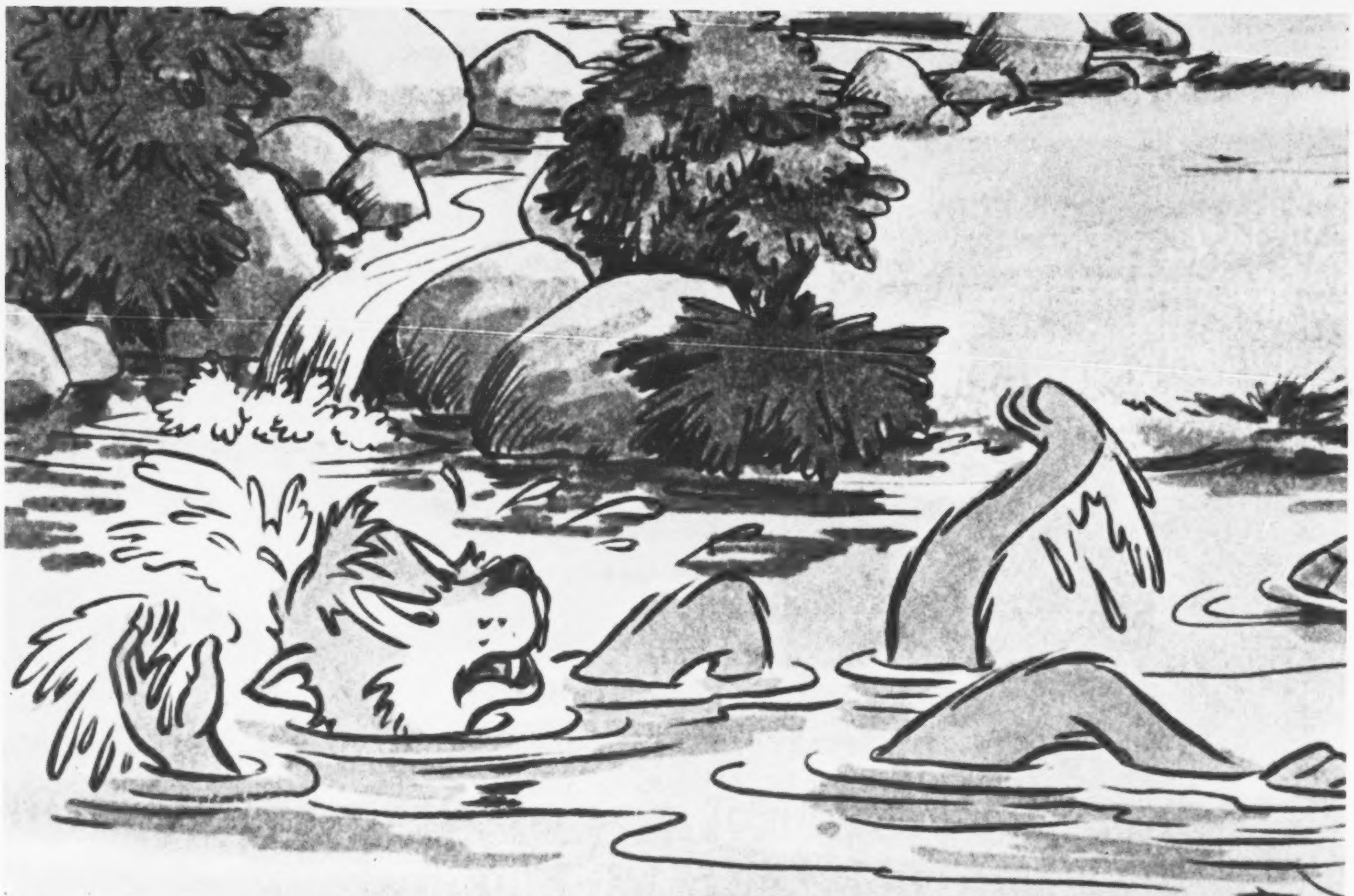


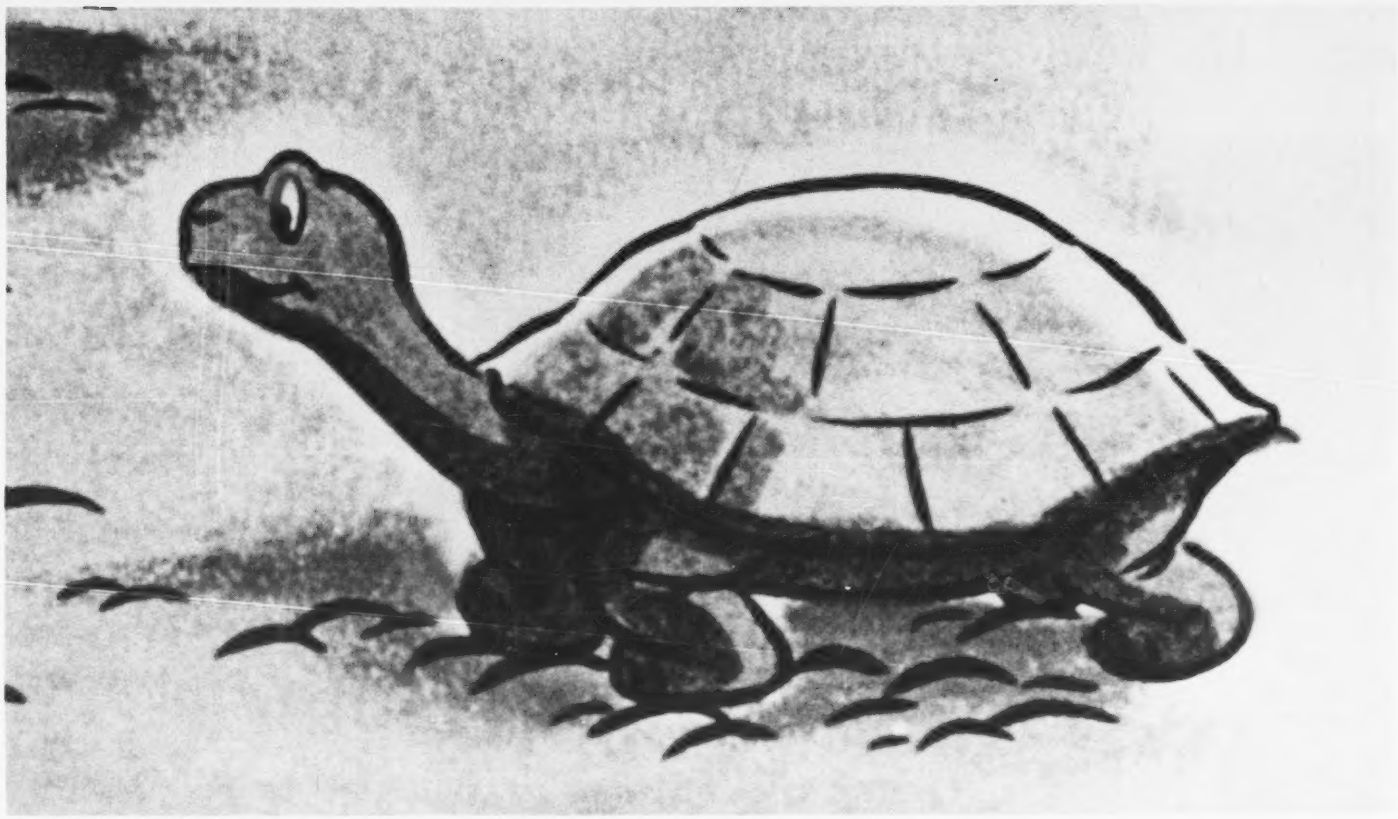


The coyote picked up the little turtle. He ran to the river. It was a long way. They reached the river late in the afternoon.

The river was full and fast. The coyote jumped in with the little turtle. He let the little turtle go. The little turtle swam across the river. He climbed out on the bank. He called out, "The river is good. It is like home to me. It is not true that I will die. So long, coyote.

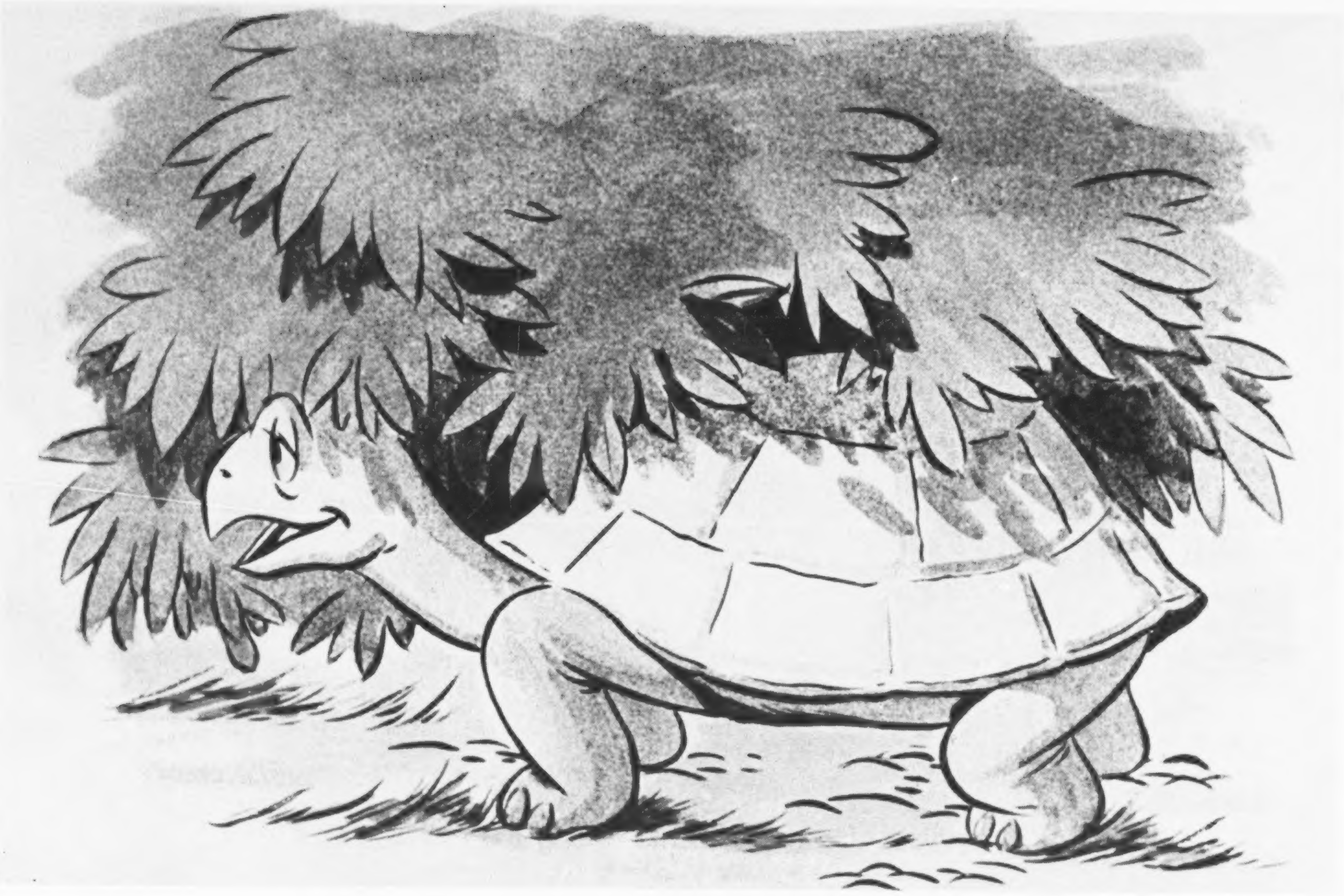
The coyote had a bad time. The river was very fast. He kept on trying to get out.





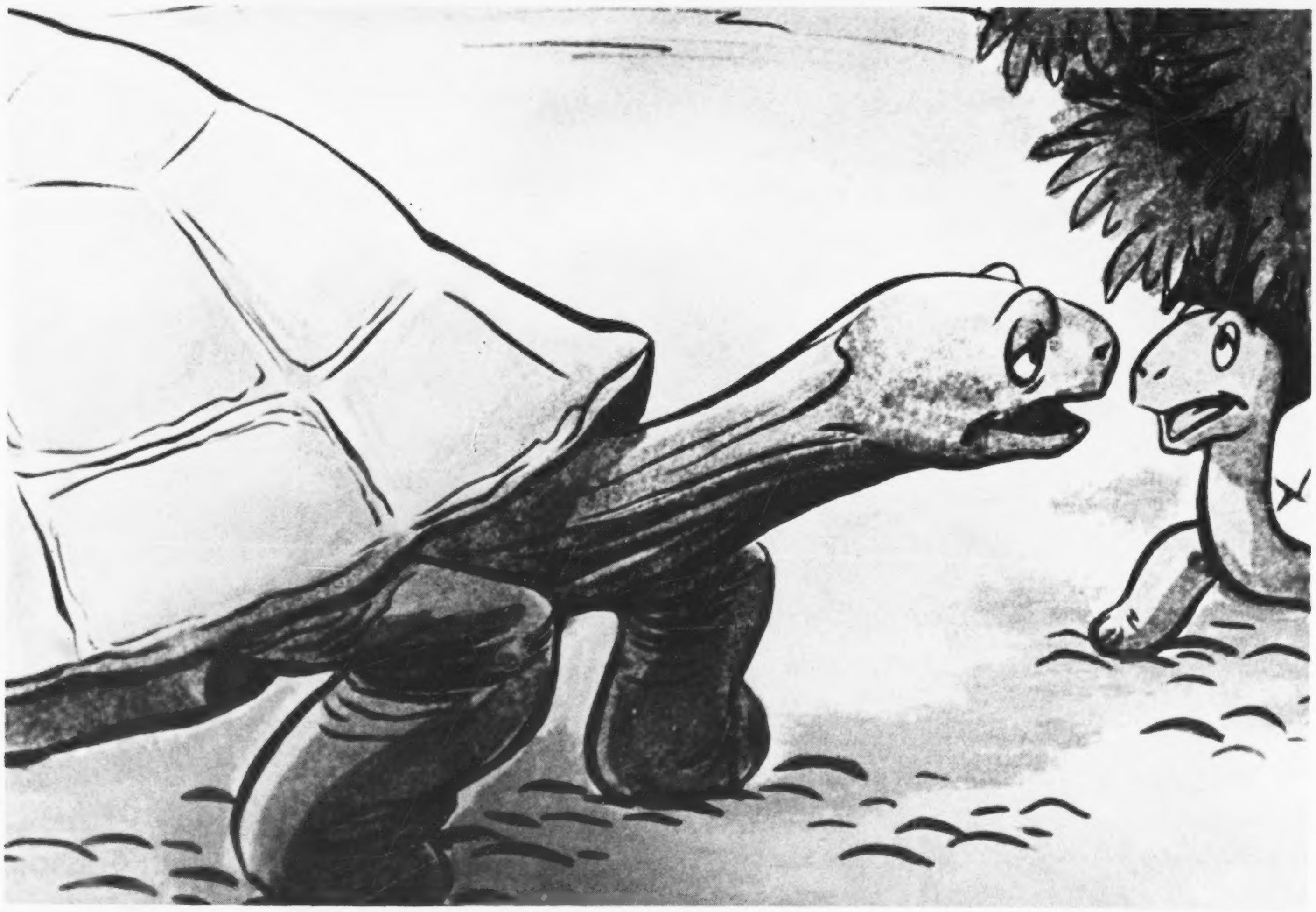
The little turtle went on his way. He walked on and on. When the sun was about to go down he reached a place not far from Blue Lake.

The little turtle looked all around. He could not find the tracks. "I am ahead of them," he thought. "I will wait for the other turtles."



The little turtle found a bush. He crawled under it. There he waited for the others.

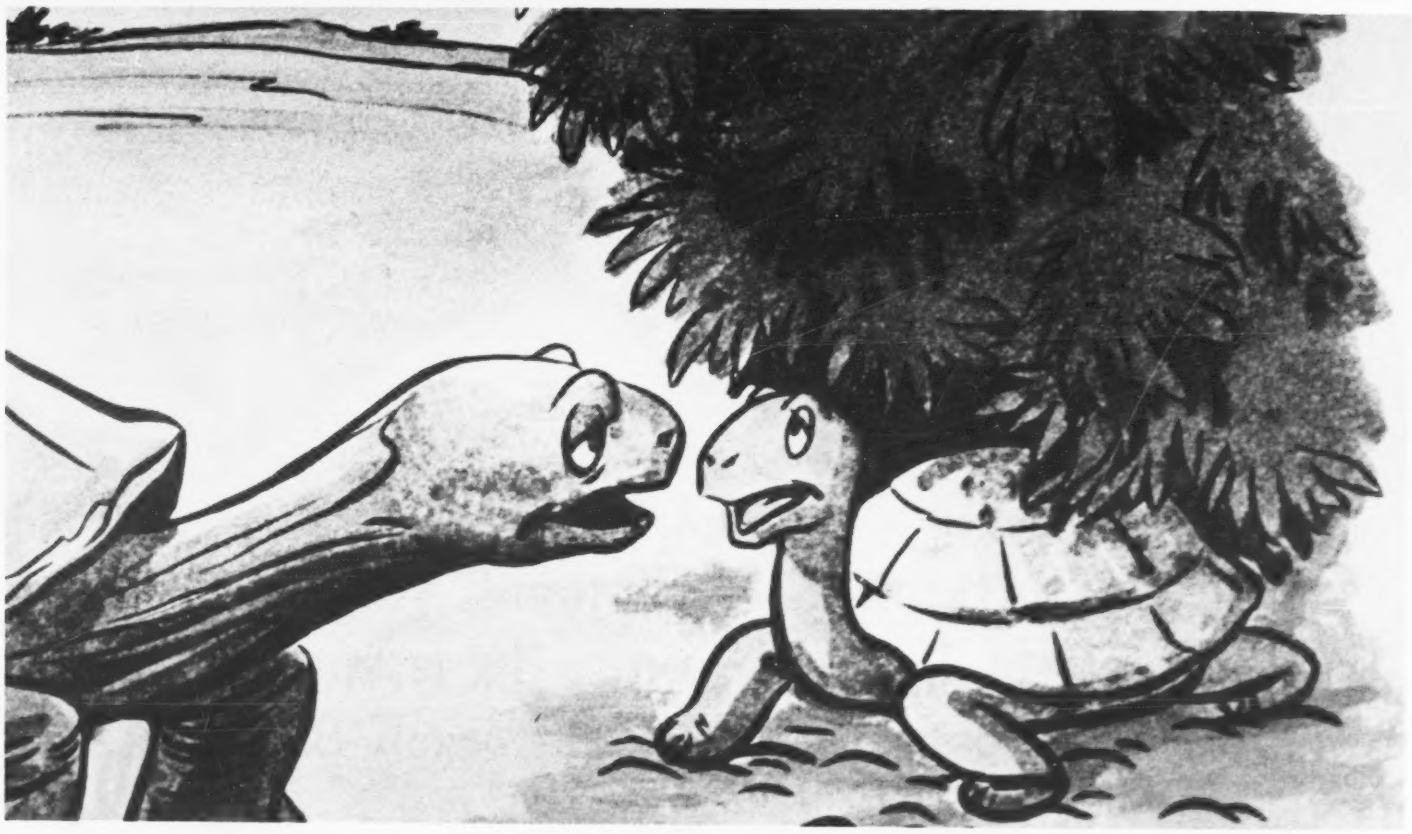
After a while he saw the other turtles coming. Soon they reached him. The little turtle came out from under the bush. He ran to greet them.

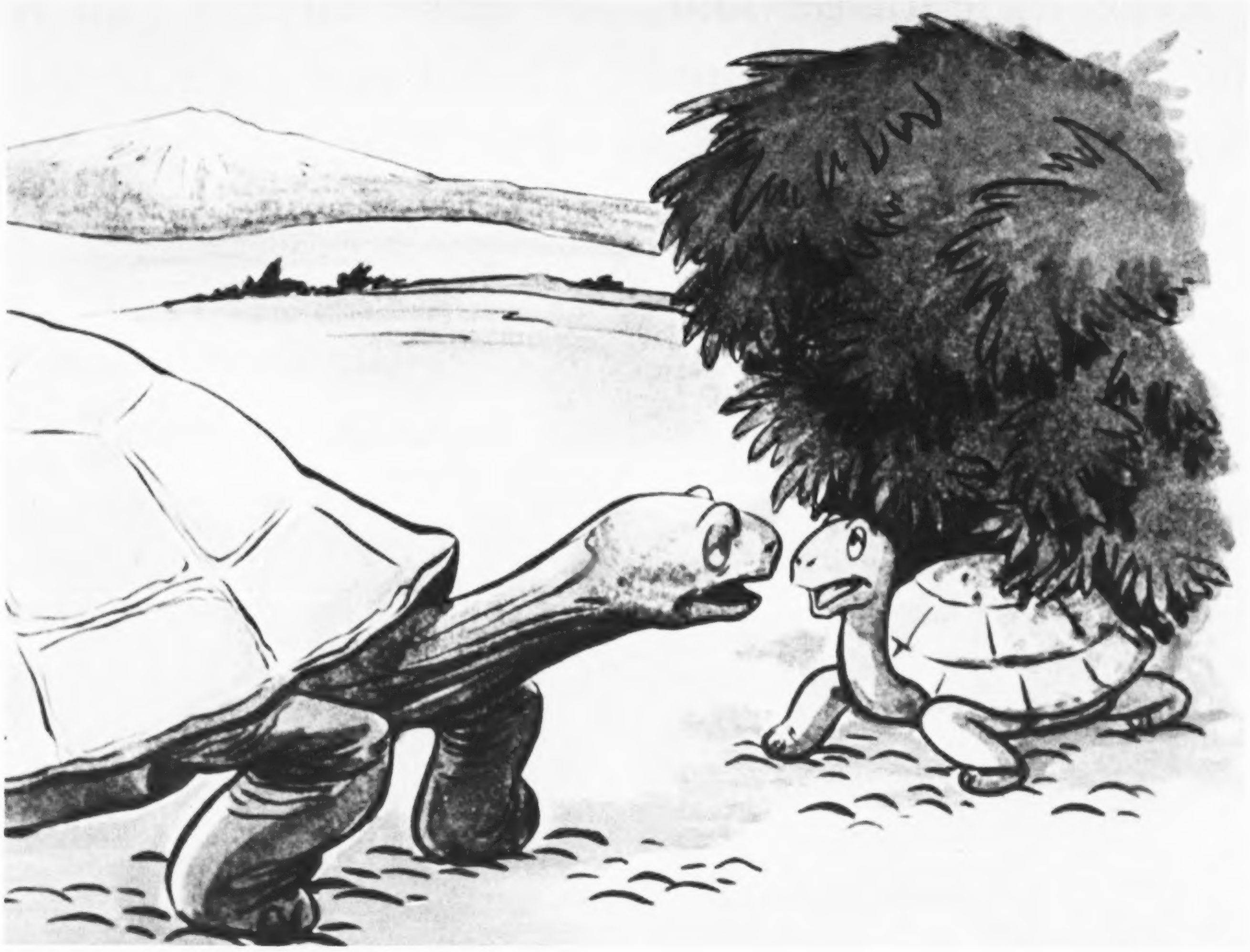


Mother turtle and the little turtles were surprised. They were very glad to see him again. Mother turtle said, "Oh my! How did you get here? I thought we would never see you again. We forgot to wake you up when we left."

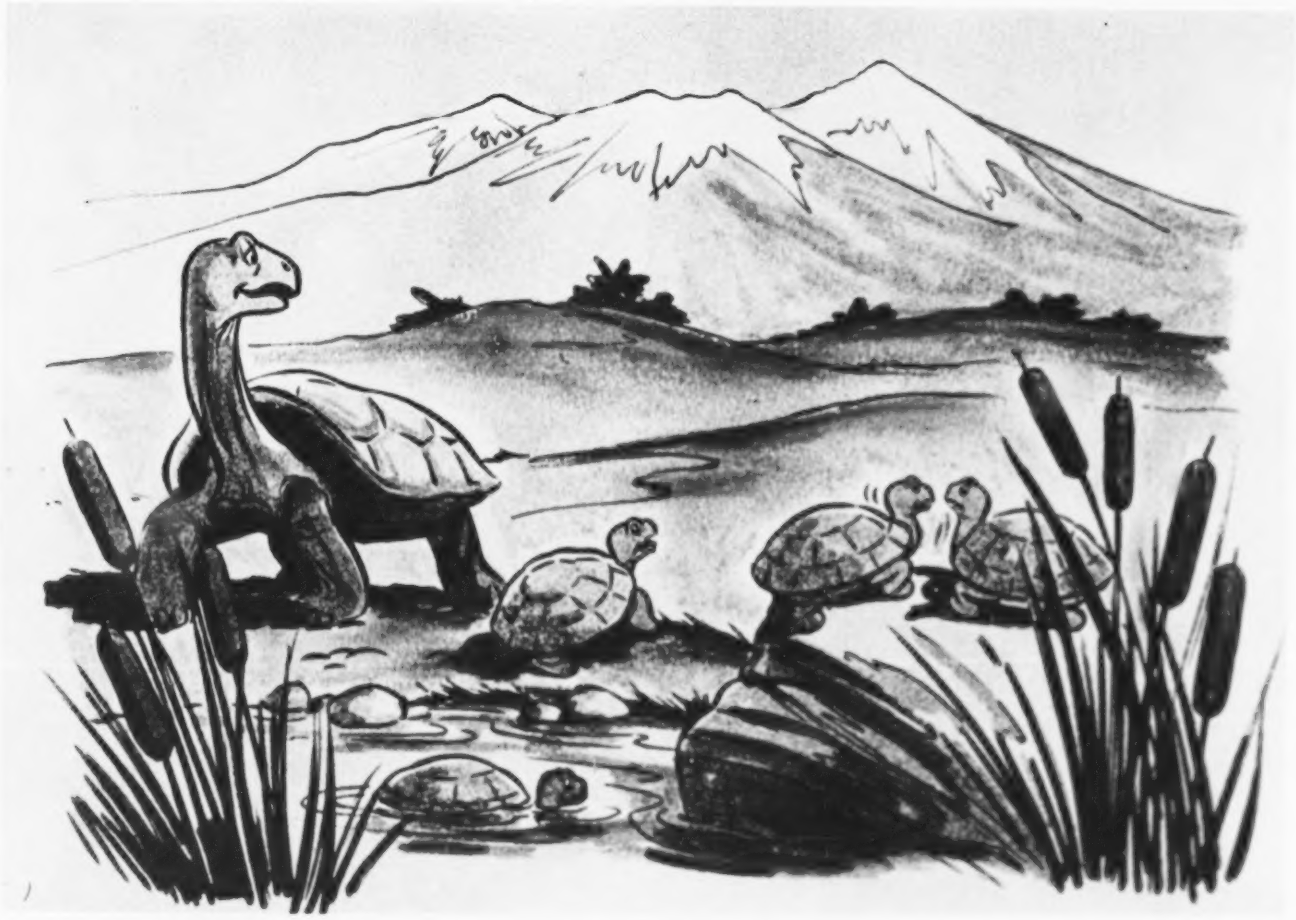
The little turtle said, "I woke up and you were gone. I looked all around. Then I saw your tracks. I followed them for a while. But then a coyote found me."

The little turtle told about his adventure. He told the whole story. Then he said, "If the coyote had not found me I would not be here waiting for you."



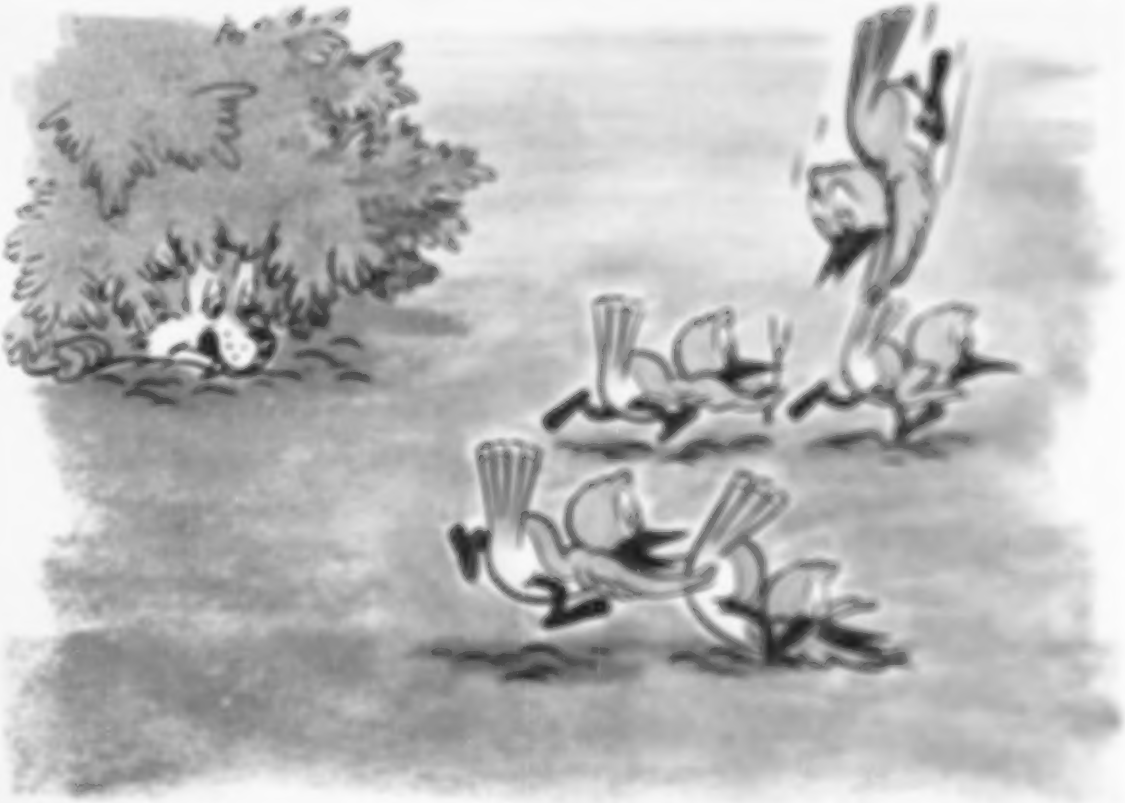


Mother turtle said, "Oh thank you! I am happy that the coyote believed you. He is so easy to fool. Now we will go on. We should reach Blue Lake just as the sun is down."



So they all went on to Blue Lake. They were there as the sun went down. They all jumped in and began eating the plants that grew there. Then they all felt strong again. They were happy to be home. They may still live at Blue Lake to this day.

the coyote and the kingbird



A HOPI TALE AS TOLD BY CHARLIE TALAWEPI
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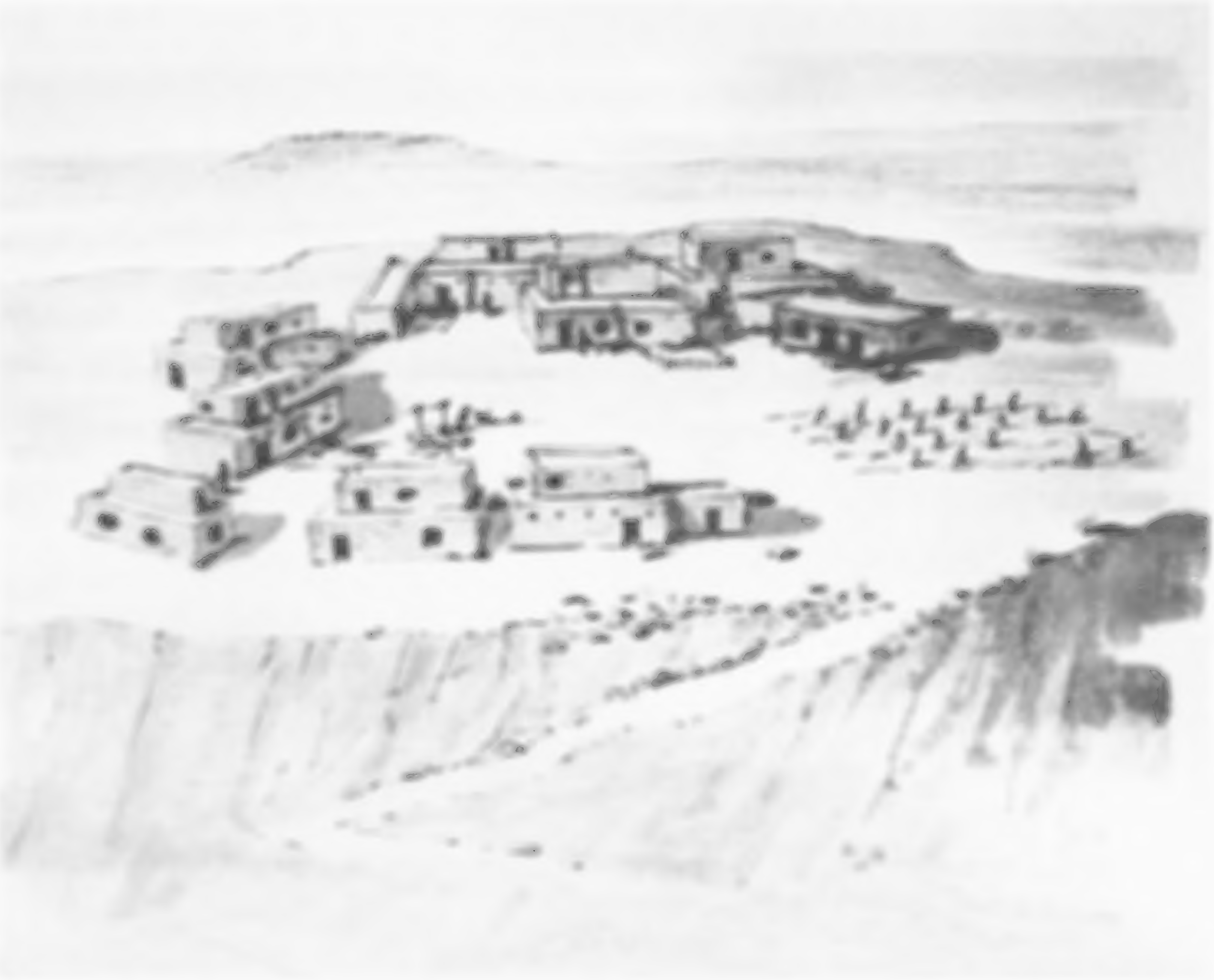
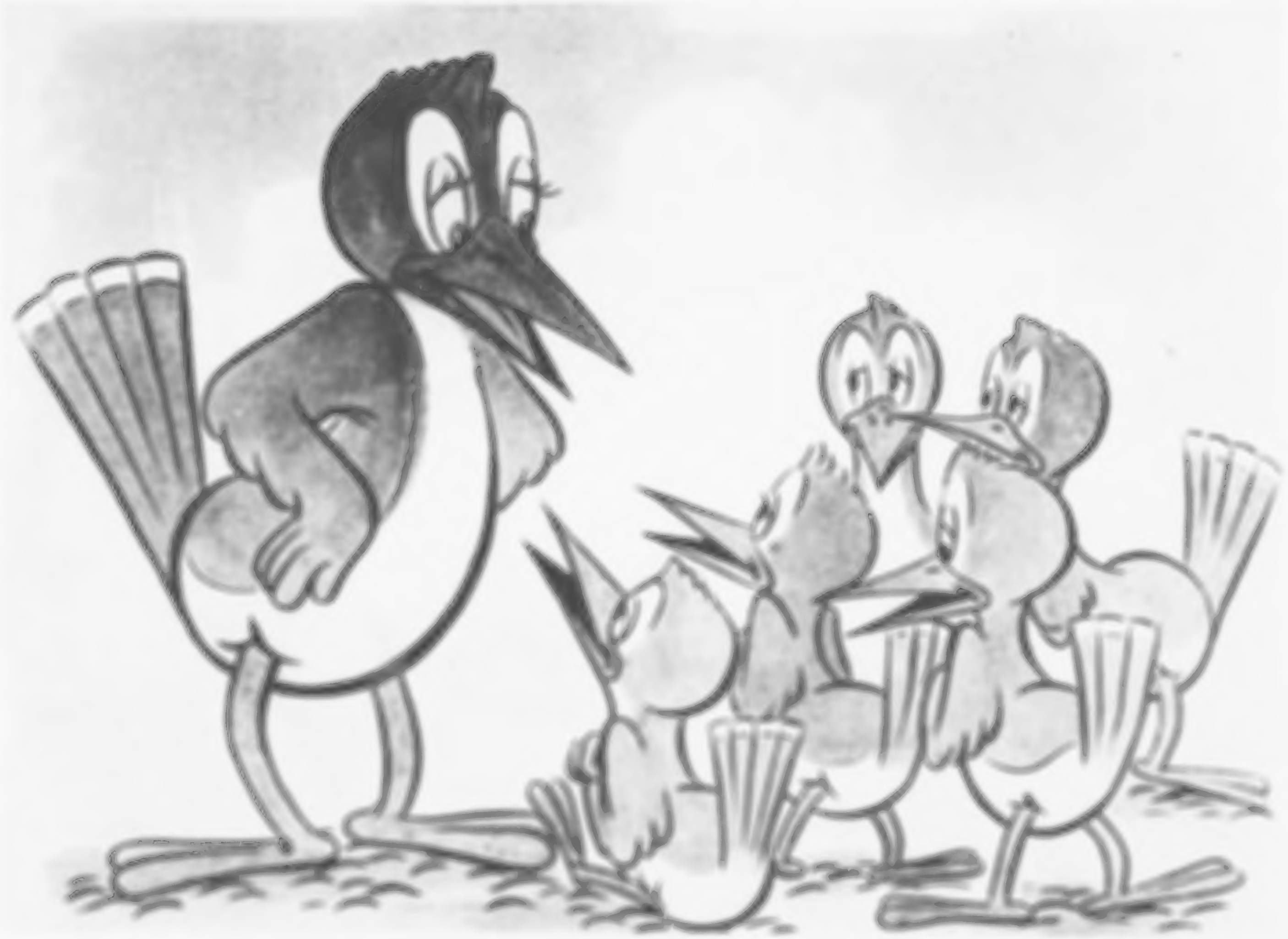
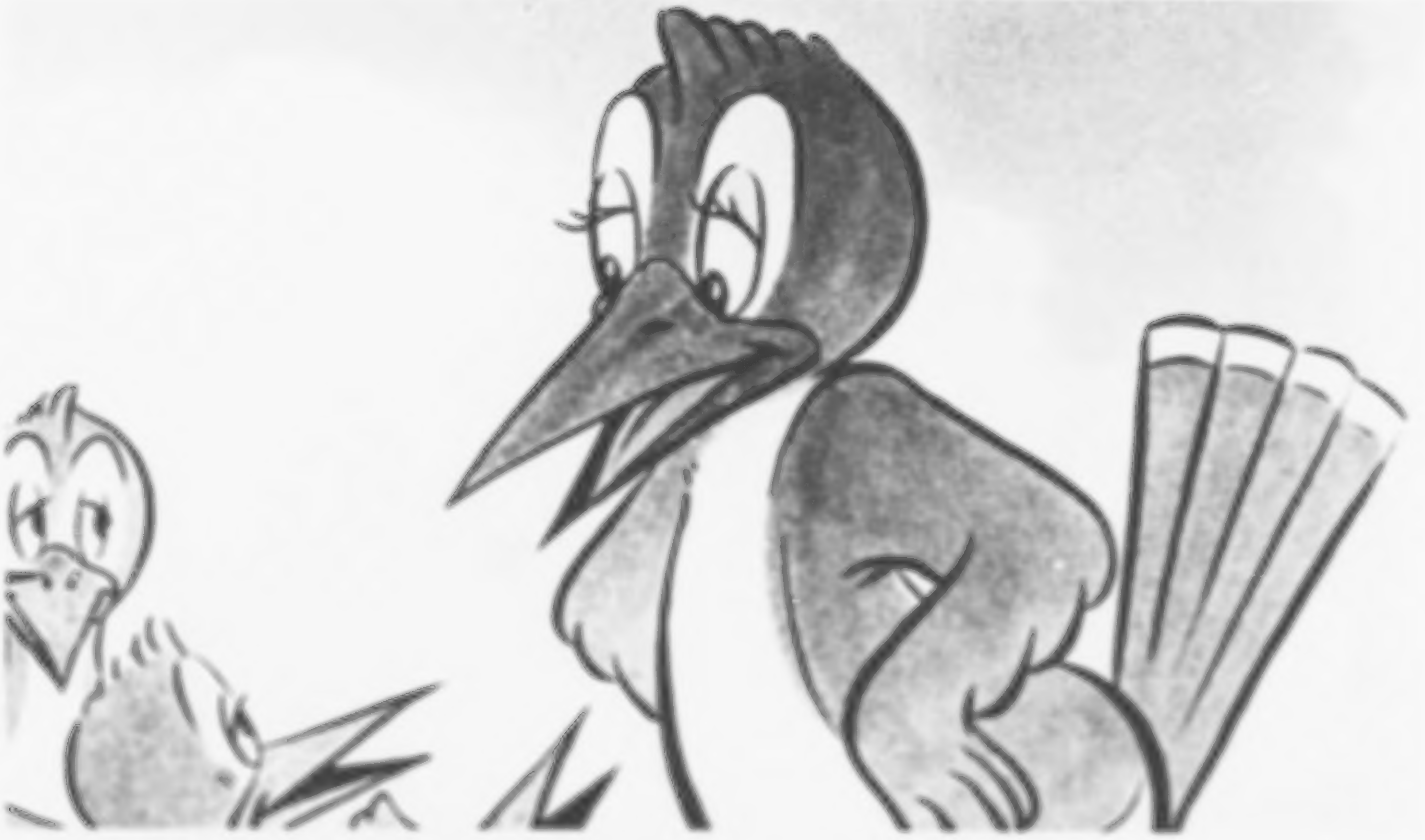


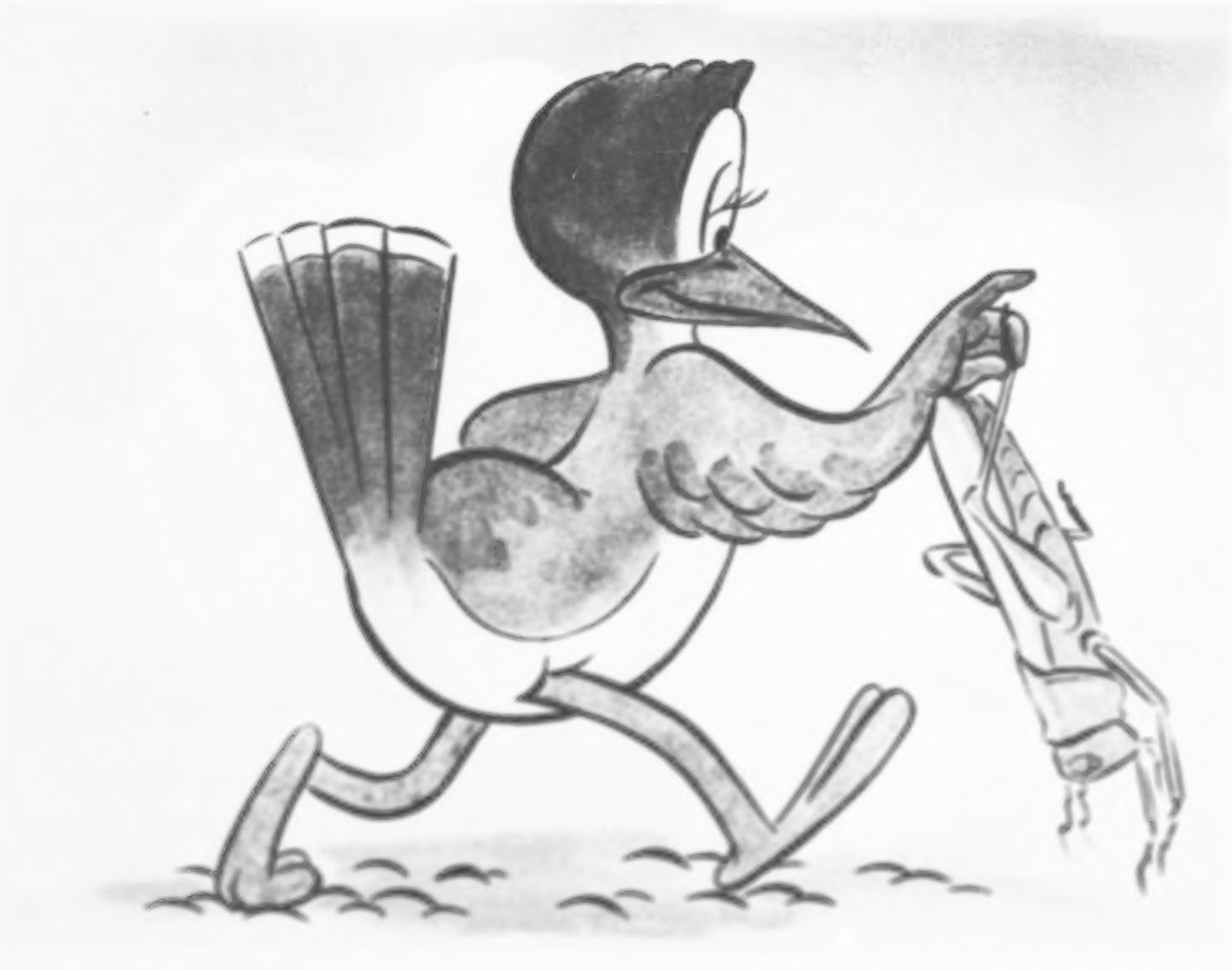
Years ago many people lived at Oraibi. A short way west of Oraibi, north of Flute Springs, there lived a mother kingbird.



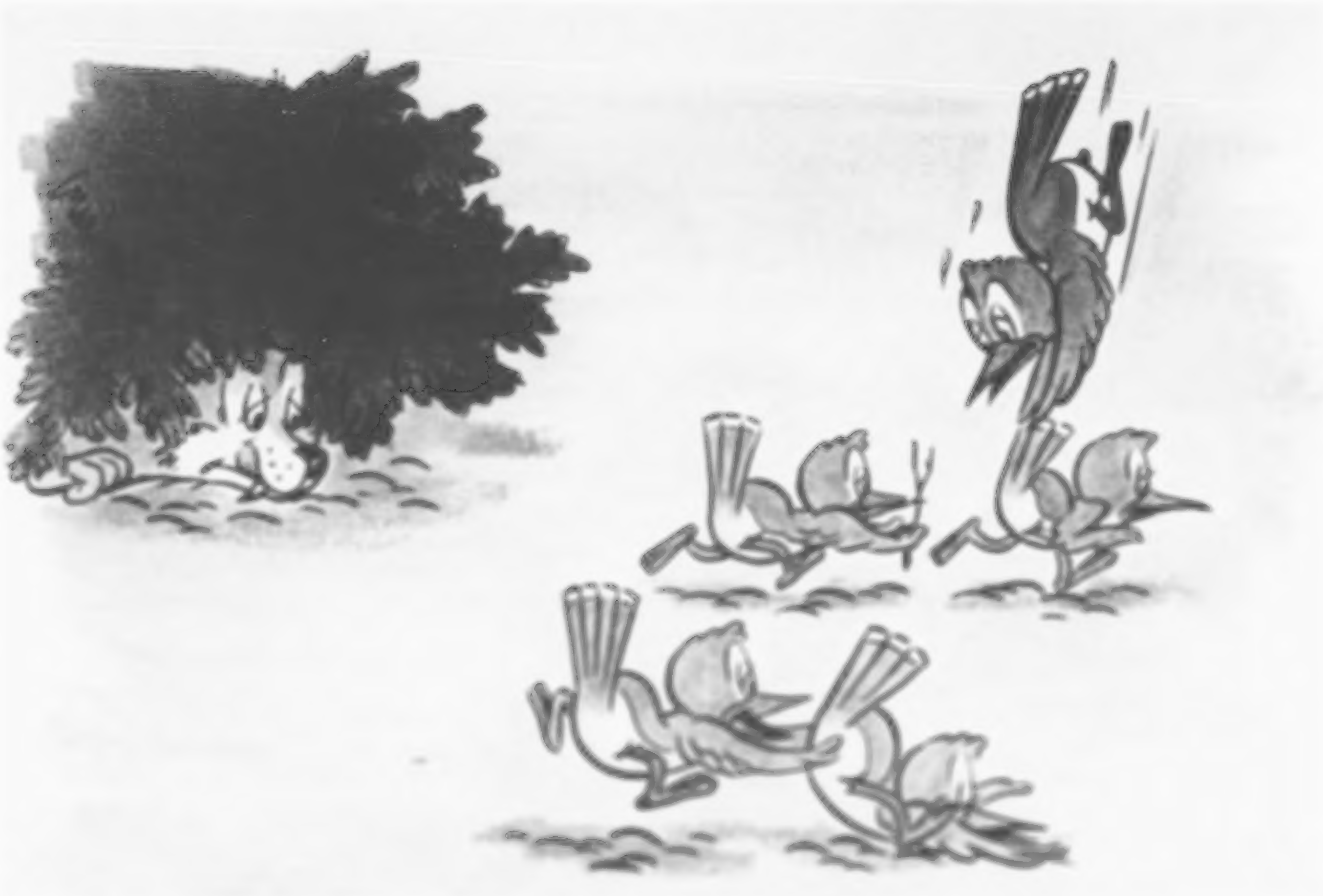
The mother kingbird had five little kingbirds. She would hunt and bring them things to eat. The little kingbirds grew until they were old enough to fly and play around the place where they lived.



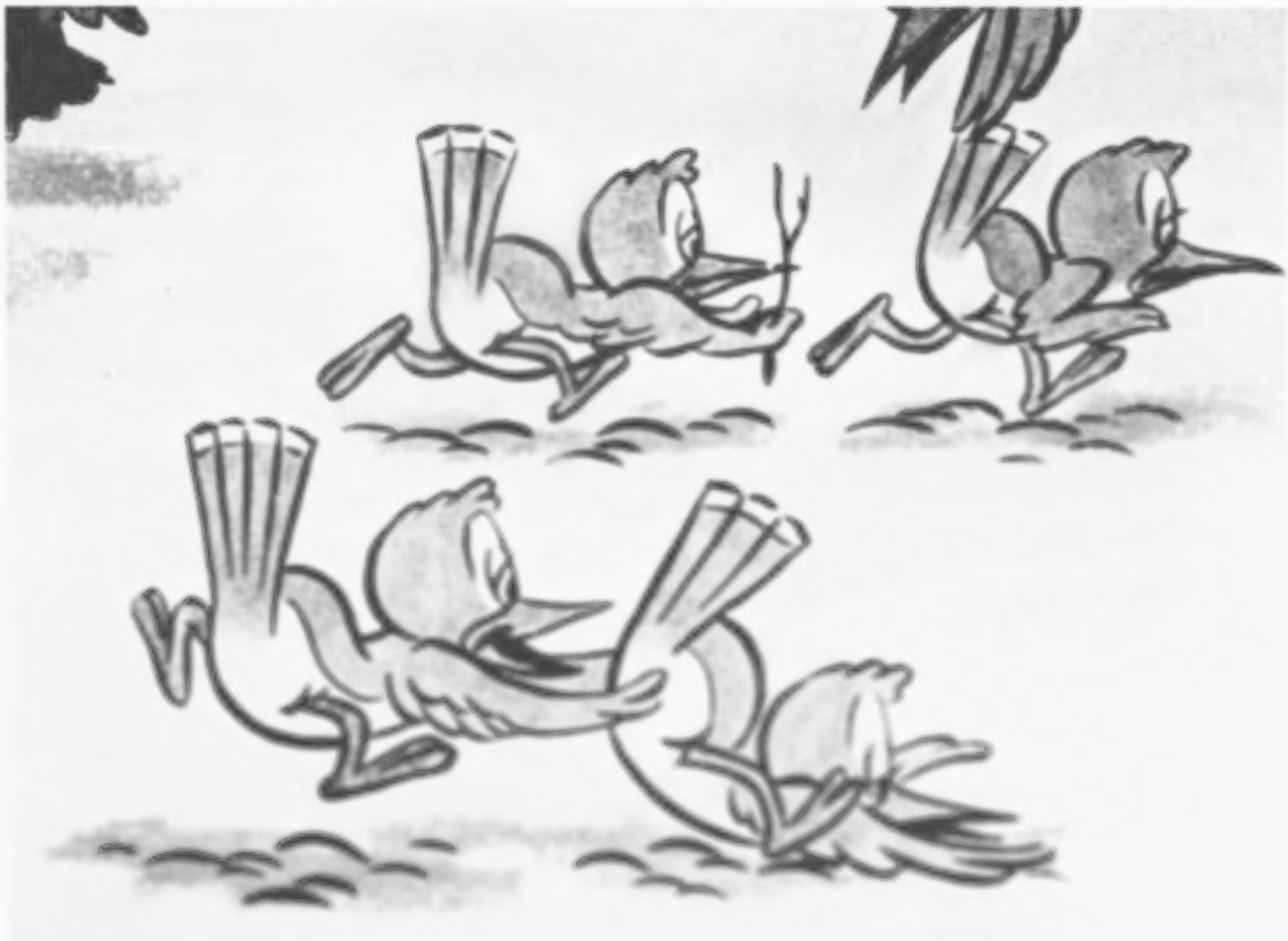
One day the mother kingbird told her little kingbirds that she would go out and hunt. She told the little kingbirds to keep their eyes open and keep away from the coyote while she was gone. If the coyote came upon them in his daily wanderings and wanted to eat them, the little kingbirds were told to refuse him and tell him about their mother's warnings.



The mother kingbird left to hunt. She hunted grasshoppers, moths, and other insects to feed her little kingbirds.



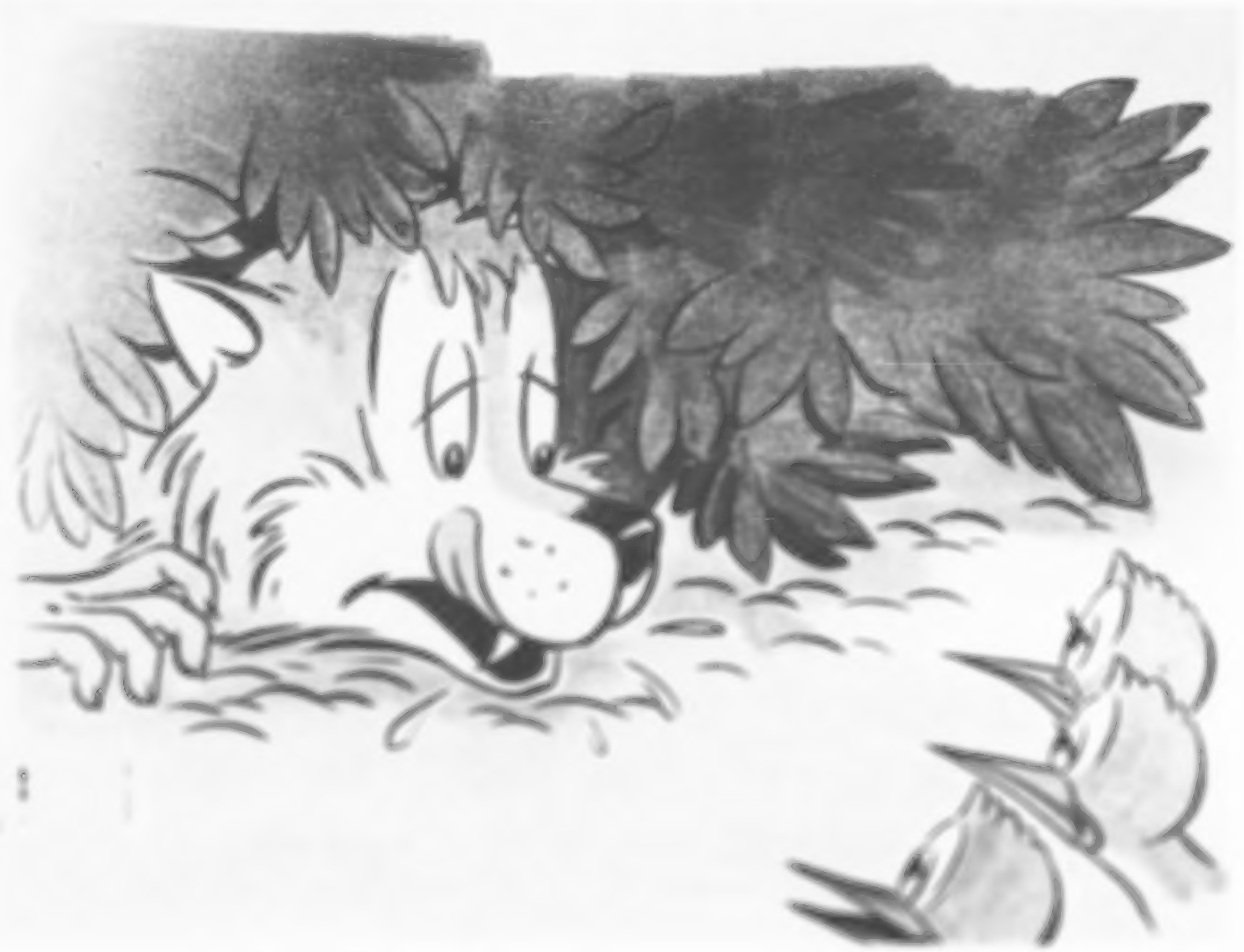
By and by, the coyote came upon the little kingbirds. The little kingbirds did not see the coyote. He had hidden himself under a bush and then watched them from there.

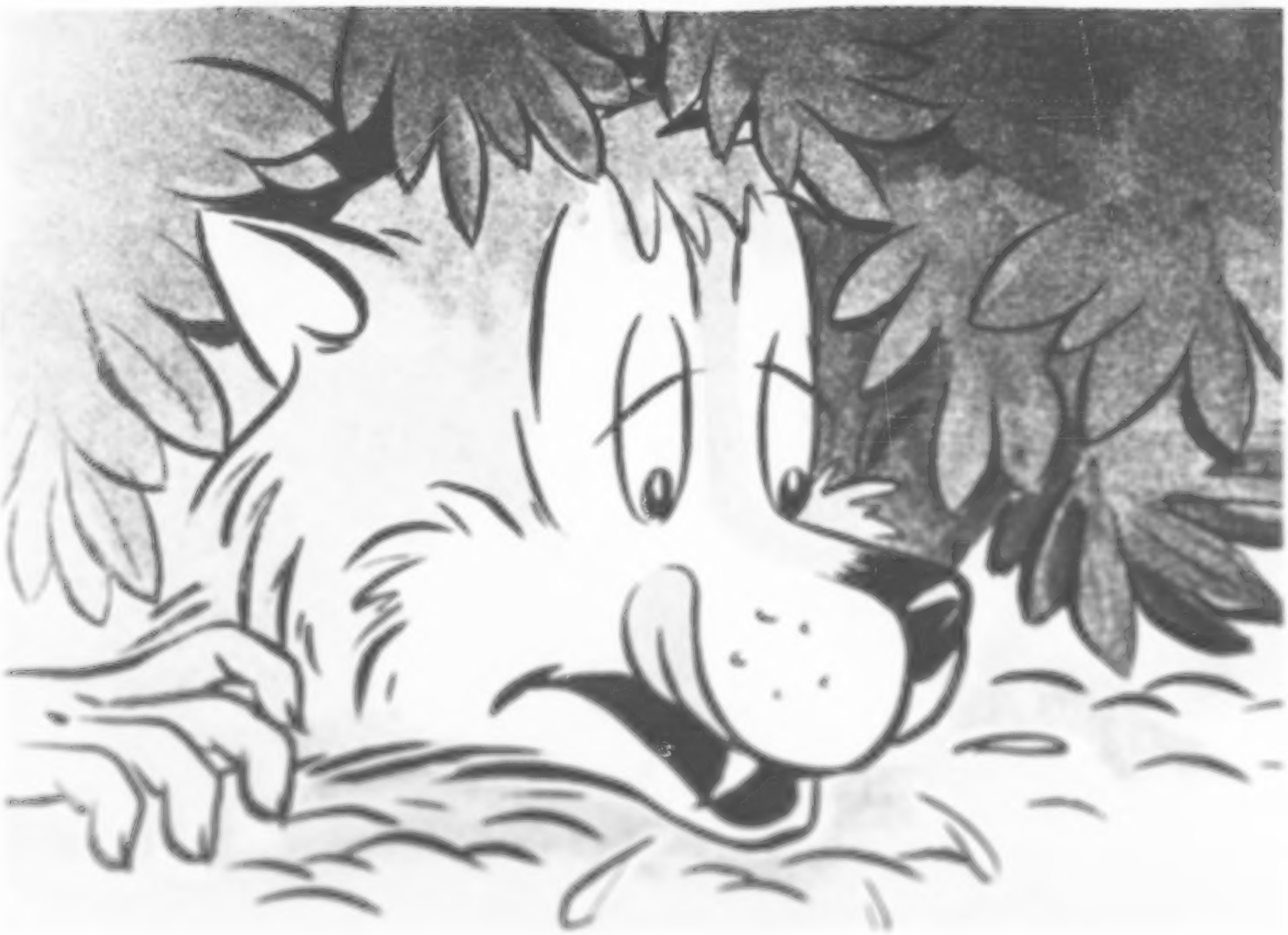


The little kingbirds, not knowing the coyote was near were playing by their nest. They would chase each other around, fly a little way off the ground and come down again. They were having a lot of fun.

Then one of the little kingbirds saw the coyote. The little kingbird said, "Oh, my! The coyote is watching us from under a bush."

"Remember our mother's warning," said another little kingbird.

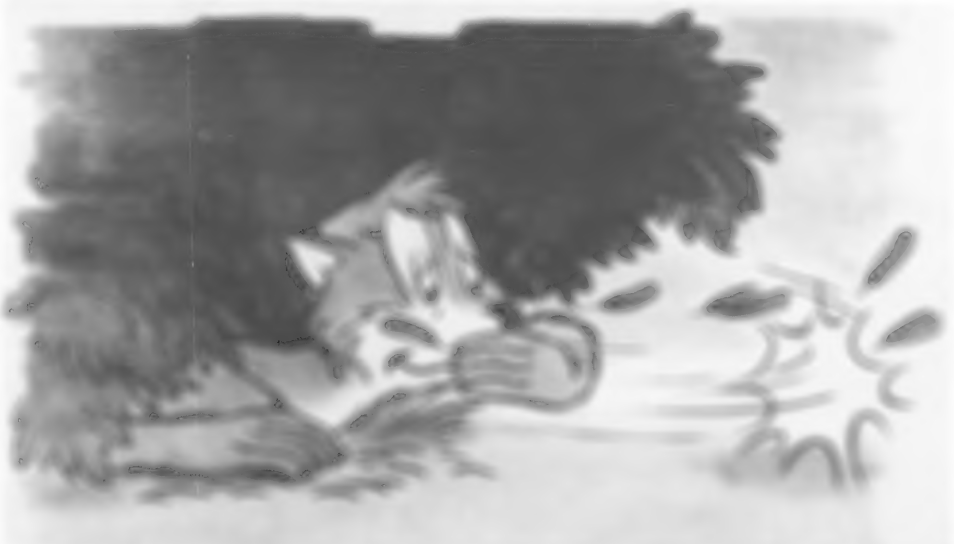




Sure enough, the coyote said, "Yum, yum, I should like very much to eat all of you." The little kingbirds all said, "No, we will not let you eat us. Our mother said we must not let you eat us."

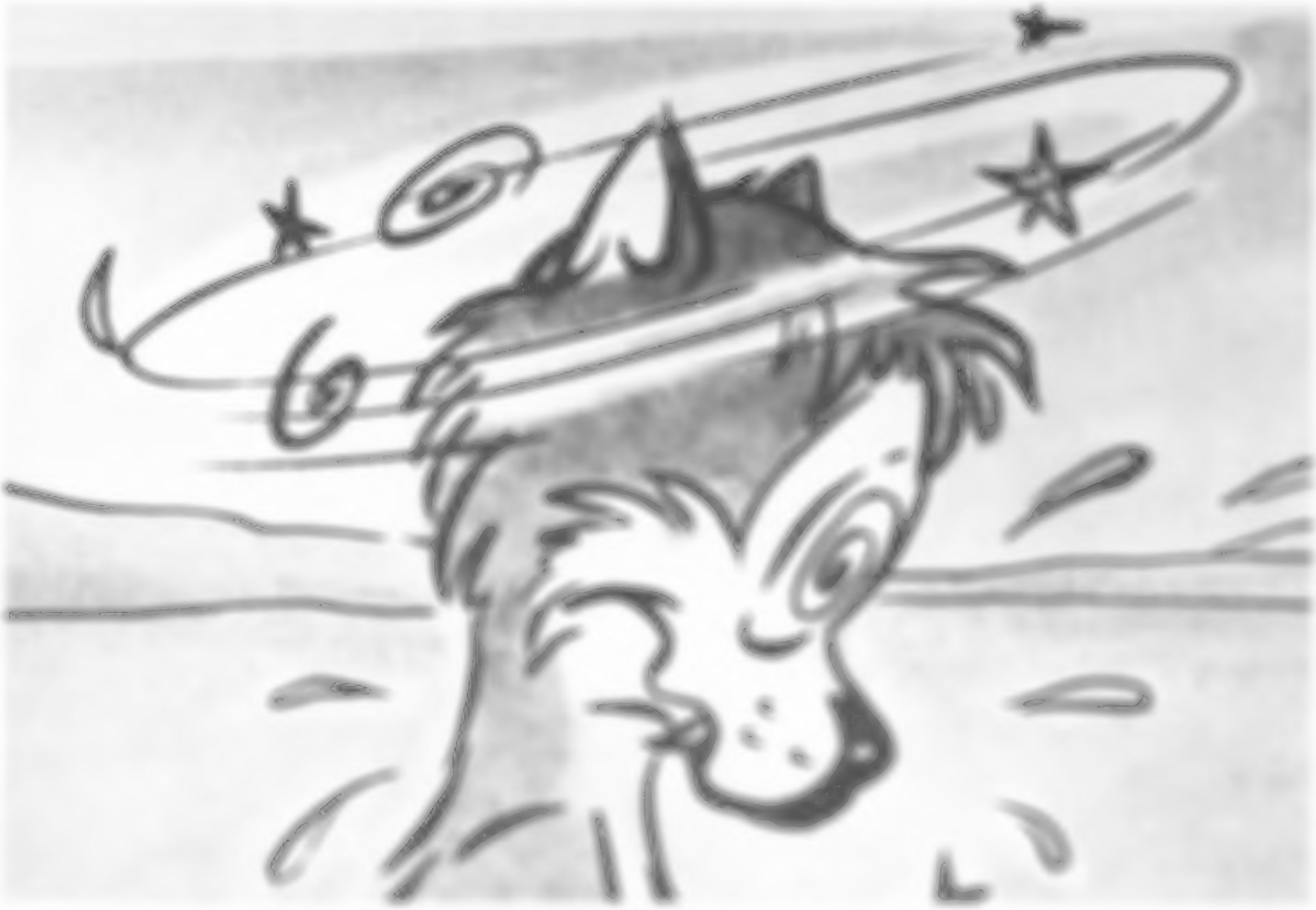
The little kingbirds kept on playing. The coyote kept watching and waiting for a chance to grab and eat one of the little kingbirds if one got close enough to him.

After a little while, one of the little kingbirds flew too close to the coyote. The coyote grabbed the little kingbird and quickly swallowed it. Whenever a little kingbird got too close, the coyote would quickly swallow it. After a short while, the coyote had swallowed all of the little kingbirds.



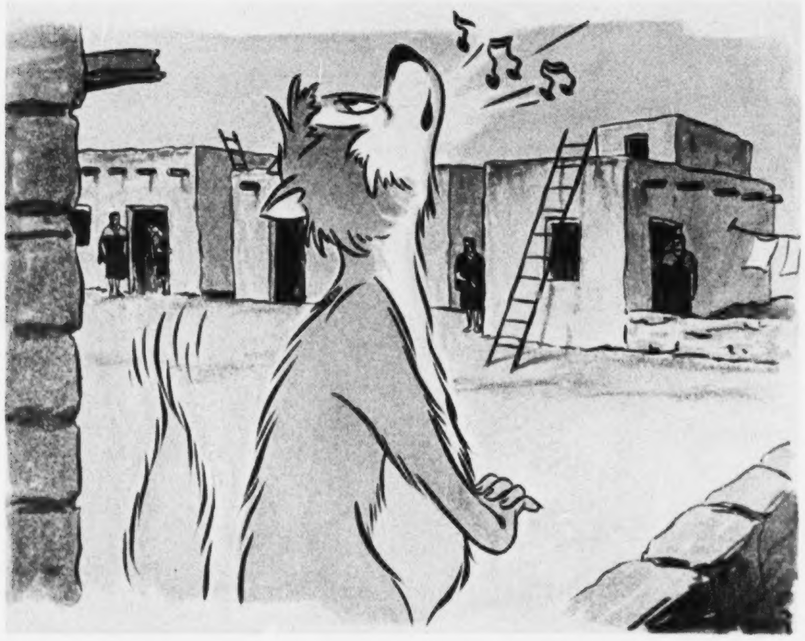
After the coyote had swallowed all the little kingbirds, he went north from Flute Springs, up over the Sandstone Ridge near Oraibi to a sandy place. The young men of Oraibi ran races there now and then.

The coyote sat down to rest. Then, all of a sudden, he felt strange. His stomach was doing strange things. The little kingbirds were playing inside the coyote's stomach! He had not chewed the little kingbirds when he swallowed them, so the little kingbirds were alive and playing inside his stomach!



The coyote became dizzy. He wasn't sure what he was doing. He started to go on north, but then turned around and started going toward Oraibi.

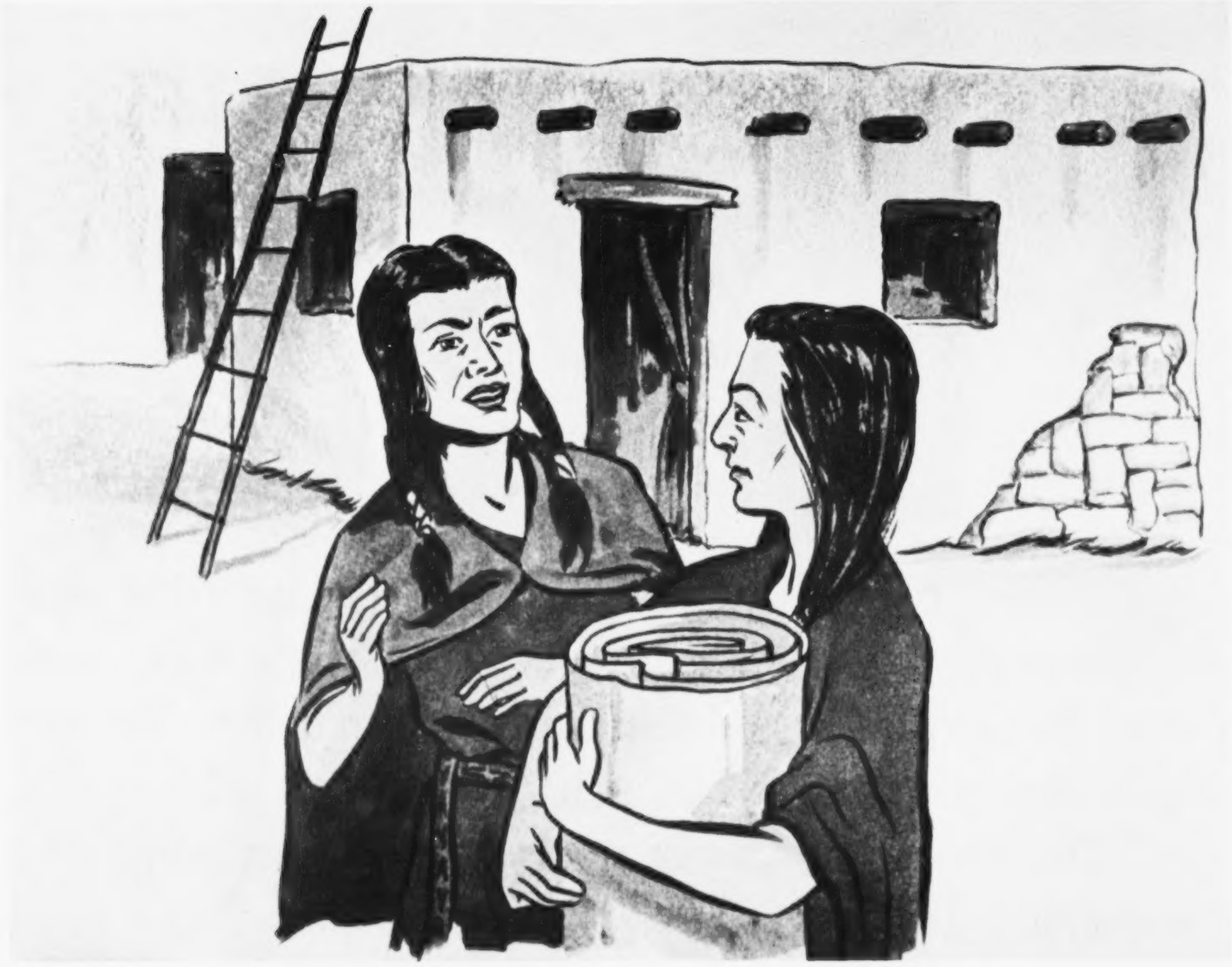
Later on the coyote got dizzier. Then he began muttering and saying things out loud. He had gone crazy.



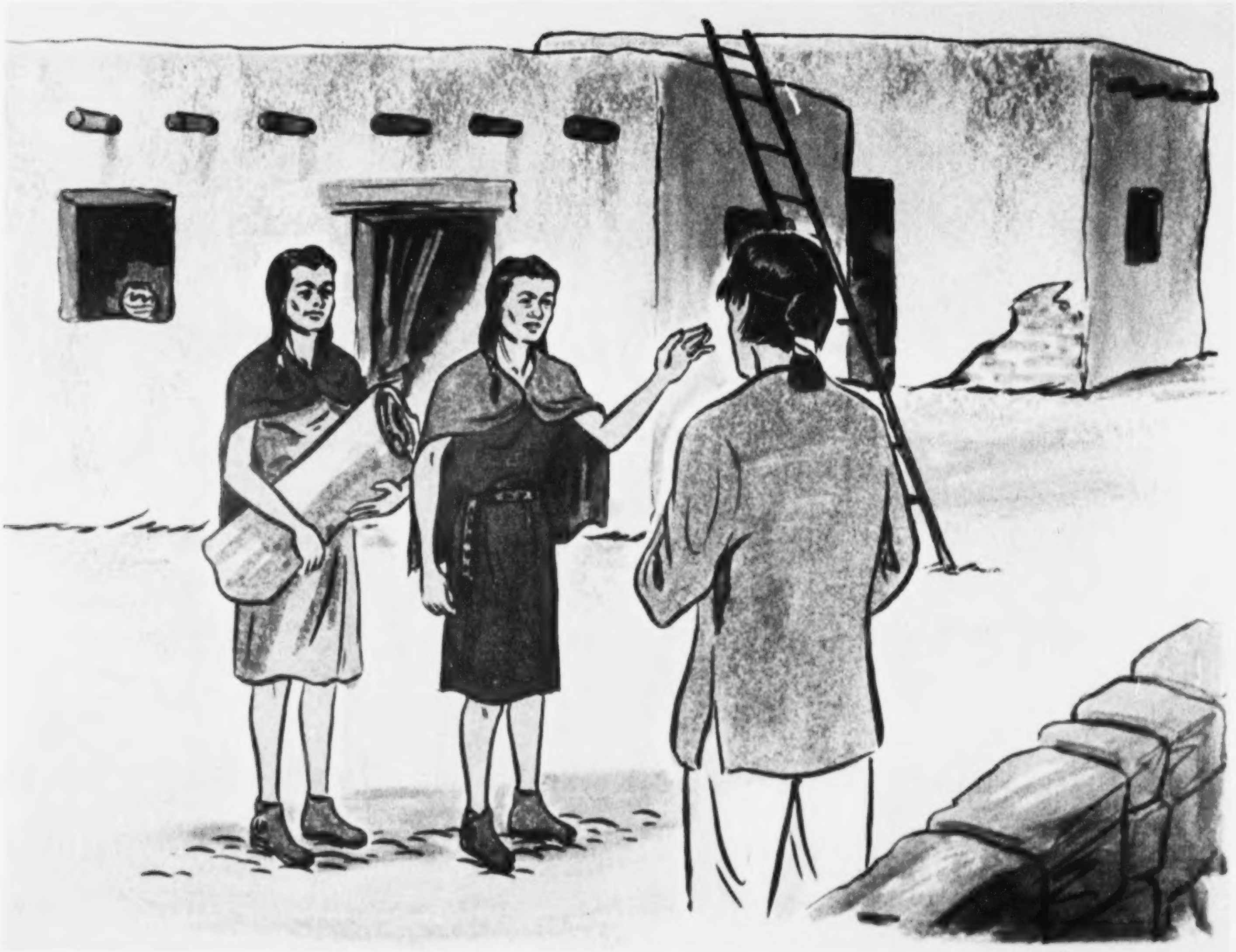
By and by, the coyote reached Oraibi. He went into the plaza. Once inside the plaza, the coyote went around from one end of the plaza to the other. He then sang a strange song. His song went like this.

"The people of Oraibi do not believe my song. It is a warning. In four days a flood will come and cover this village." The women came out of their houses to listen to the coyote. The men were working in their fields and were not at home to see the coyote and hear his song.

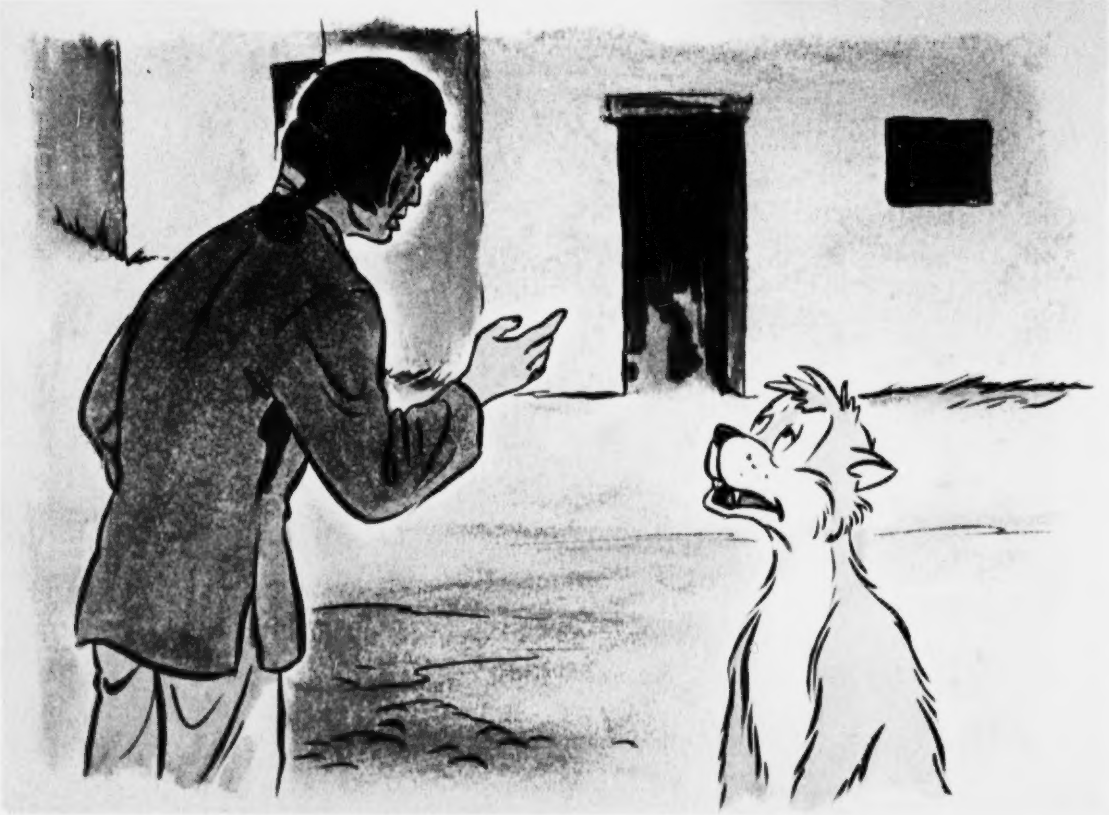
2



One woman said, "What shall we do?" Another woman said, "We must go tell the chief of the village. He is wise and he will know what to do."



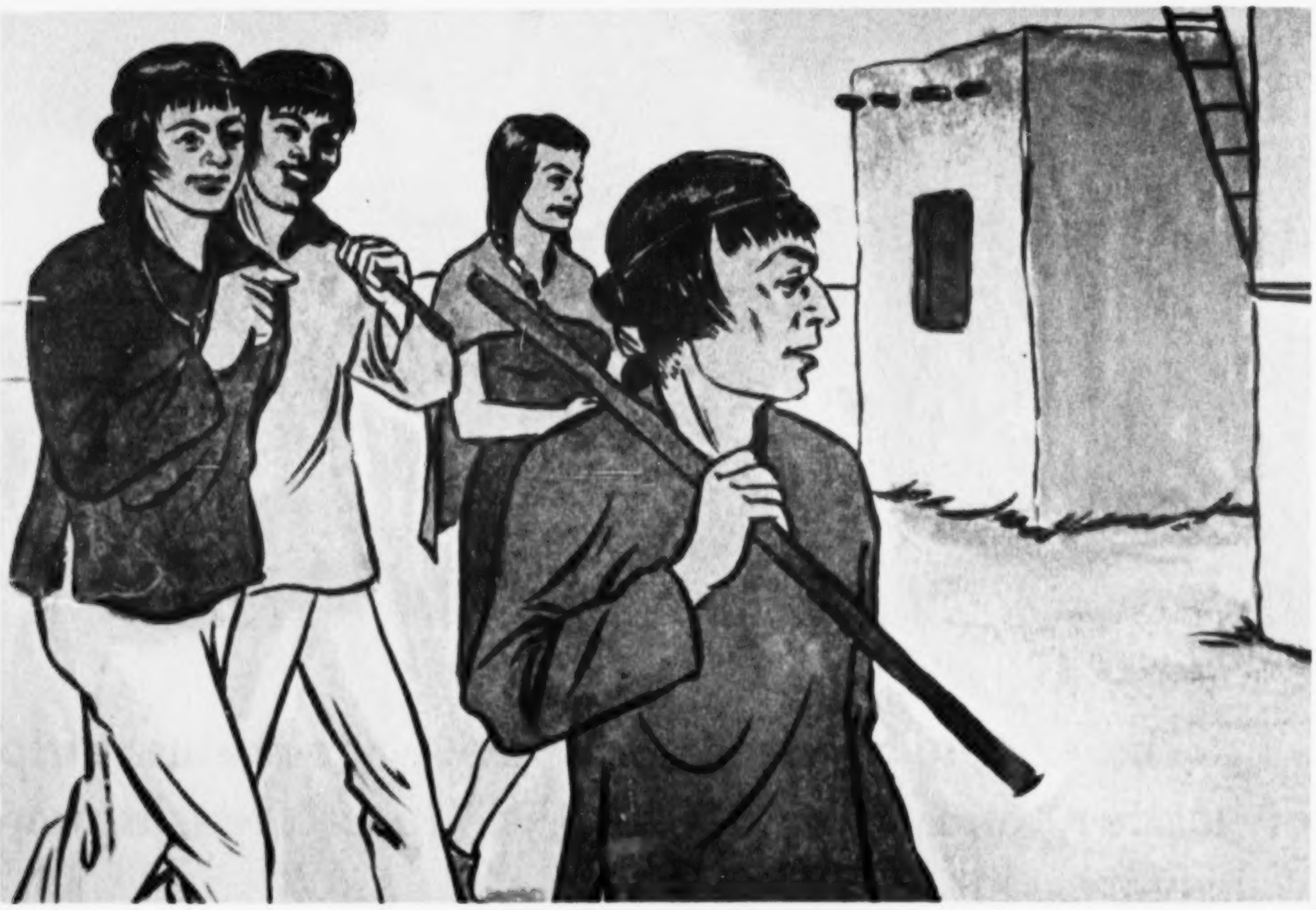
So the women went and got the village chief. He asked the women what they wanted. The women told him what the coyote had sung in the plaza.

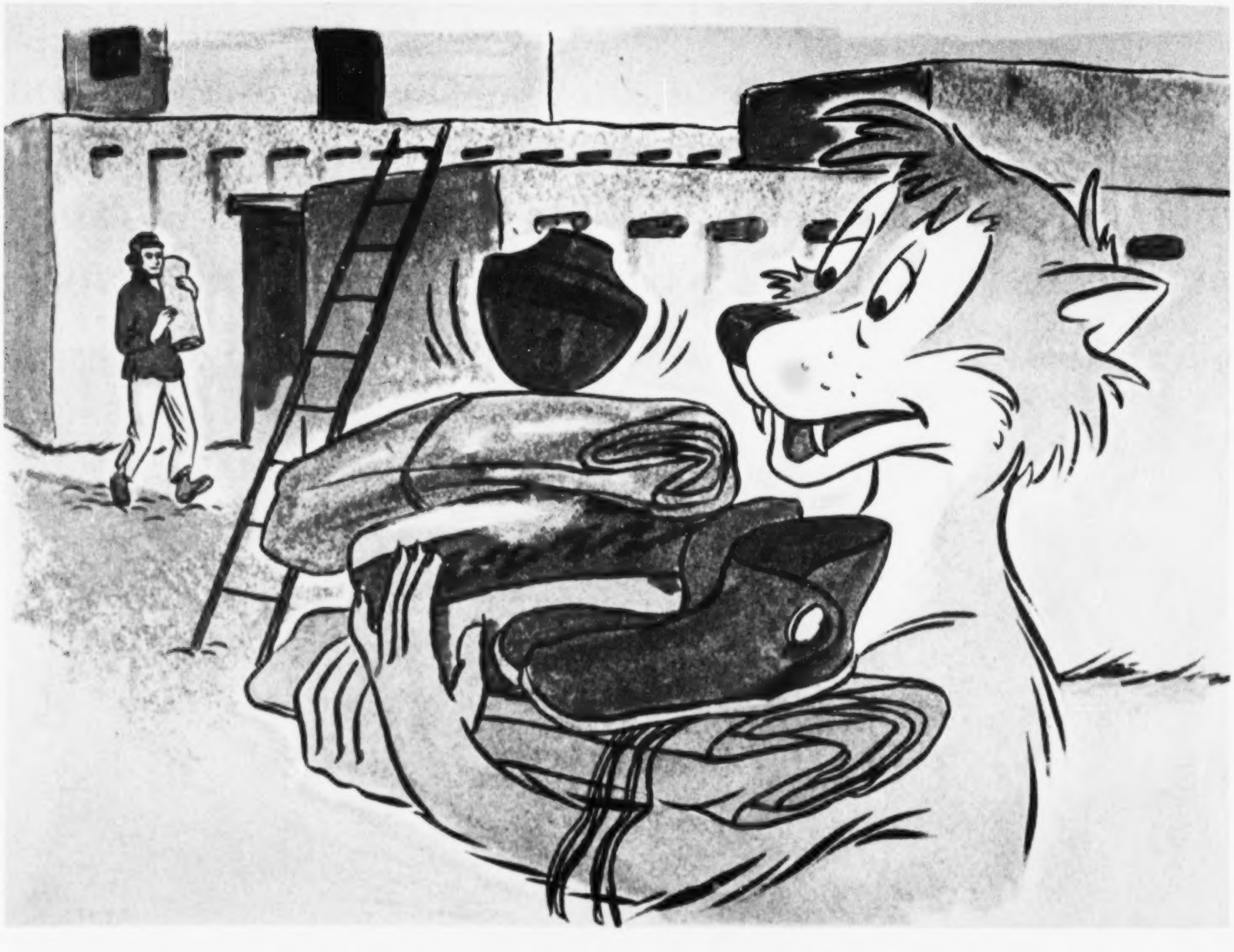


The village chief then went to the plaza. There indeed was the coyote. He was still walking around in the plaza and was still singing his strange song.

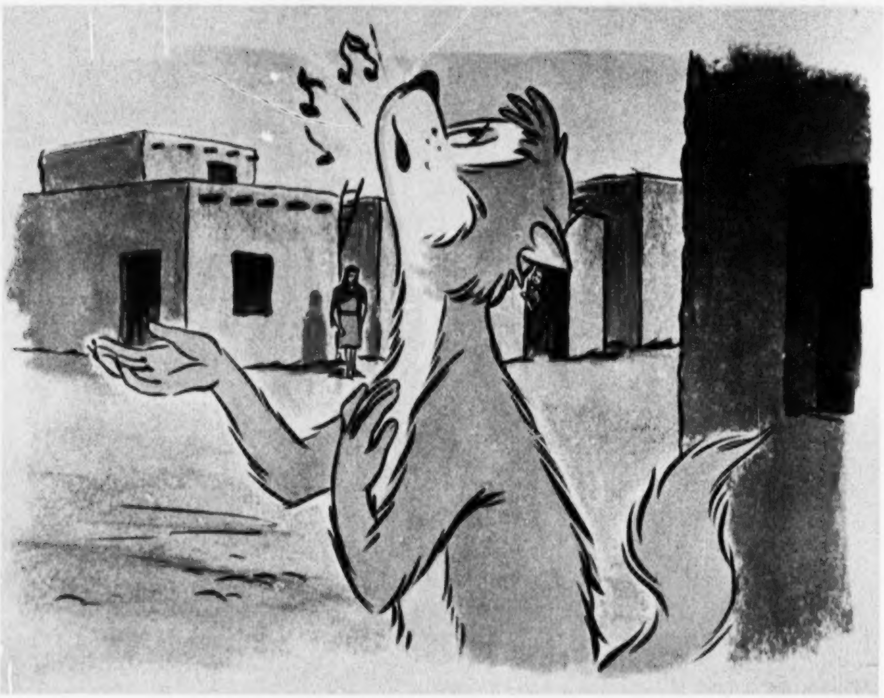
The village chief listened. Then he said to the coyote, "I will not let this terrible thing happen to Oraibi. I want my people to live. They are my children and I want them to live."

The village chief told the women to give some things to the coyote so that their village would be spared from the flood. The women ran to their houses. By this time, some men had returned to Oraibi from their fields. They too became excited and gave many things to the coyote.



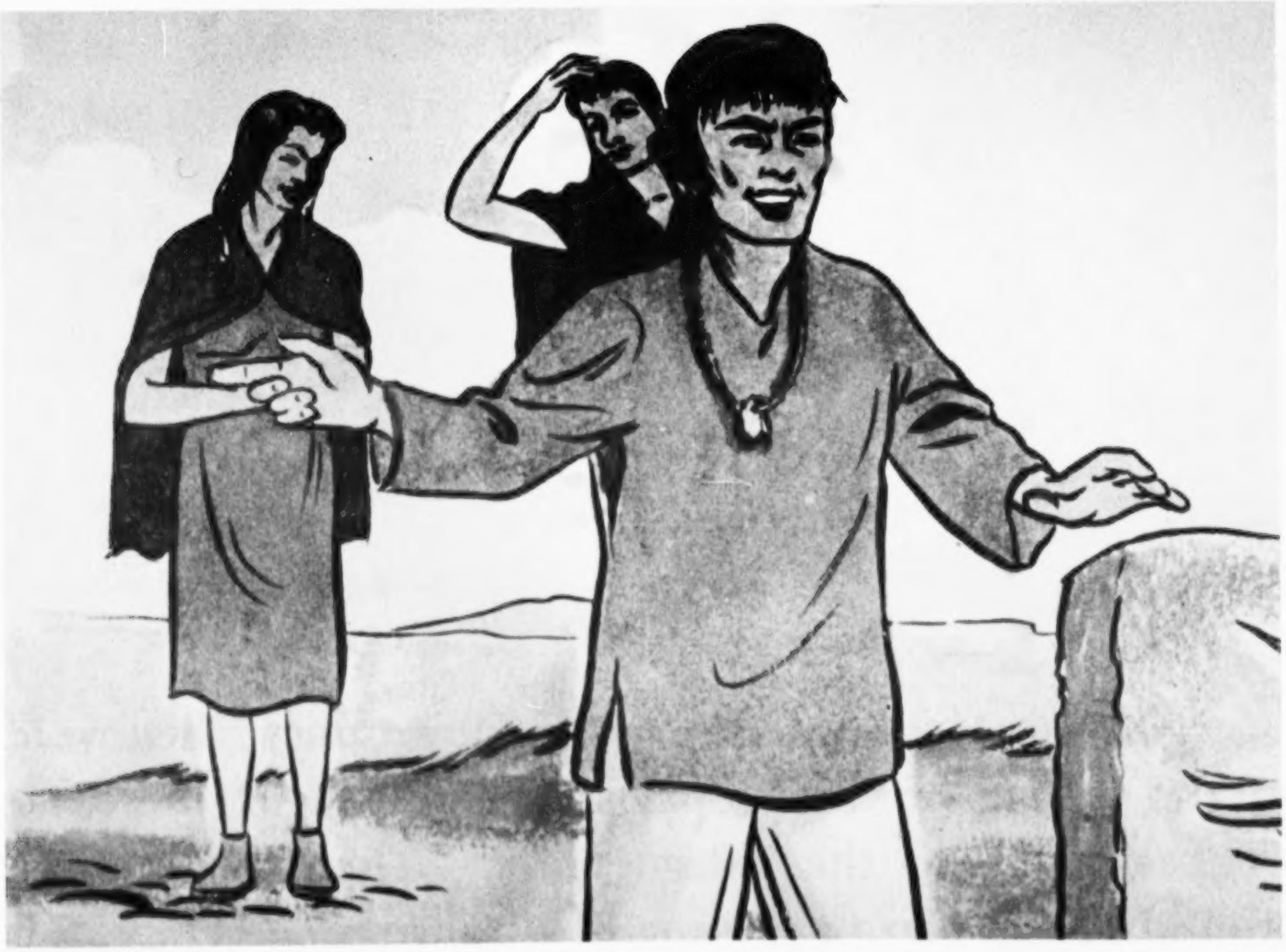


The coyote received deer hides, moccasins, strips of leather, and other things the Hopis thought were valuable.

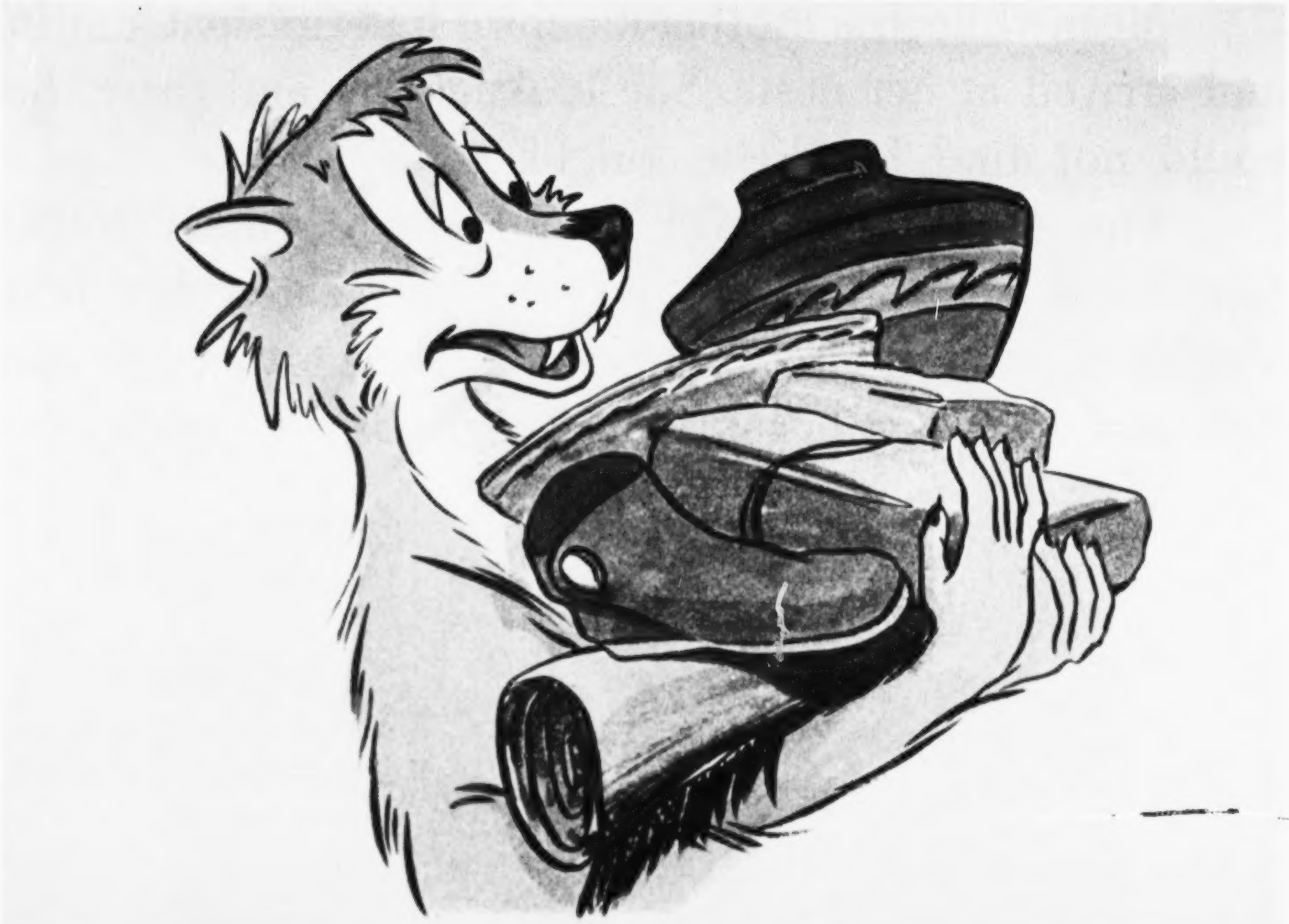


The coyote, burdened with many things, then went to the village of Shongopavi. When he got there, he went straight to the village plaza. There he pranced around in the plaza and sang his strange song. Only, this time he sang that Shongopavi would be covered with a flood in four days.

The women that were close by heard the coyote sing his song about the flood. They went and looked for their husbands to tell them about the coyote's song



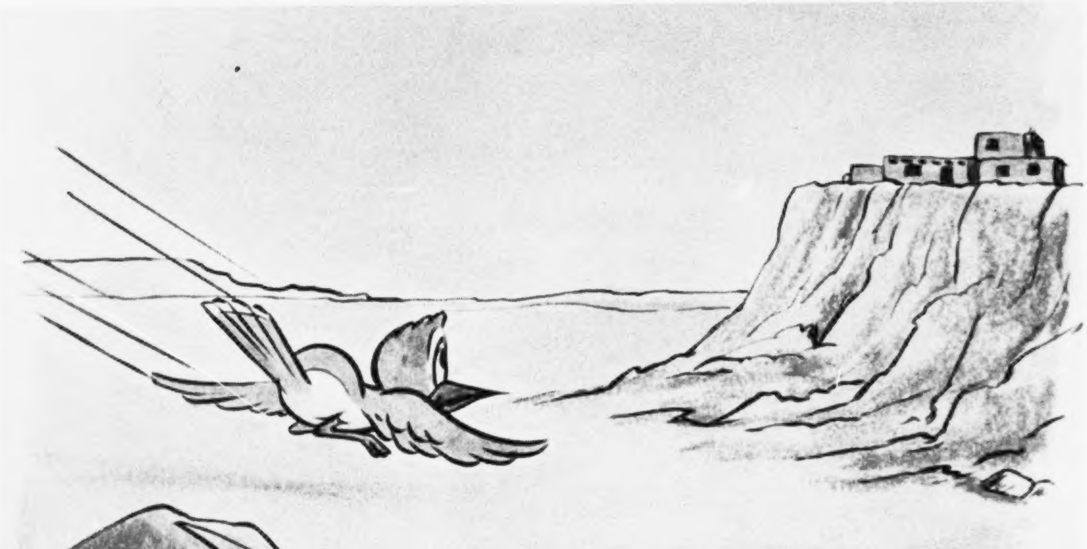
The men came and listened to the coyote. One man said, "No, we must not let this terrible thing happen to our village. Perhaps if we give some things to the coyote, our village will be spared."



The men gave the coyote many things. They gave him blankets, cotton belts, deer hides, moccasins, and many other things. The coyote thanked the people, then went east from Shongopavi over to Mishongnovi.

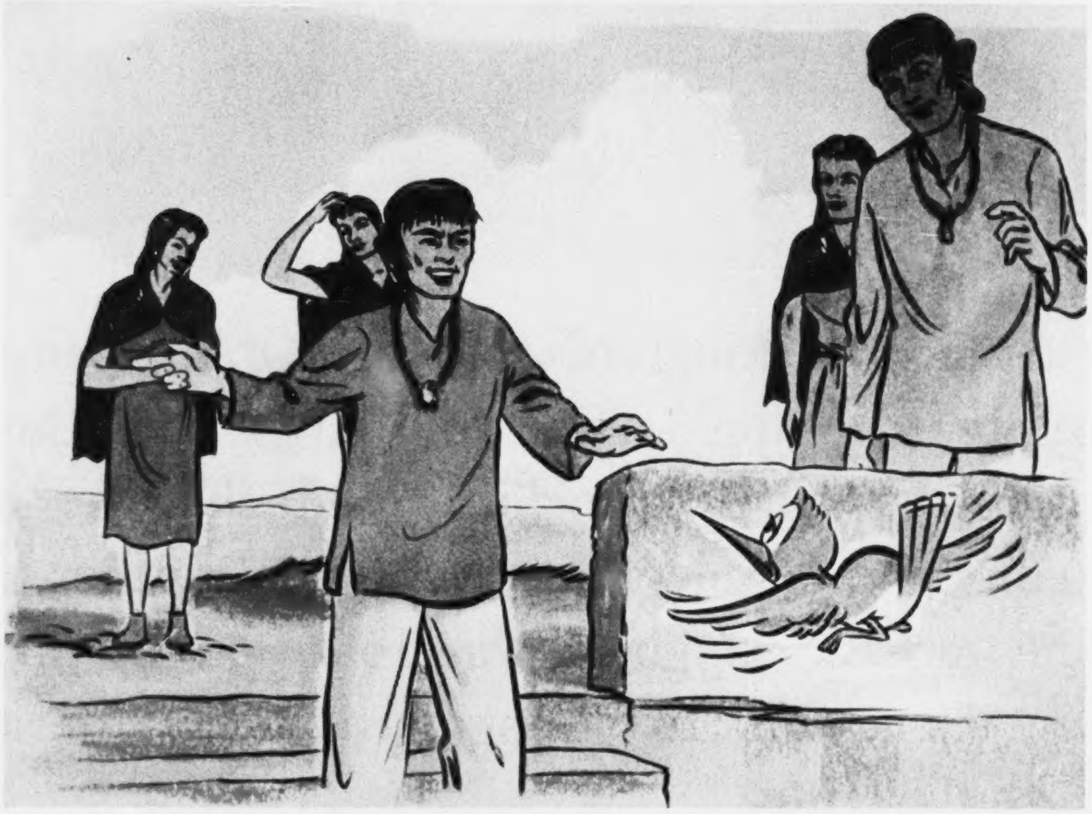
Meanwhile, the mother kingbird had finished hunting and arrived at her nest. She looked here and there, but could not find her little kingbirds.

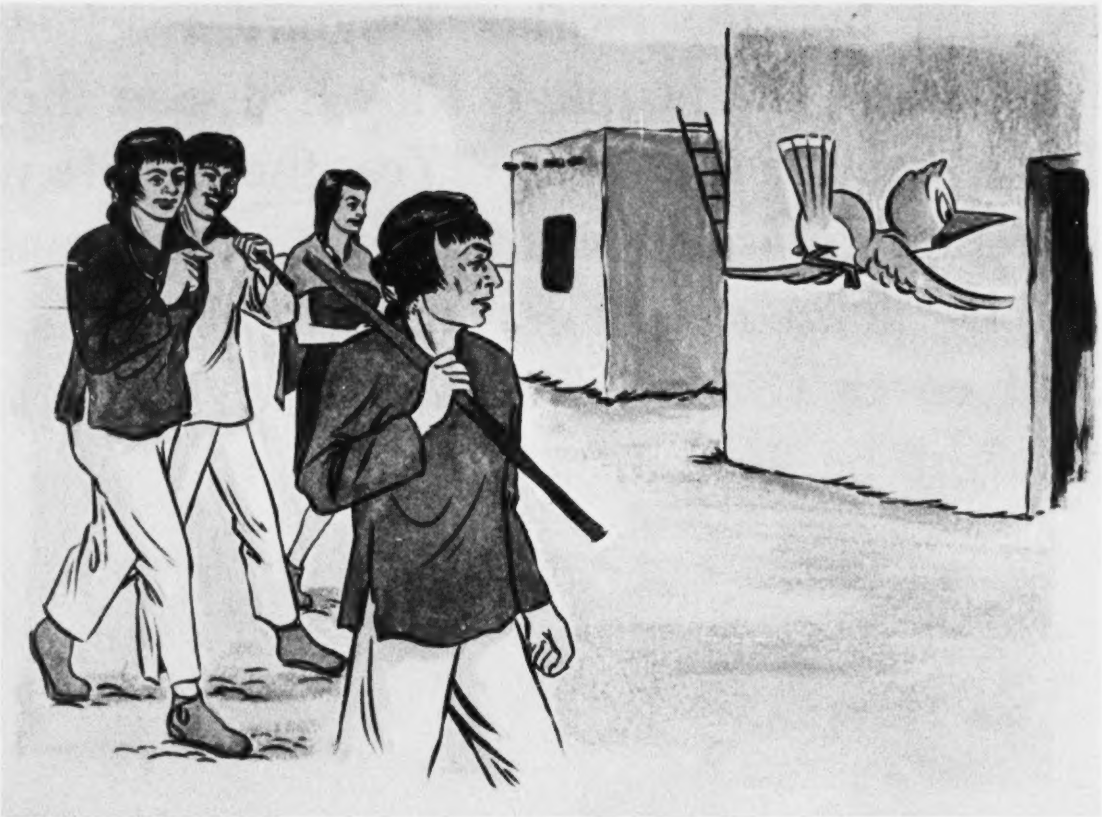
The mother kingbird found the coyote's tracks. She knew then that the coyote had eaten her little kingbirds. So, as fast as she could, the mother kingbird followed the coyote's tracks to Oraibi.



By and by, the mother kingbird reached Oraibi. There she asked the people if they had seen the coyote.

The Oraibi people said, "Yes, the coyote was here, but he left Oraibi and went over to Shongopavi. He sang in the plaza of a flood that would come in four days and cover Oraibi. We gave him gifts so that our village might be spared."

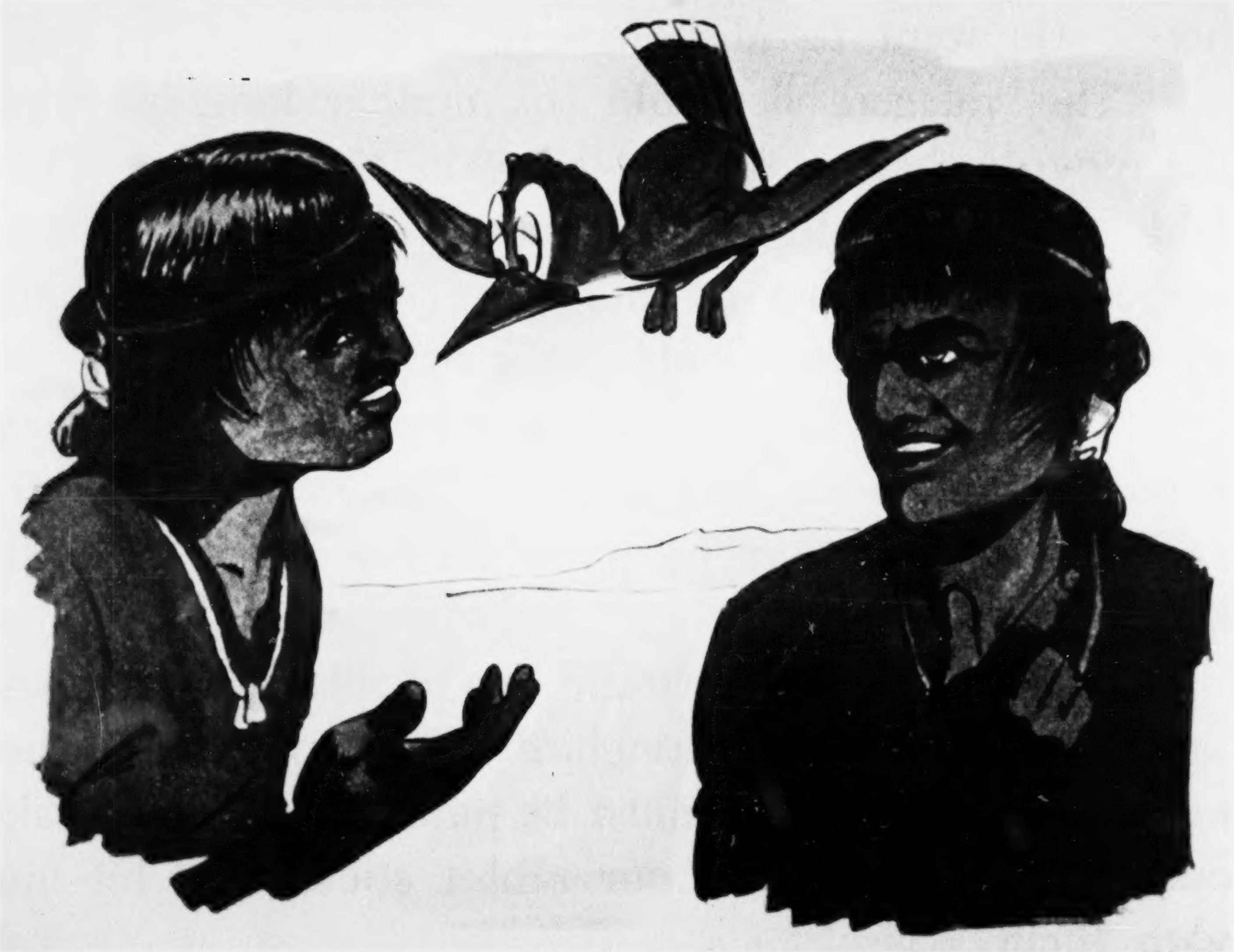




The mother kingbird told the Oraibi people what the coyote had done. She told them that the coyote had eaten her little kingbirds and that he must be punished. The people agreed with the mother kingbird.

The mother kingbird was followed by the Oraibi people. They went to Shongopavi to try to catch and punish the coyote.

When the mother kingbird and her friends, the Oraibi people, reached Shongopavi, the mother kingbird asked the people there if they had seen the coyote.

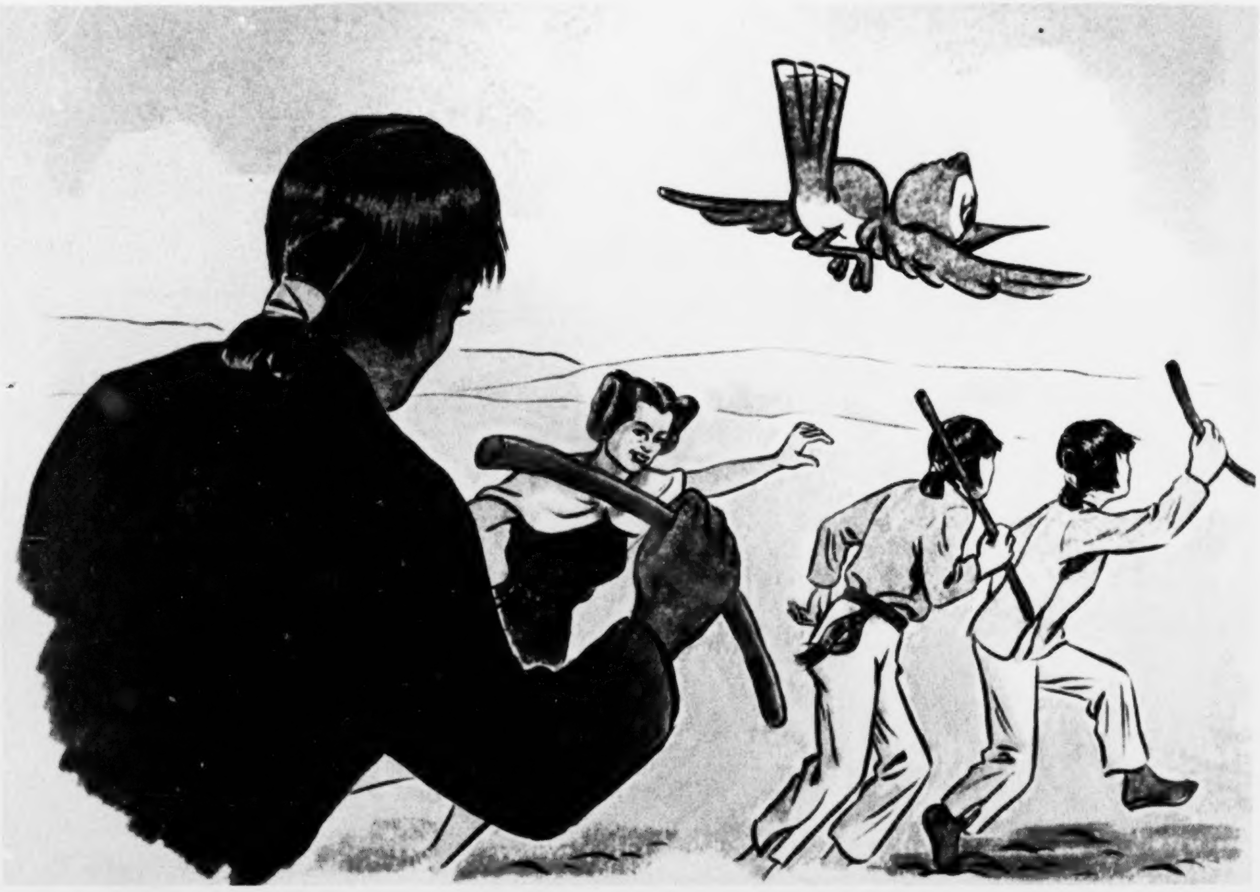


"Yes," the villagers answered. "The coyote was here. He went to Mishongnovi."

The villagers also told the mother kingbird what the coyote had sung to them in the plaza. They said, "The coyote sang a song of a flood that would come in Shongopavi in four days. We gave him gifts so that Shongopavi would be spared."

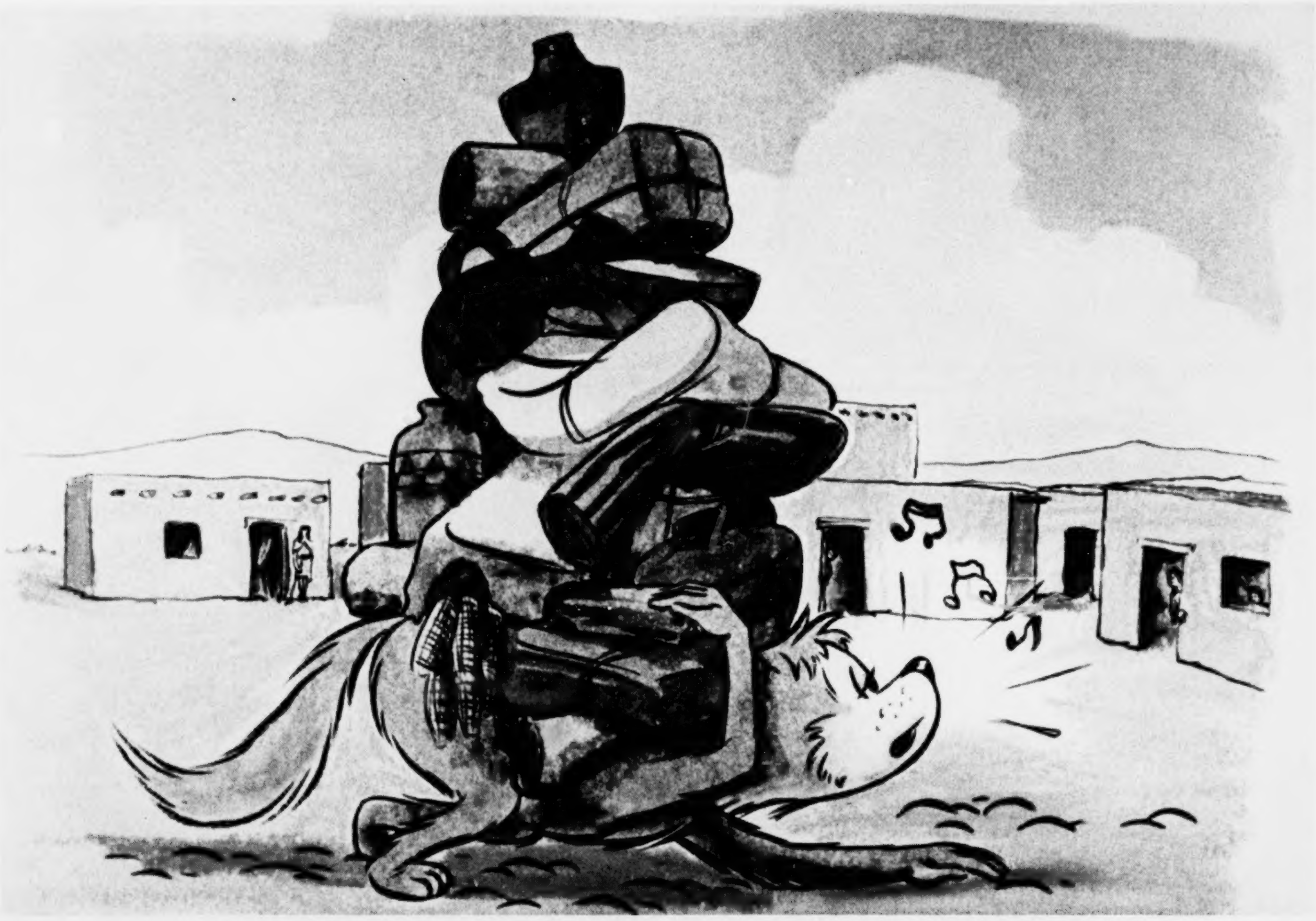
The mother kingbird told the people of Shongopavi about the coyote's bad deed. The mother kingbird said the coyote must be punished for eating her little kingbirds.

Like the people of Oraibi, the people of Shongopavi agreed with the mother kingbird. They told the mother kingbird, "The coyote must be punished. We will take our planting sticks, and our rabbit sticks, and hit him with them."

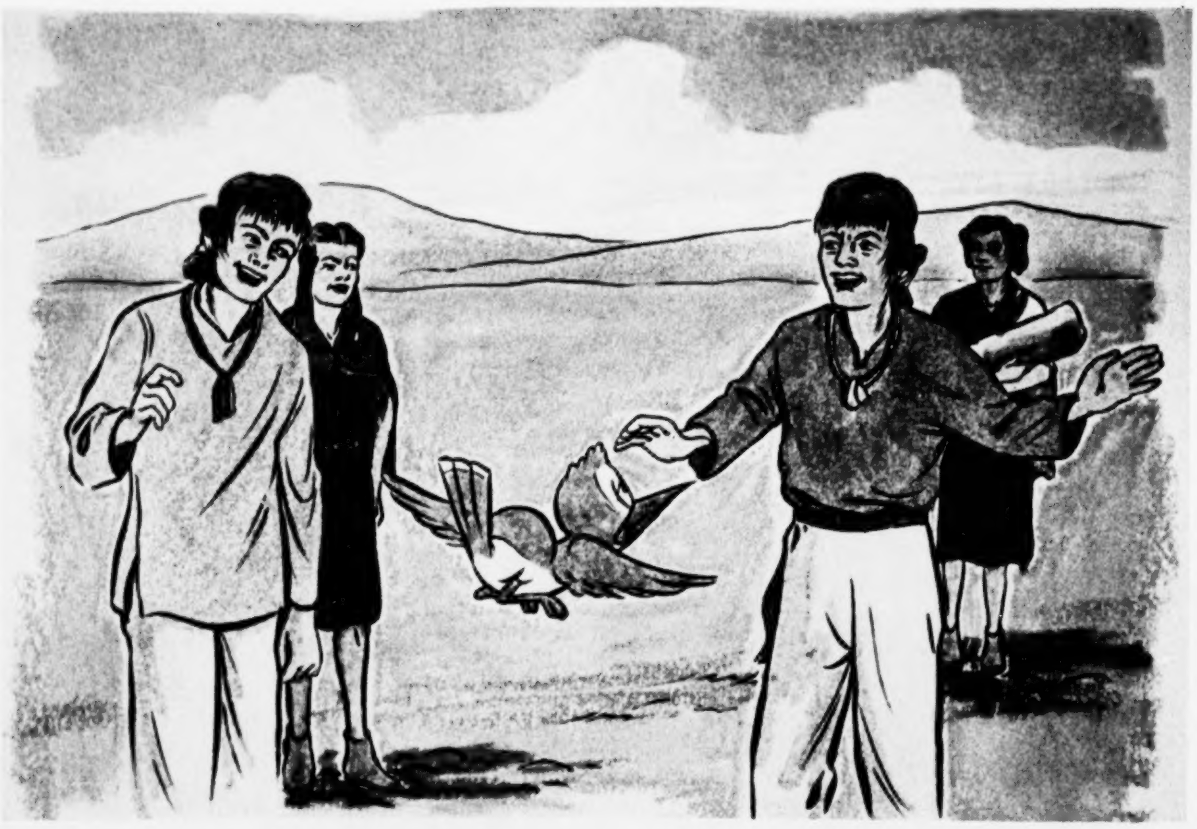


The mother kingbird, the Oraibi people, and the people of Shongopavi all went to Mishongnovi to try to catch the coyote.

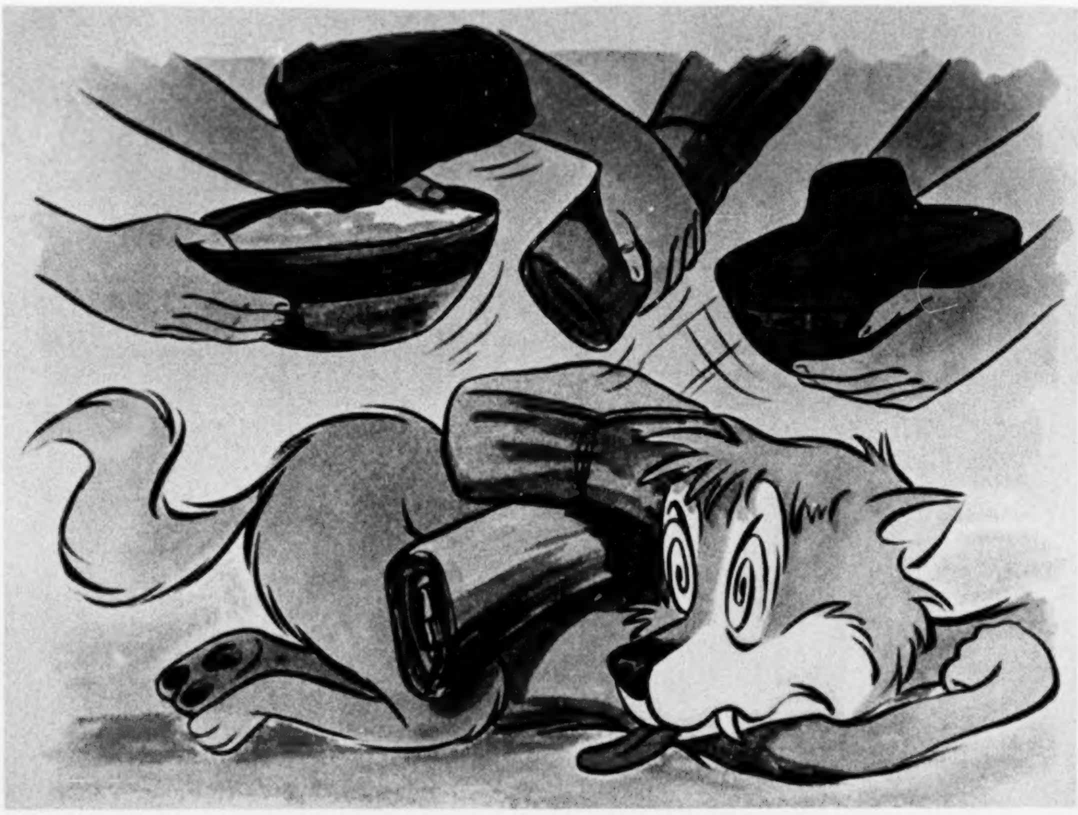
By and by, the mother kingbird and her many friends, the Oraibi people and the Shongopavi people, reached Mishongnovi.



The coyote was in the plaza singing his strange song. The coyote was carrying many things on his back. He could barely be seen under the pile of things that he was carrying. Even then, the people of Mishongnovi were giving the coyote still many more things.

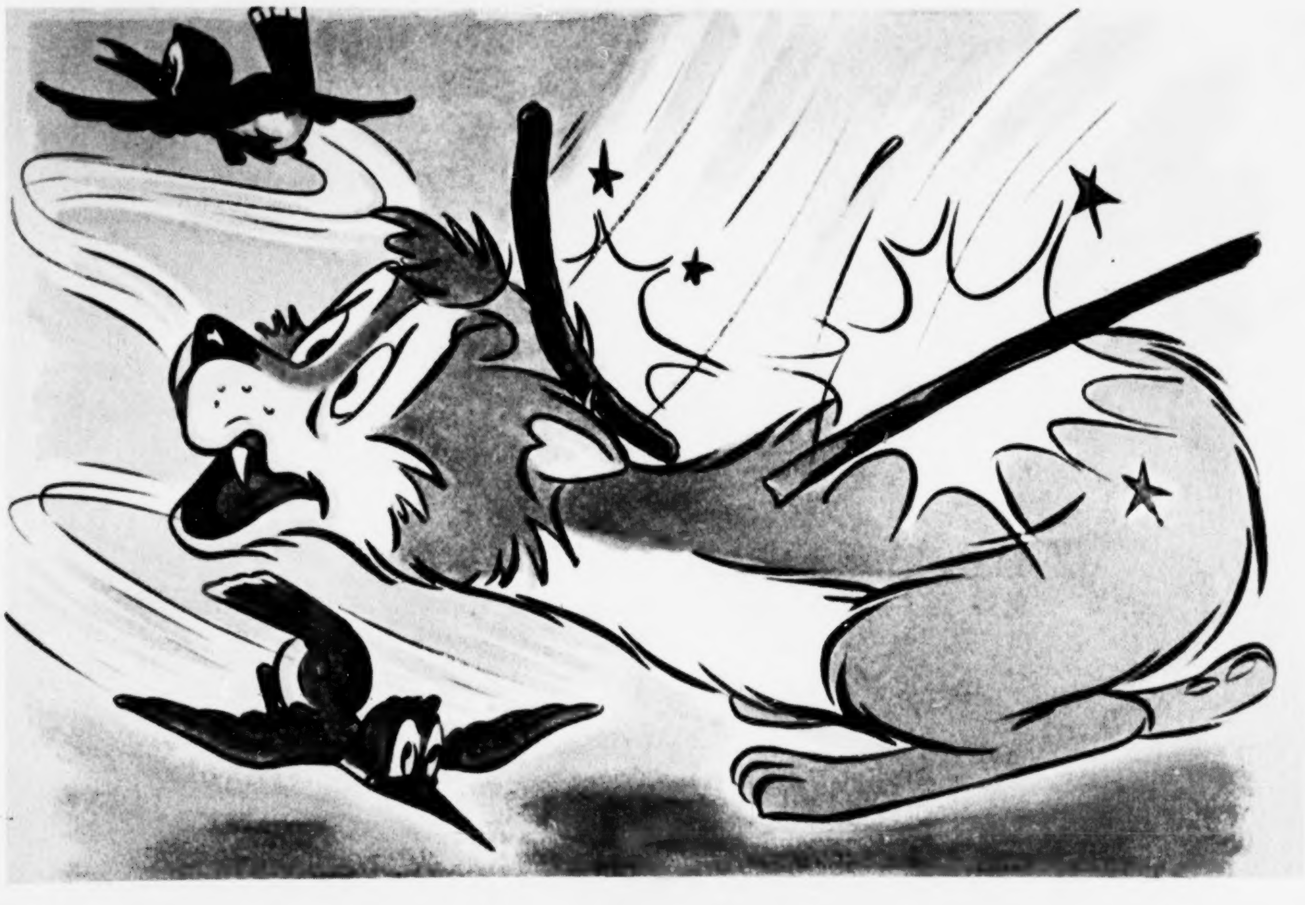


The mother kingbird told the Mishongnovi people that they must catch the coyote. She told them that the coyote had eaten her little kingbirds and must be punished. The Mishongnovi people said, "Yes, we will catch and punish the coyote. We will block off the entrance to the plaza with logs. The coyote must not get out."

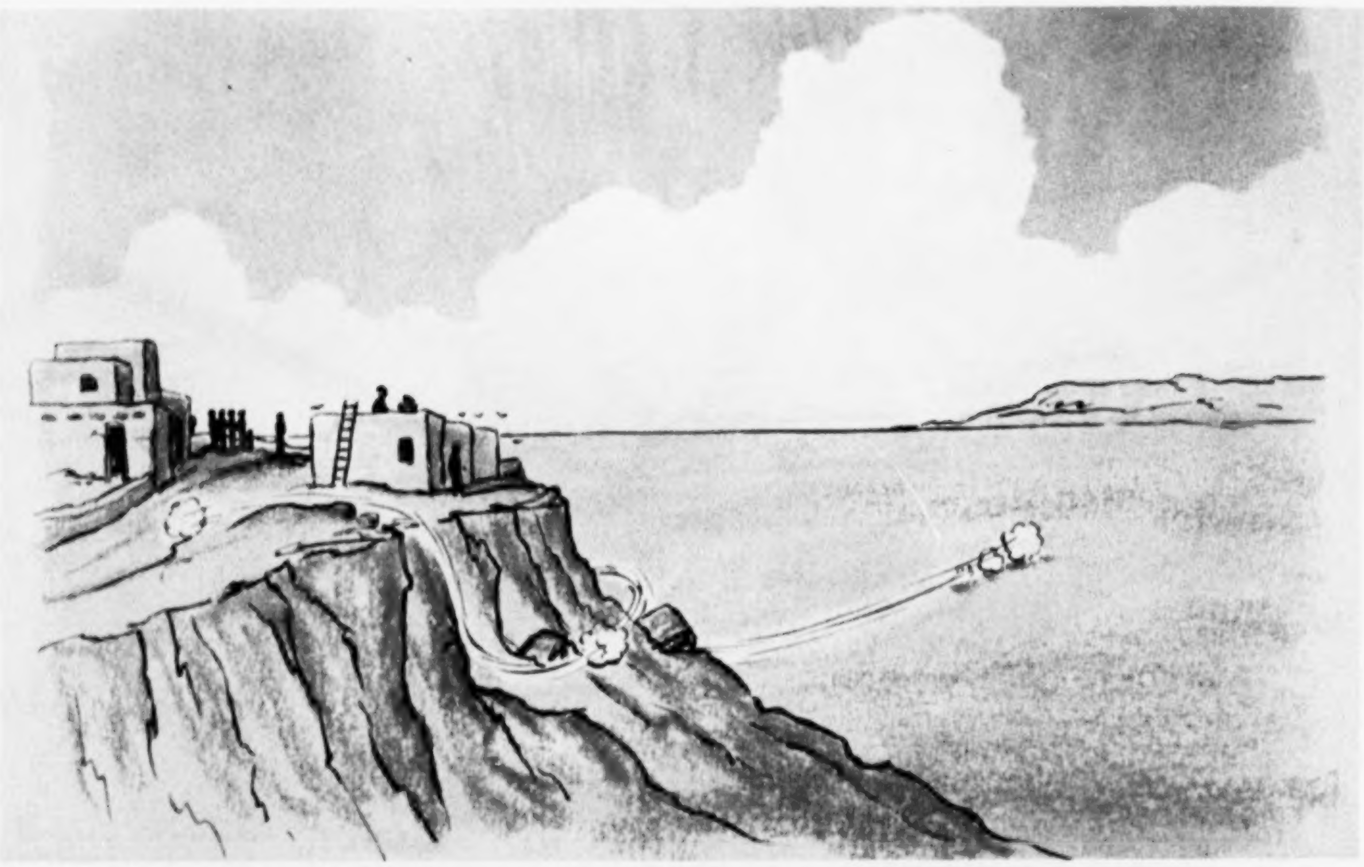


So, the people of Mishongnovi, along with the people from Shongopavi and Oraibi, blocked all the entrances to the plaza. They chased the coyote around the plaza until he was caught.

They all took their things away from the coyote. They would say, "This is mine, that is mine," and take away their things.

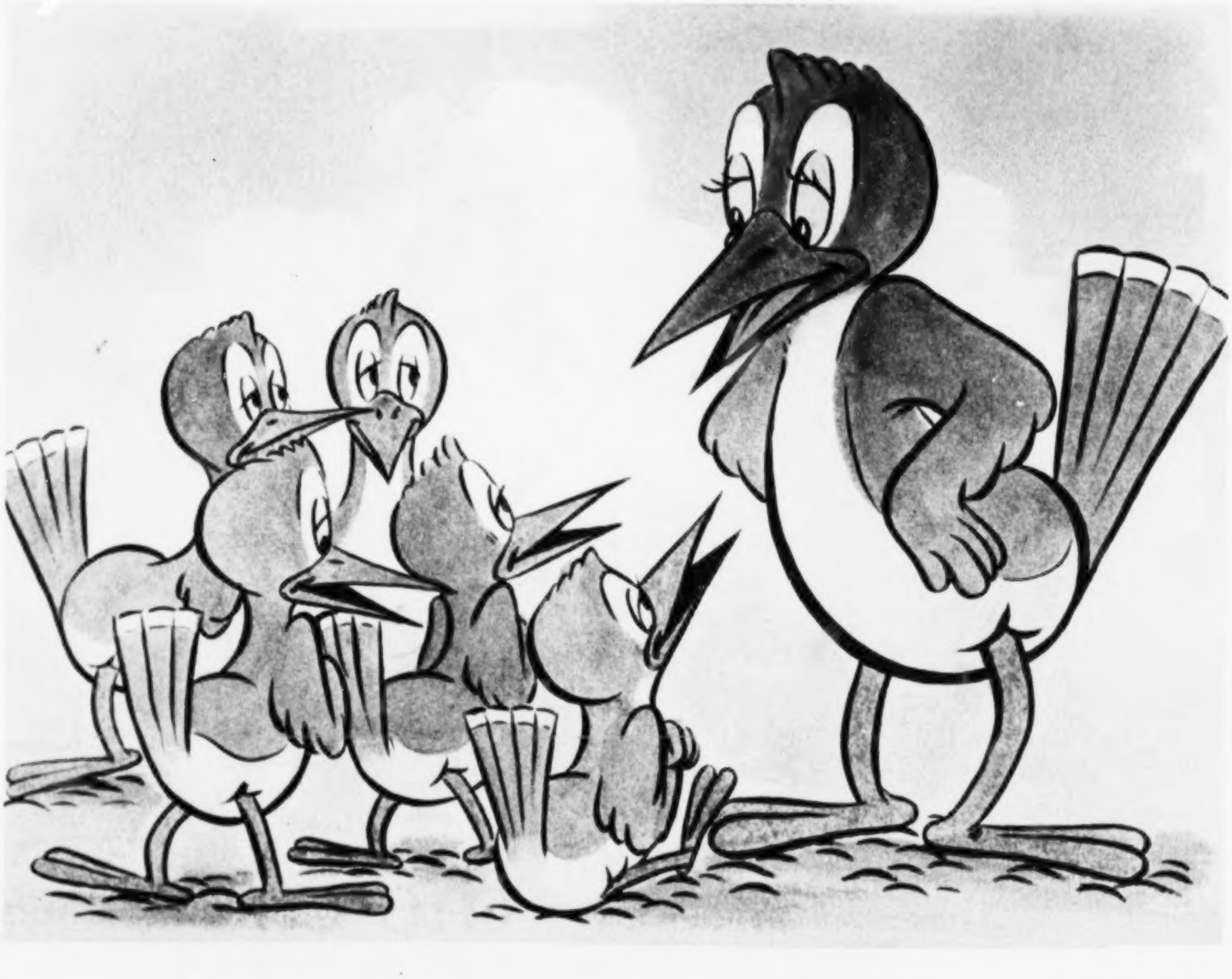


Finally, the men took their planting sticks and rabbit sticks and beat the coyote with them. Then to everyone's surprise, the little kingbirds flew out of his mouth. The little kingbirds were still alive! They flew to the mother kingbird and gathered about her, happy to see their mother again.



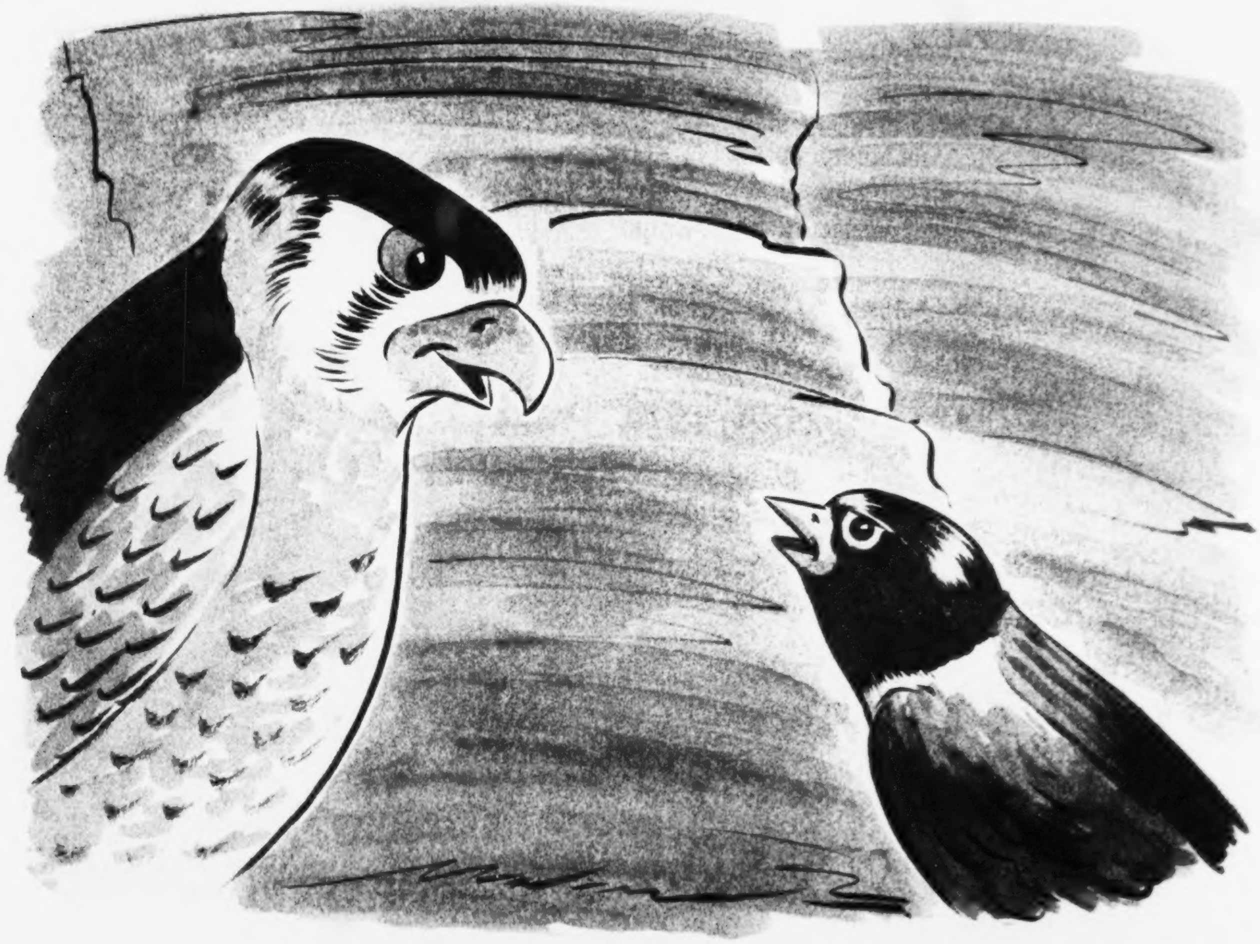
The people let the coyote go. He was going to be all right. He would never eat little kingbirds again.

All the people went back to their homes. They were happy that they had gotten back their valuable things.



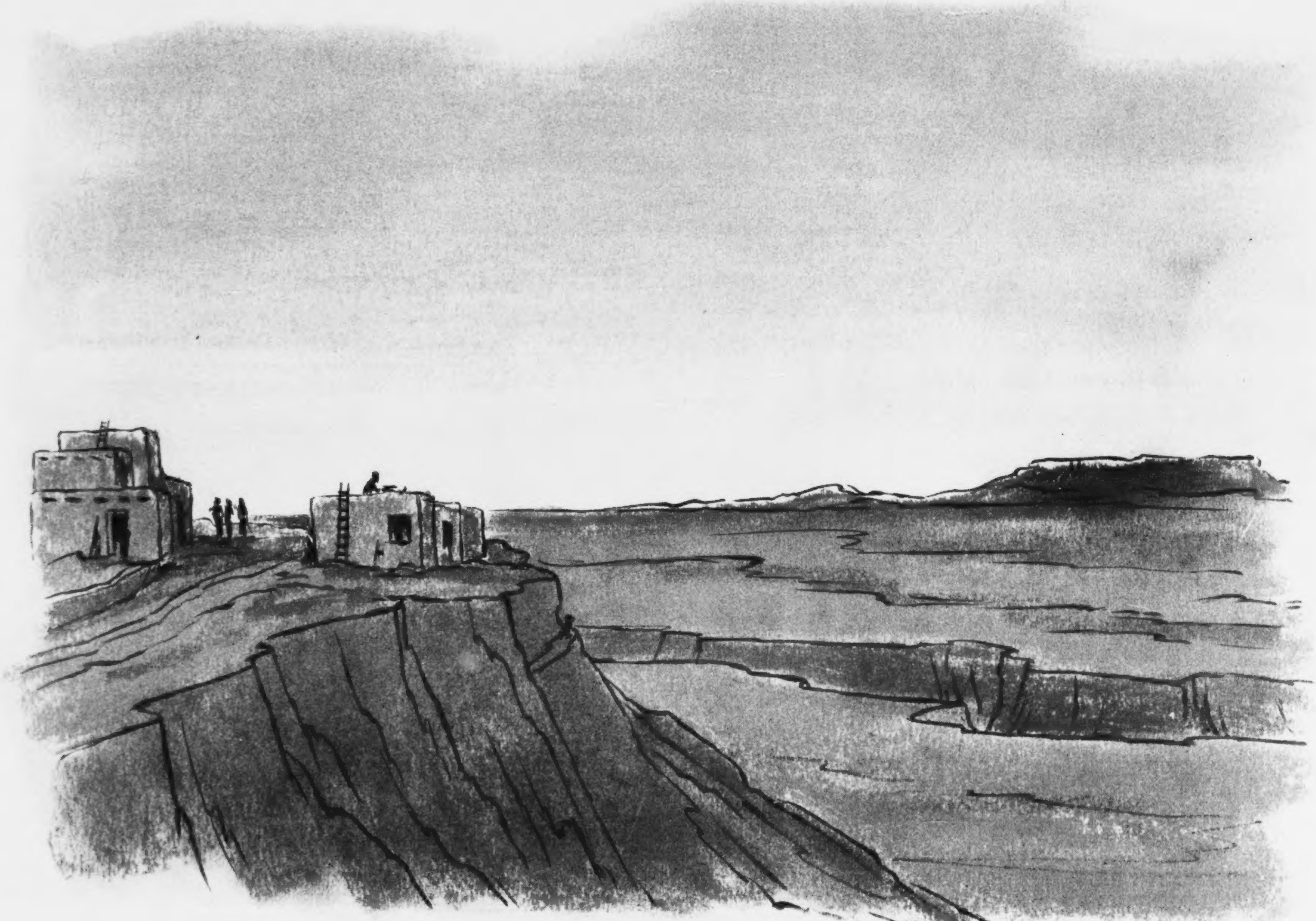
The mother kingbird and her little kingbirds returned to their home near Flute Springs. Perhaps they are still there today.

the sparrow hawk and the swallow

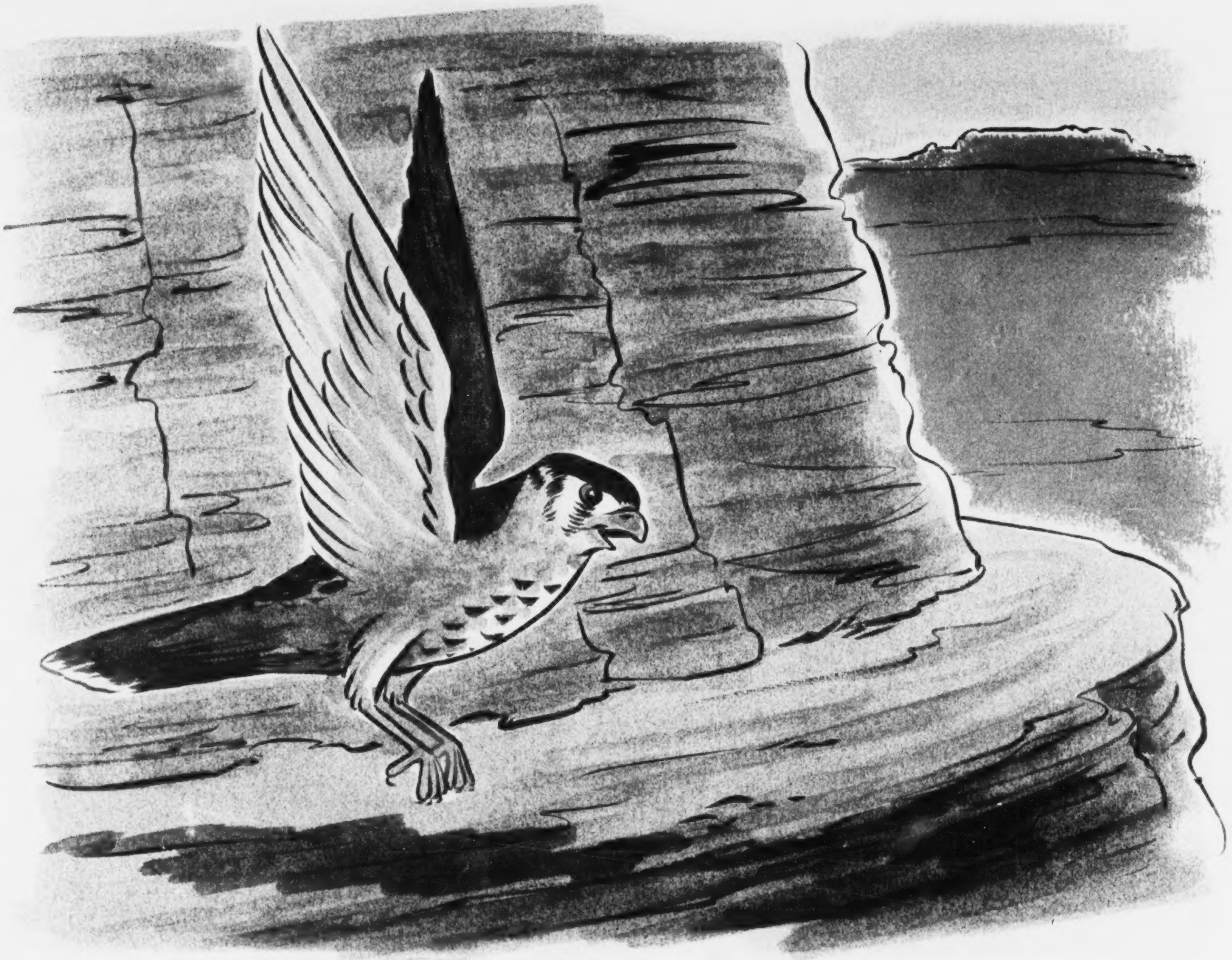


A HOPI TALE AS TOLD BY ROY ALBERT

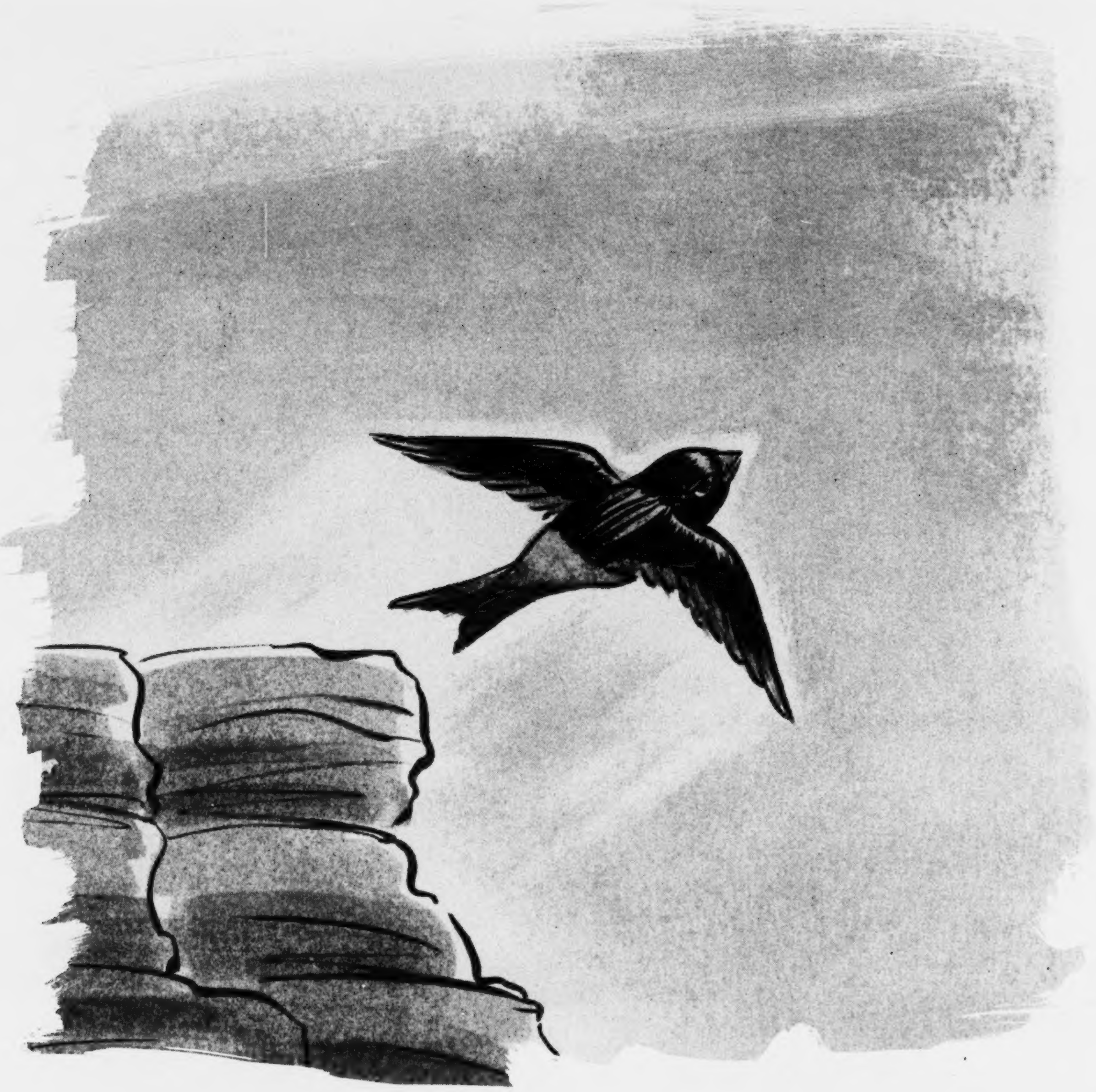
ILLUSTRATED BY DR. DON DOUGLASS



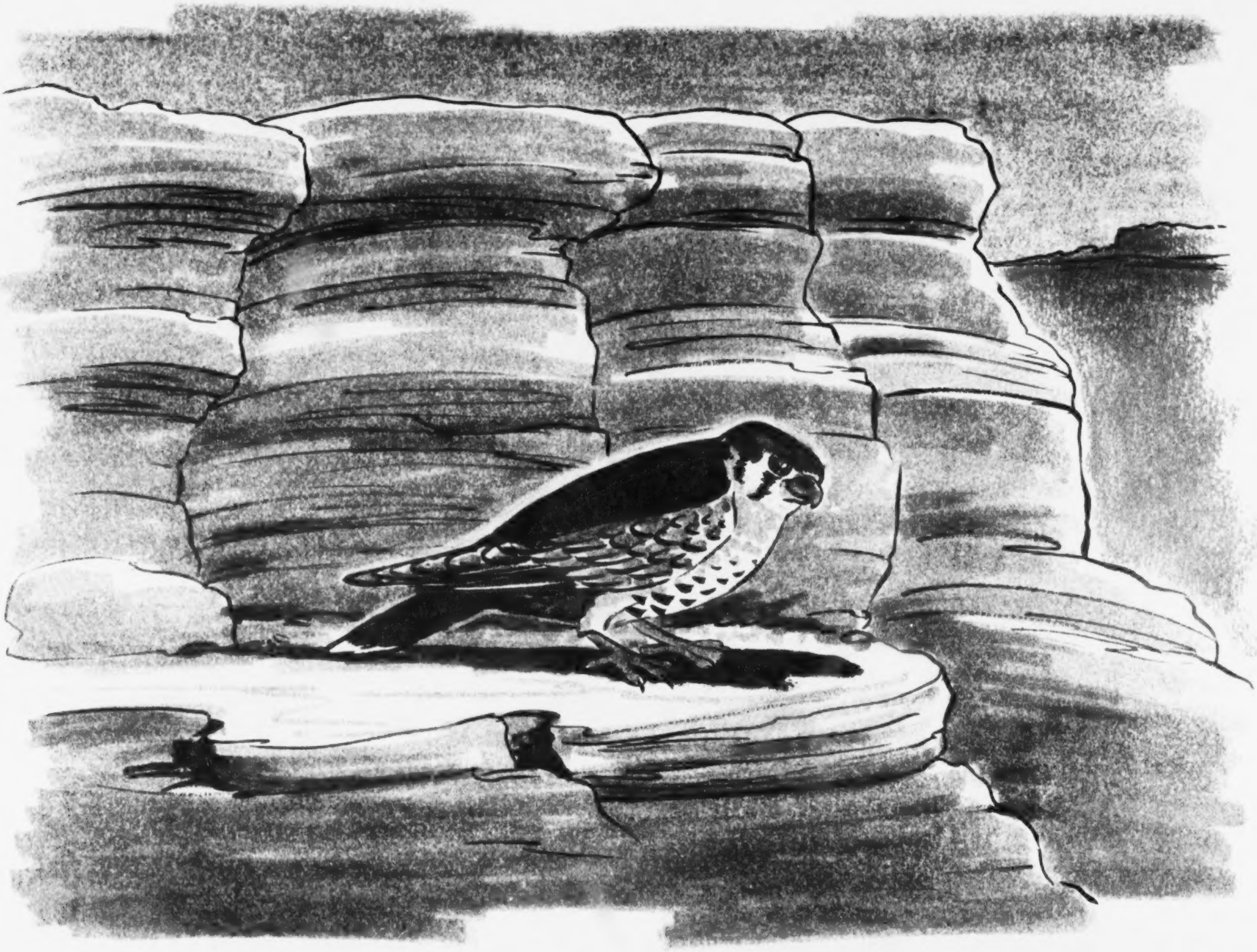
Long ago people lived near Oraibi.



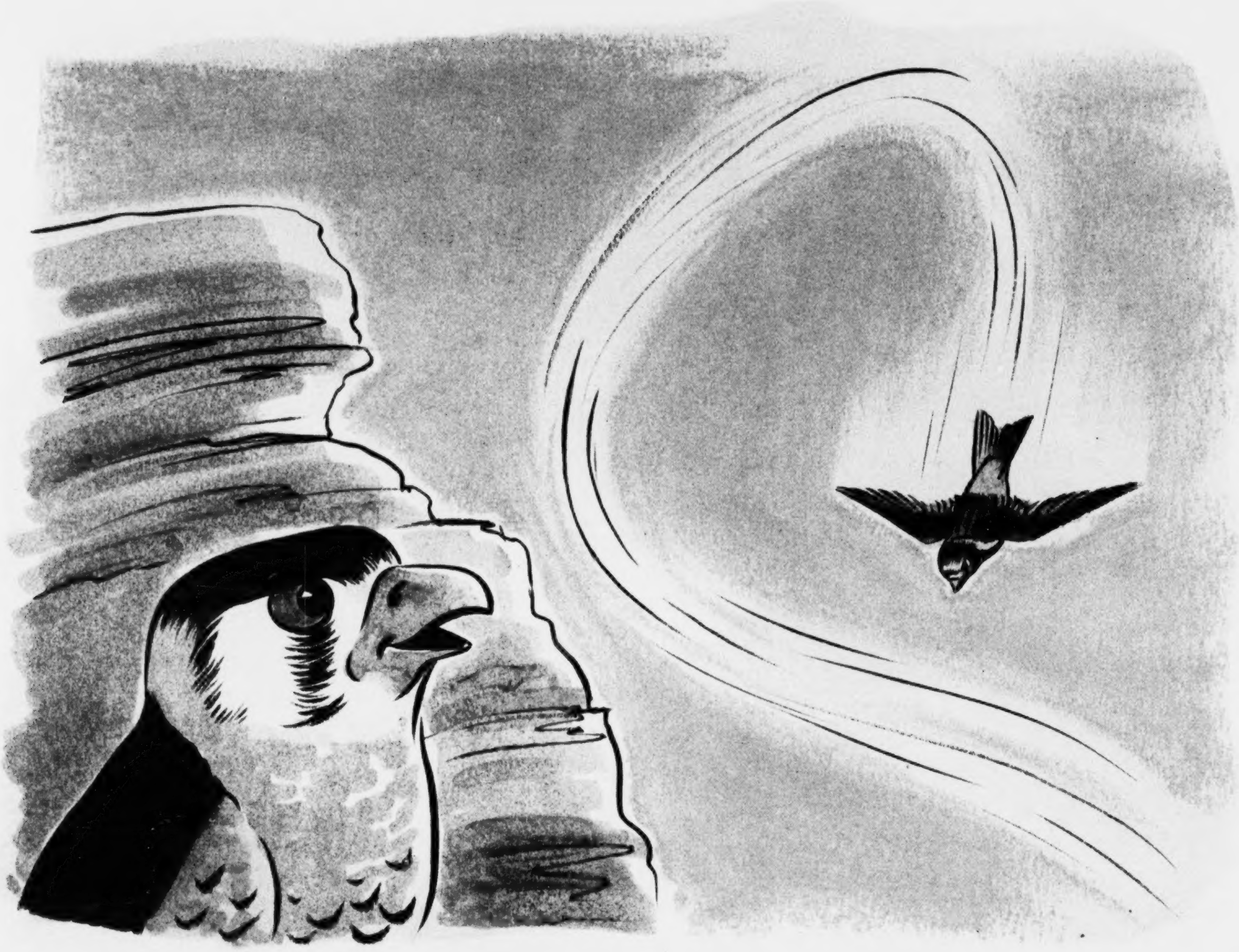
Sparrow Hawk lived there too. His home was on the edge of a high mesa.



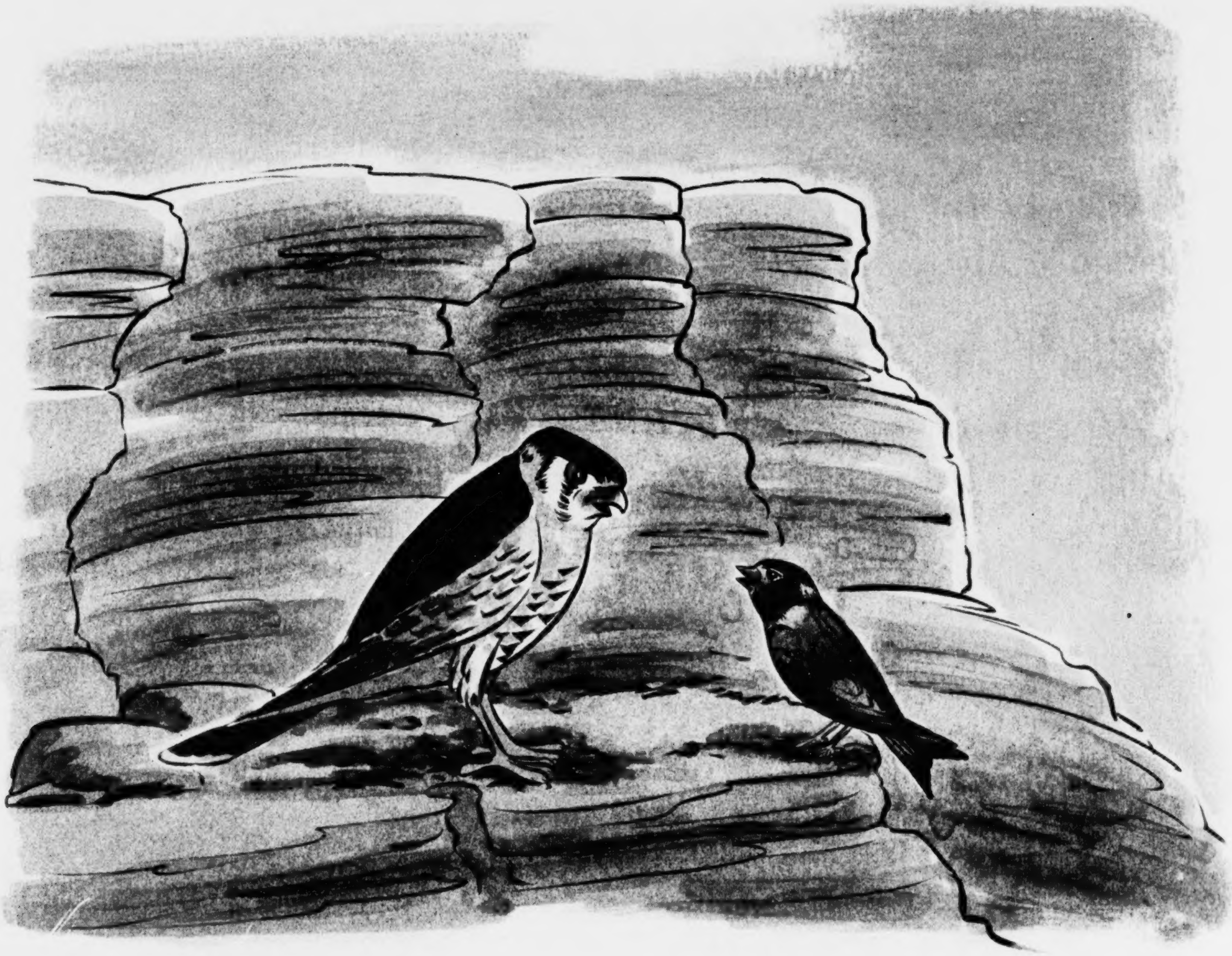
South of the mesa lived Swallow. Swallow lived in a valley. He lived near the Little Colorado River.



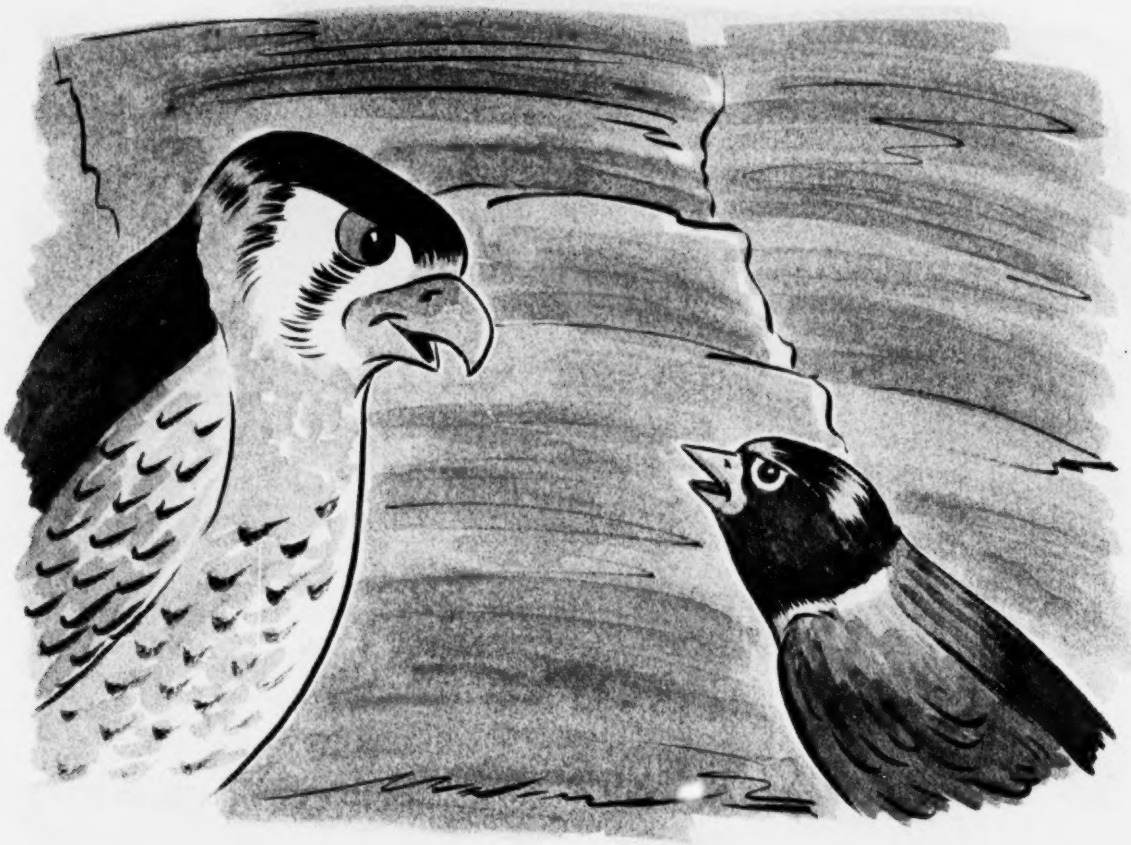
One day Sparrow Hawk sat on the edge of the mesa. He looked down in the valley. He was looking for small animals. He often watched for food in the valley.



Just then something flew by. It flew very fast. It turned and flew down into the valley. Sparrow Hawk watched.

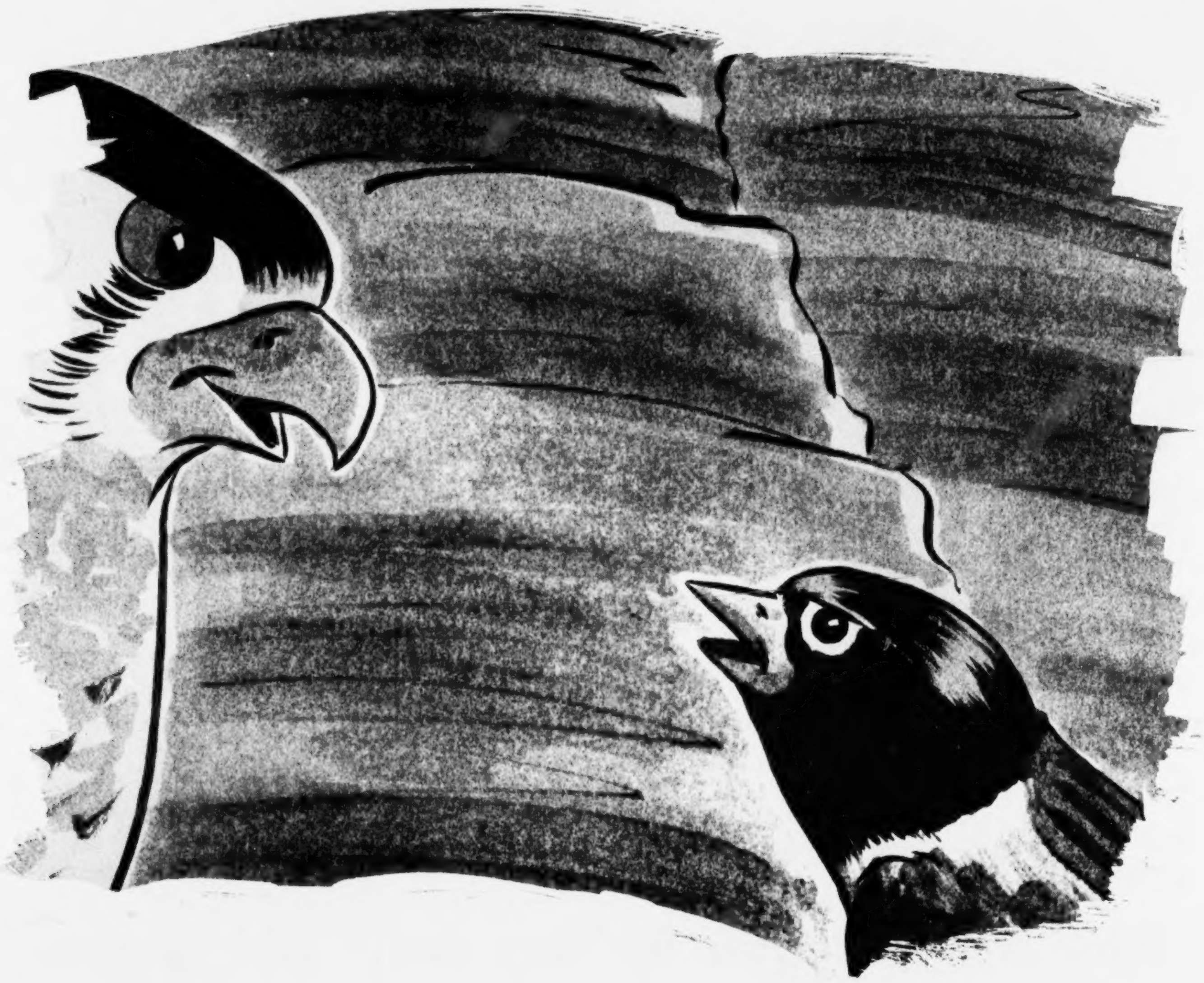


The thing turned around. It flew back to the mesa. Then it flew to Sparrow Hawk and sat beside him.

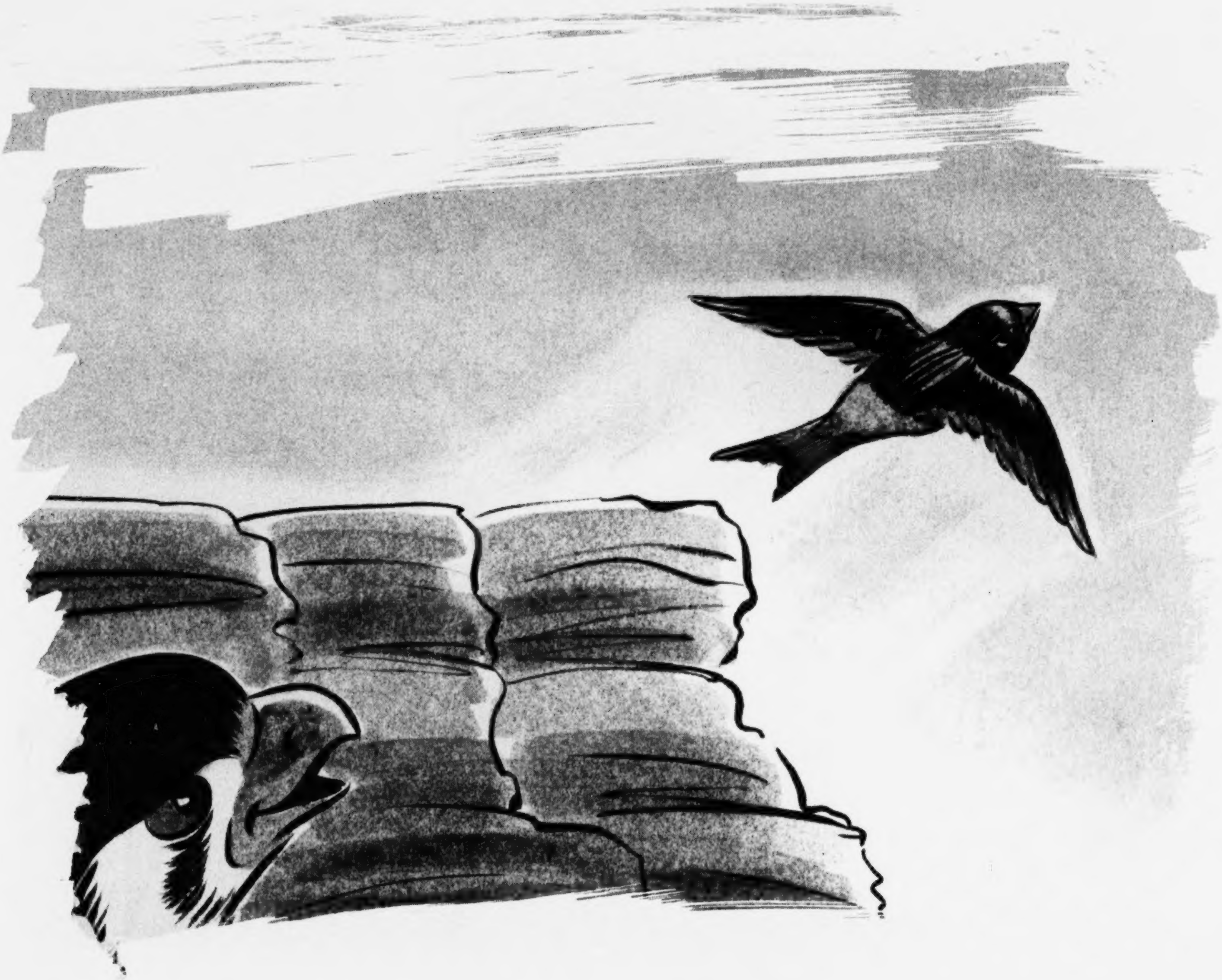


"Who are you? You fly very fast," said Sparrow Hawk.

"Yes," said Swallow. "I always fly fast. I catch mosquitoes and others like that. They don't fly fast. But they do turn fast."

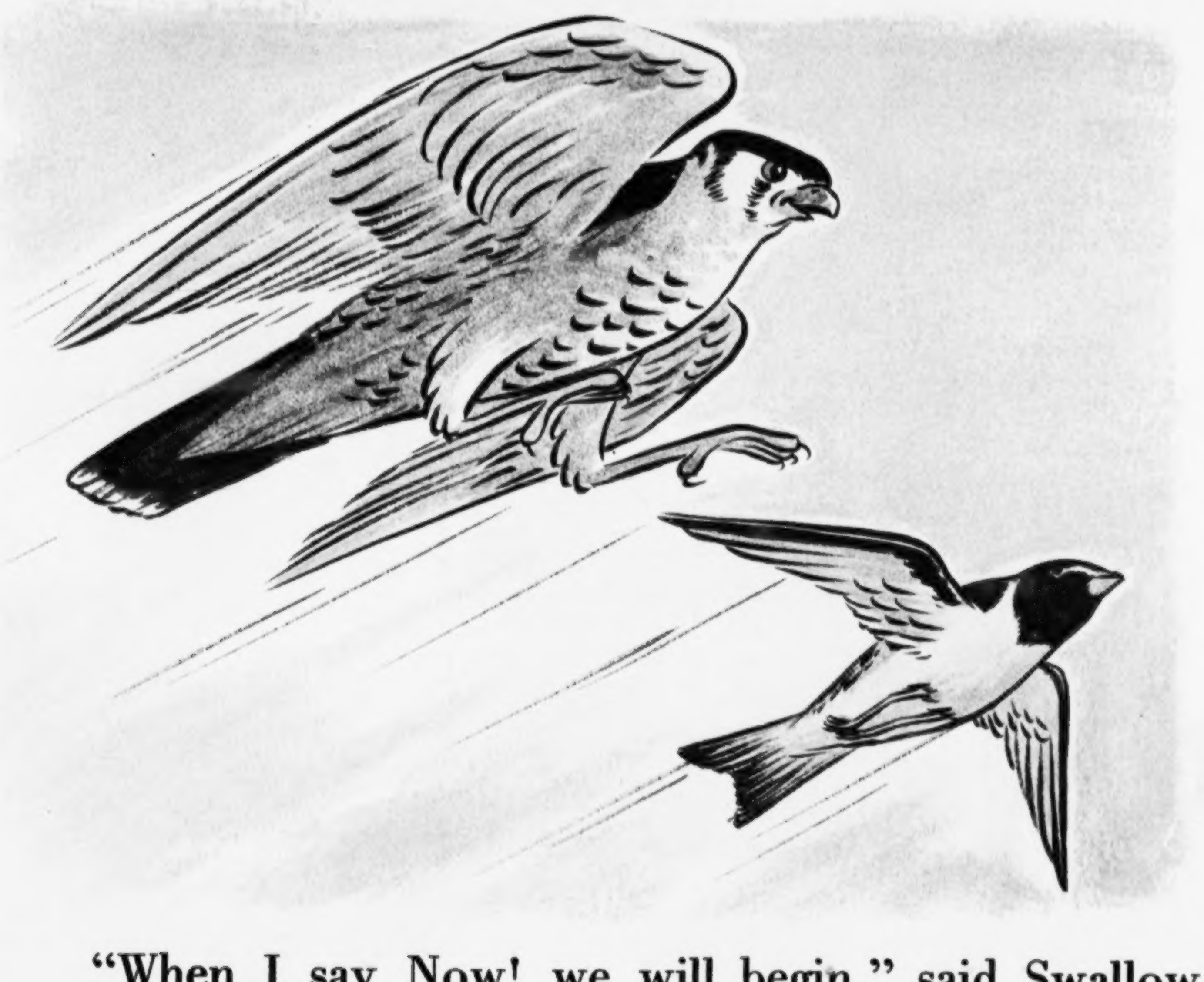


They sat for a while. Swallow said, "Let us race." Sparrow Hawk knew he could not beat. He wanted to race just the same.

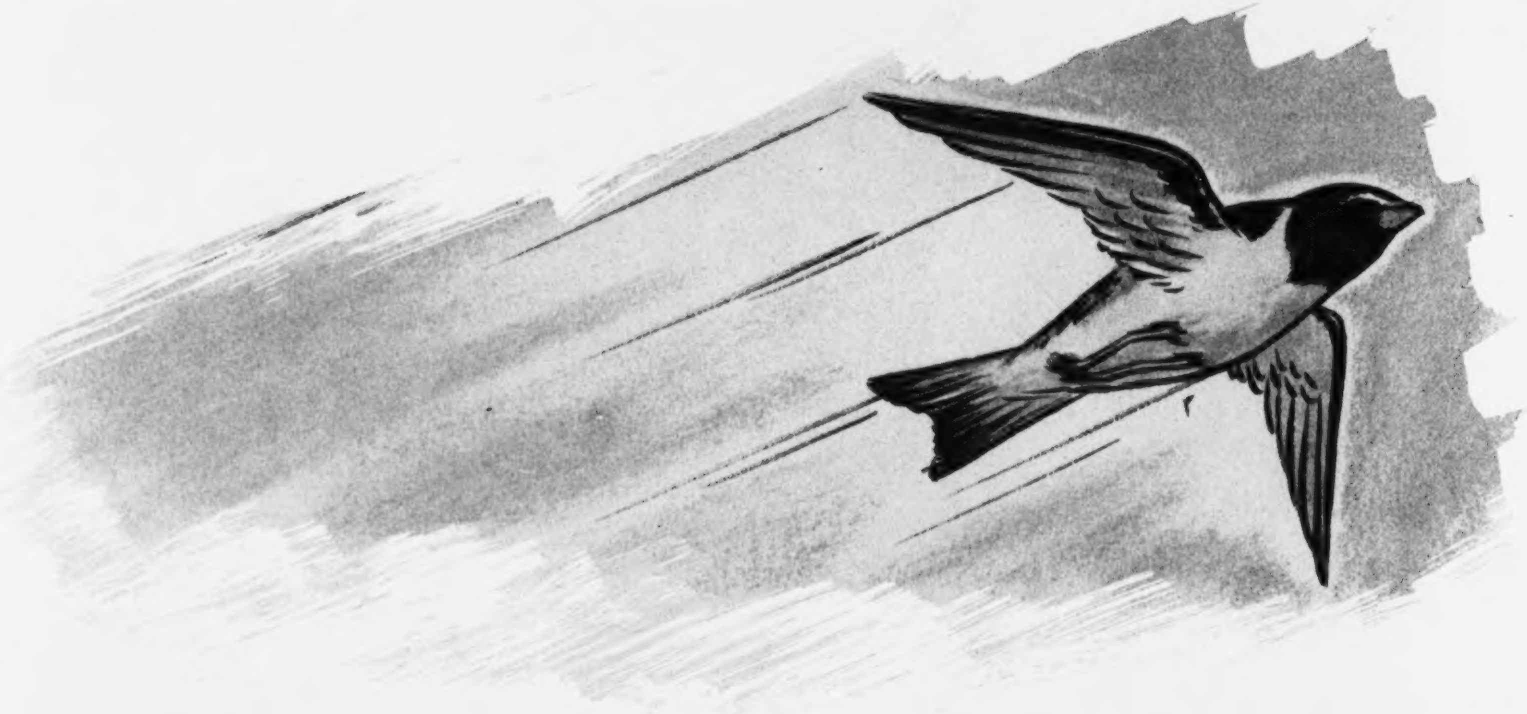


"We will fly around this mesa. Then we will fly back here. The first one back will win," said Swallow.

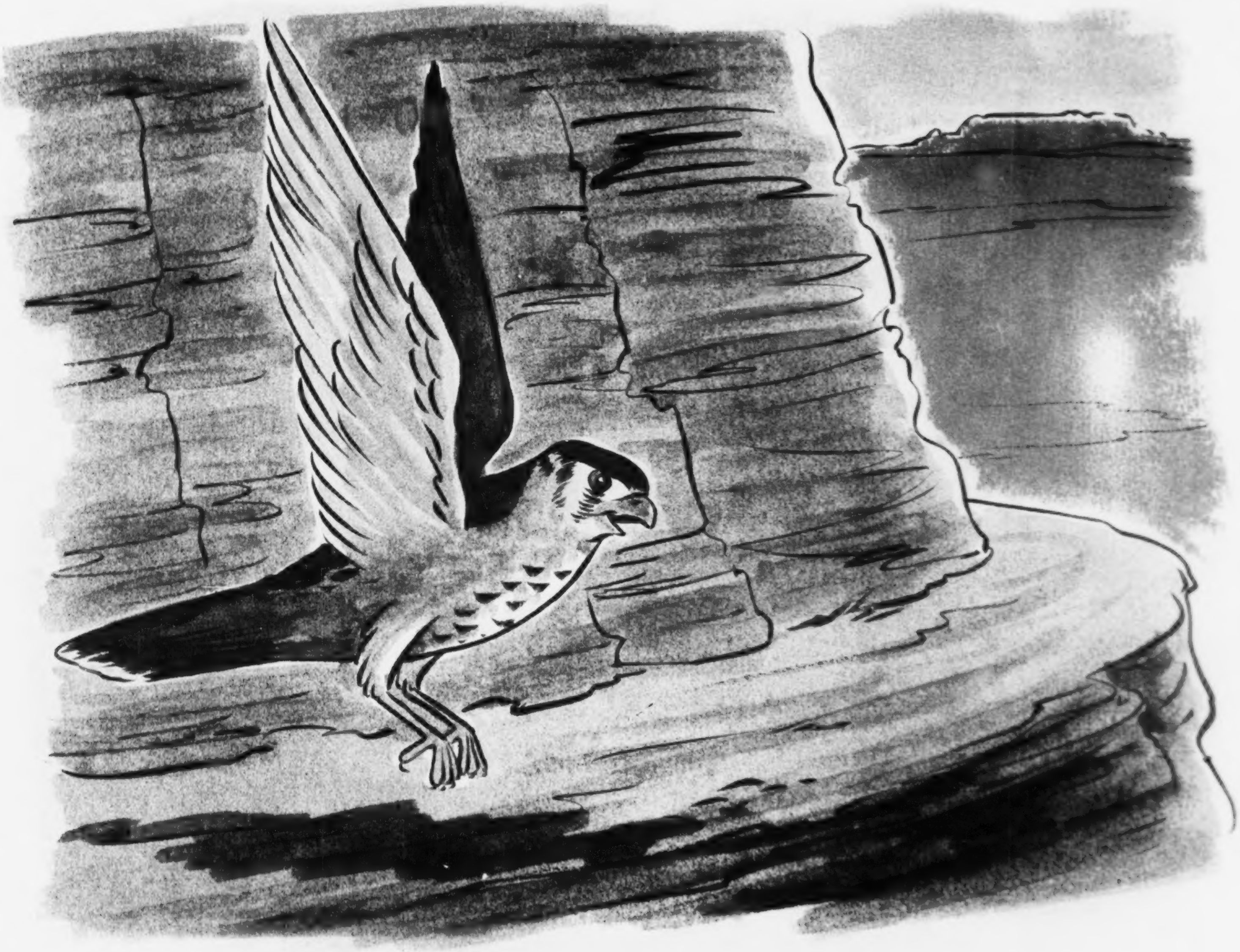
"All right," said the Sparrow Hawk.



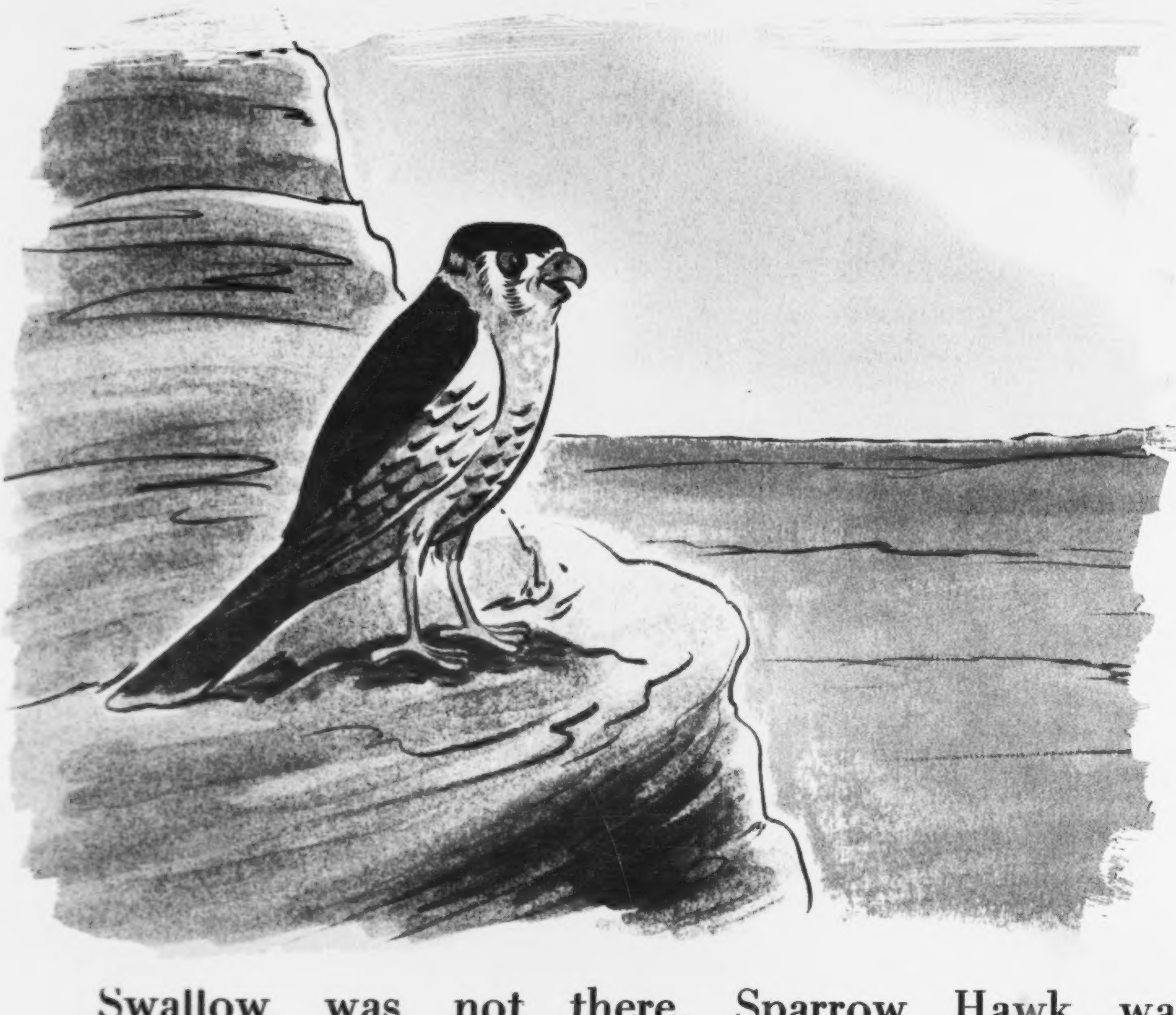
"When I say Now! we will begin," said Swallow. They got ready. Swallow called, "Now!" They flew off the edge of the mesa. Around they flew as fast as they could go.



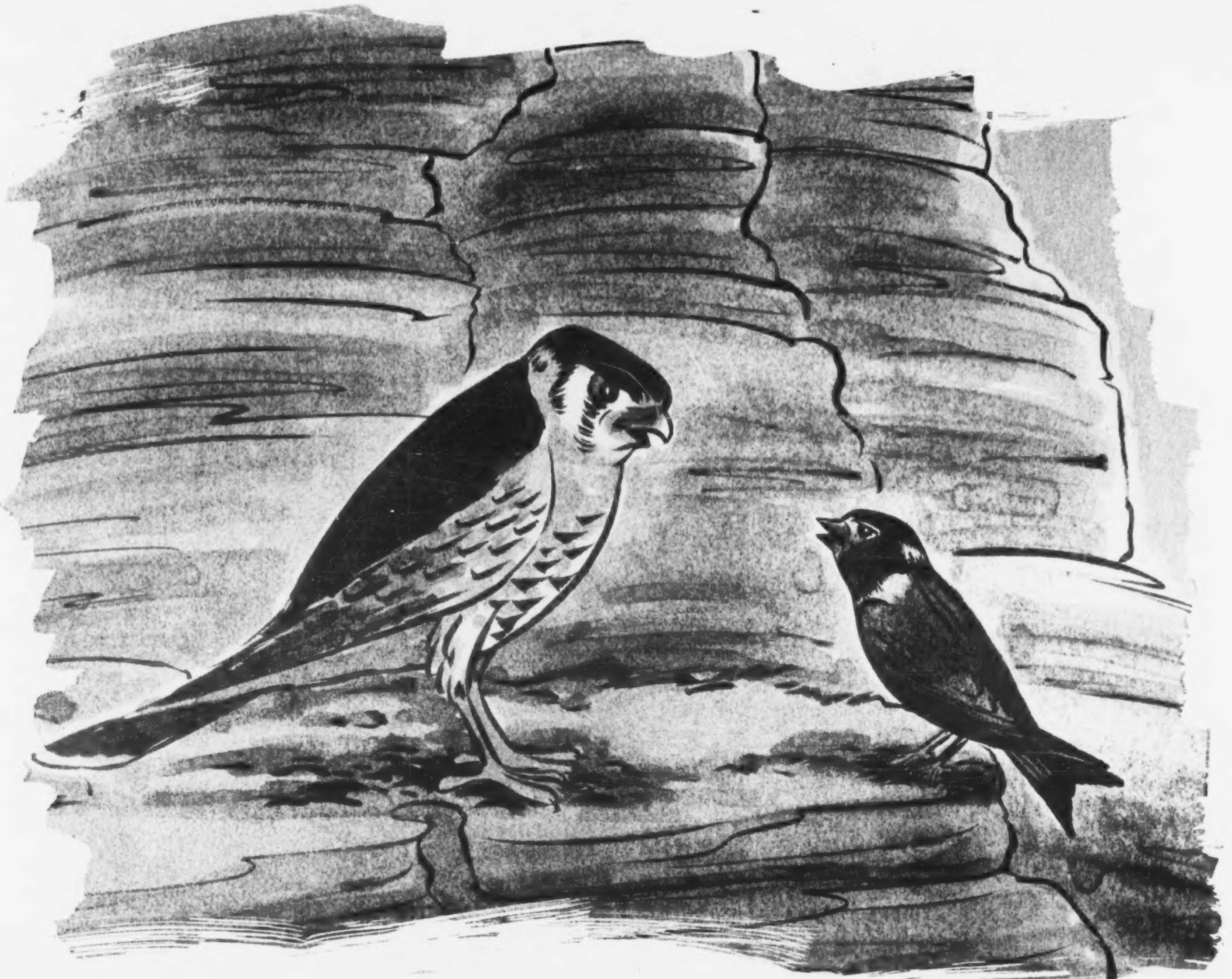
Right away Swallow took the lead. He was soon way out of sight. Sparrow Hawk thought, "I will never catch him. At least I am in the race."



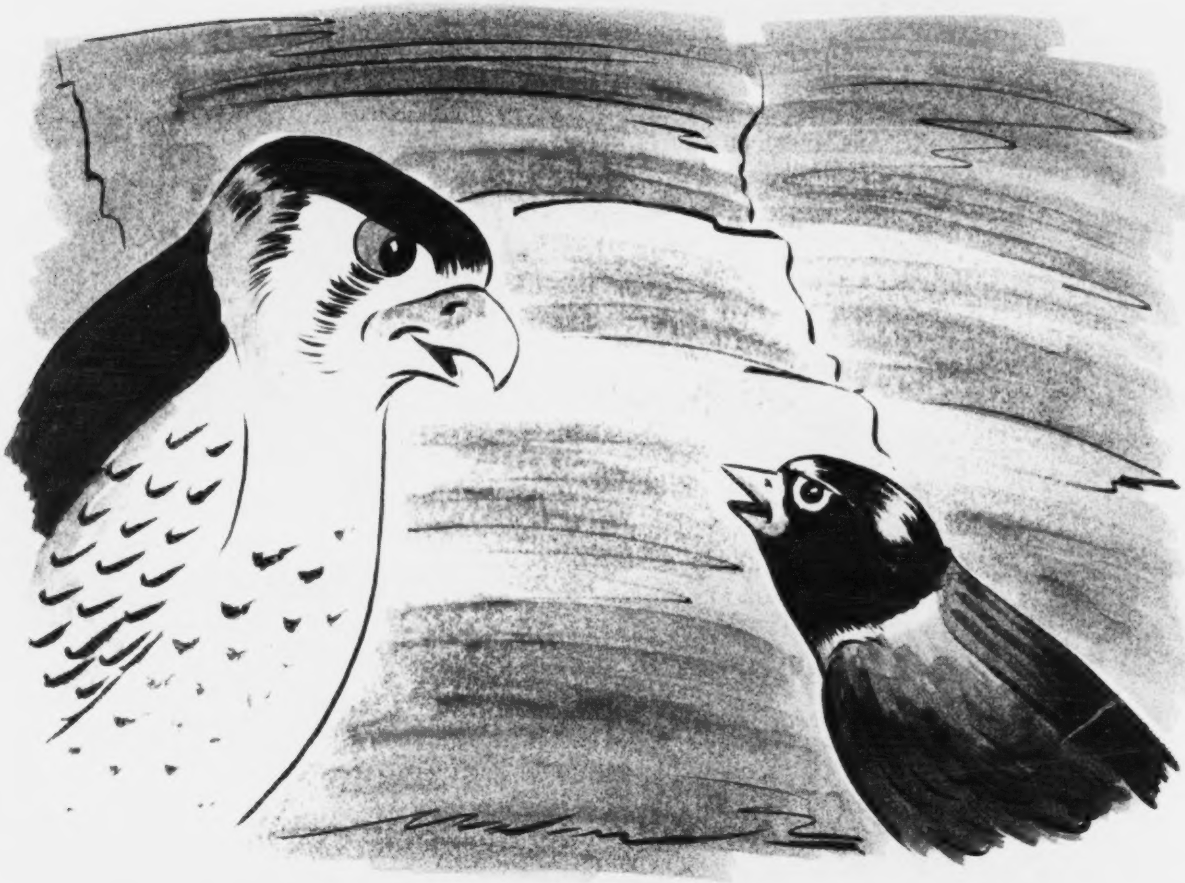
At last Sparrow Hawk was flying back. He was almost to the starting place. He thought Swallow would be waiting for him.



Swallow was not there. Sparrow Hawk was surprised. He did not know what to think. He sat down at the edge of the mesa.

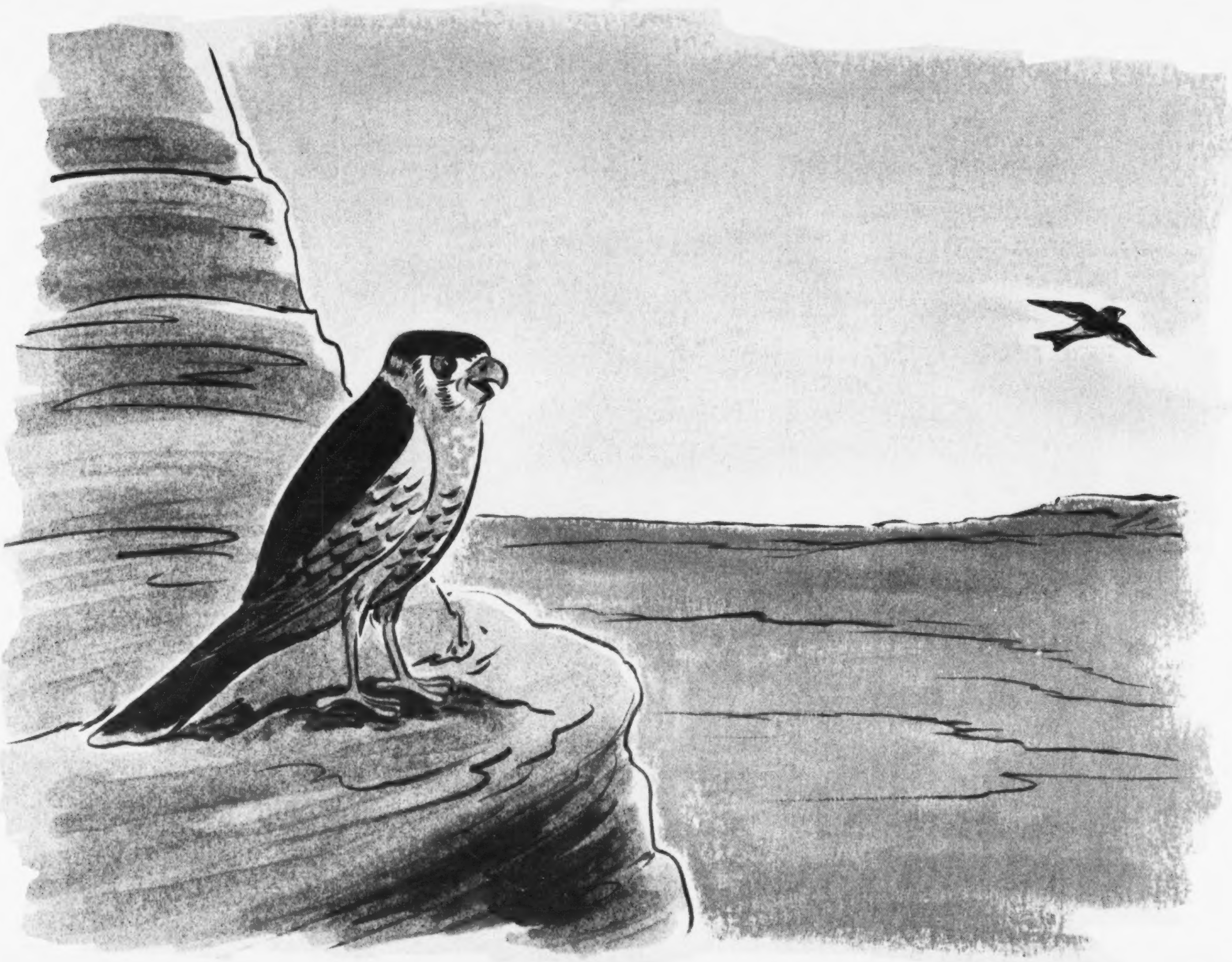


After a while Swallow came. He sat down by Sparrow Hawk.

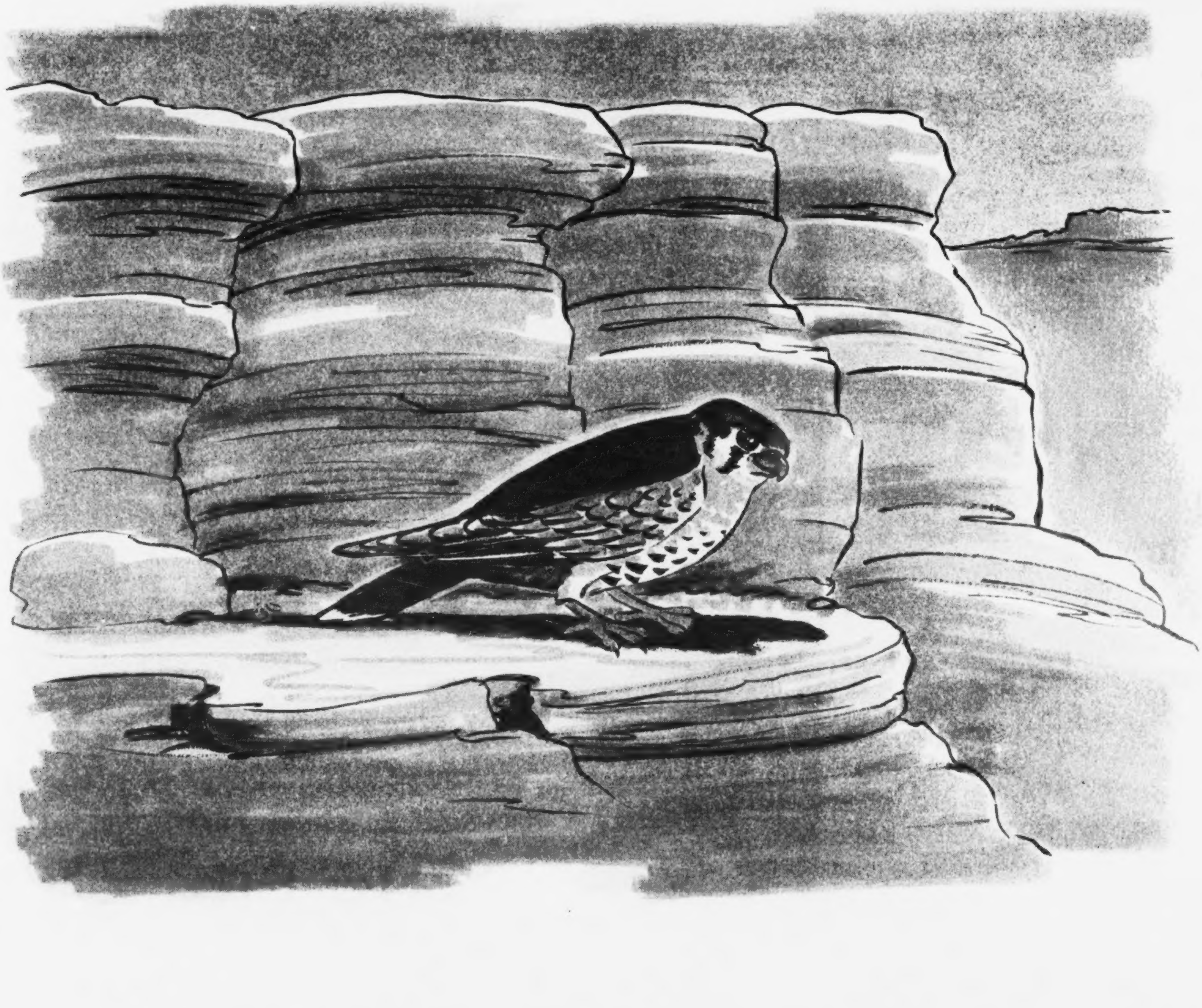


"Where have you been?" said Sparrow Hawk.

"I thought you could not catch me," said Swallow. "I saw some mosquitoes and others like that. You were far behind. I stopped to hunt. It was then that you passed me. I did not see you. Anyway you beat me. It was my fault that you beat me."

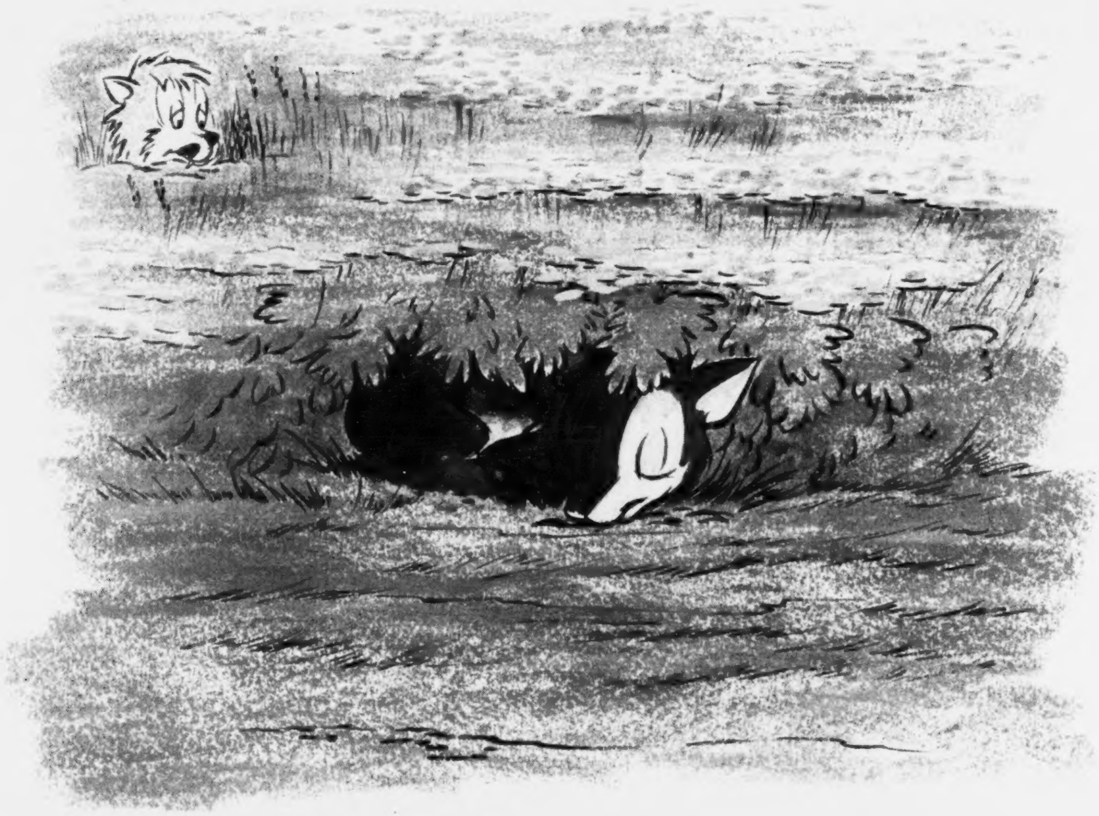


They talked a while. Then Swallow flew away to the Little Colorado. Sparrow Hawk watched as he flew away. "I must visit him sometime," thought Sparrow Hawk.

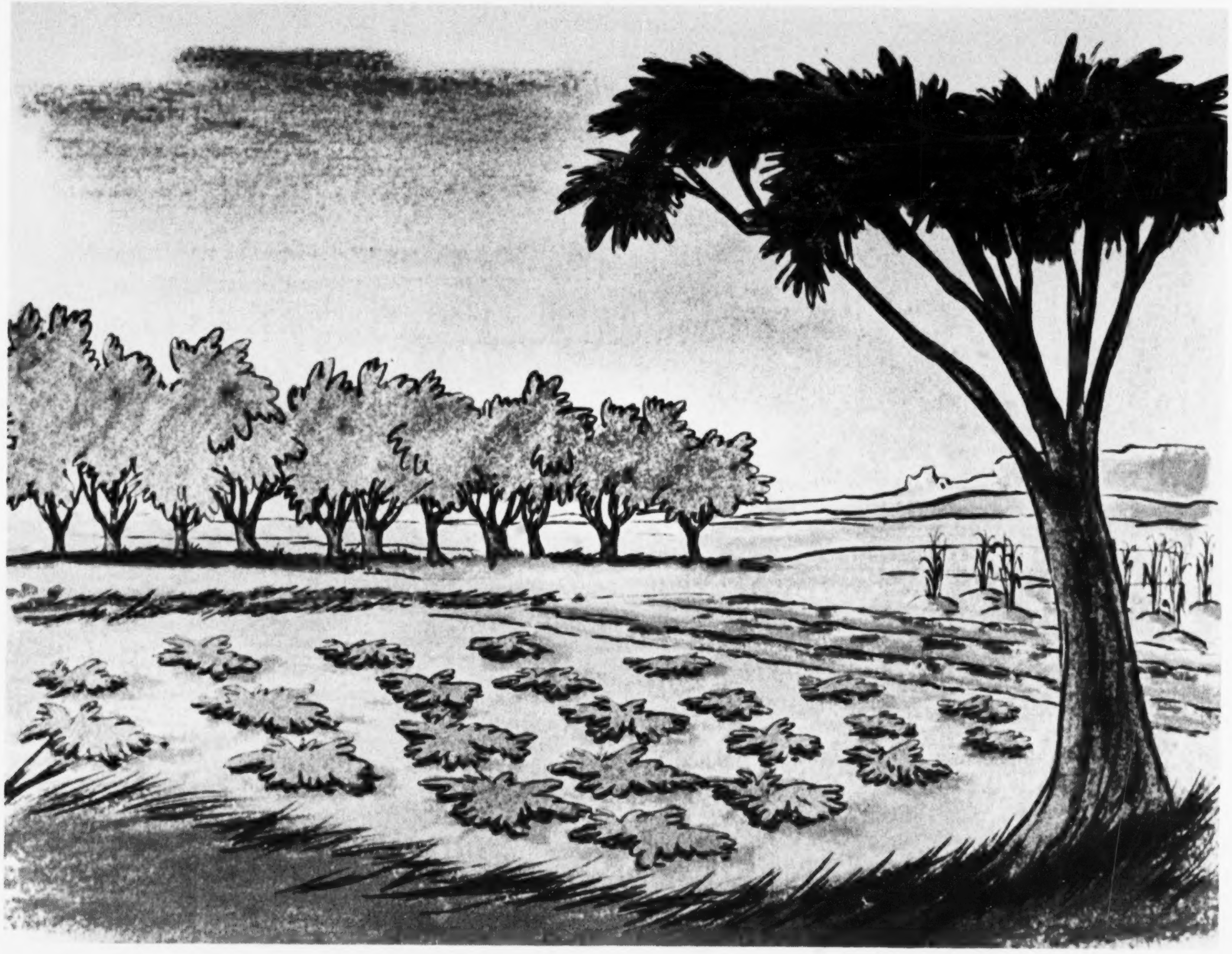


Then Sparrow Hawk began to watch for small animals in the valley. That ends this story.

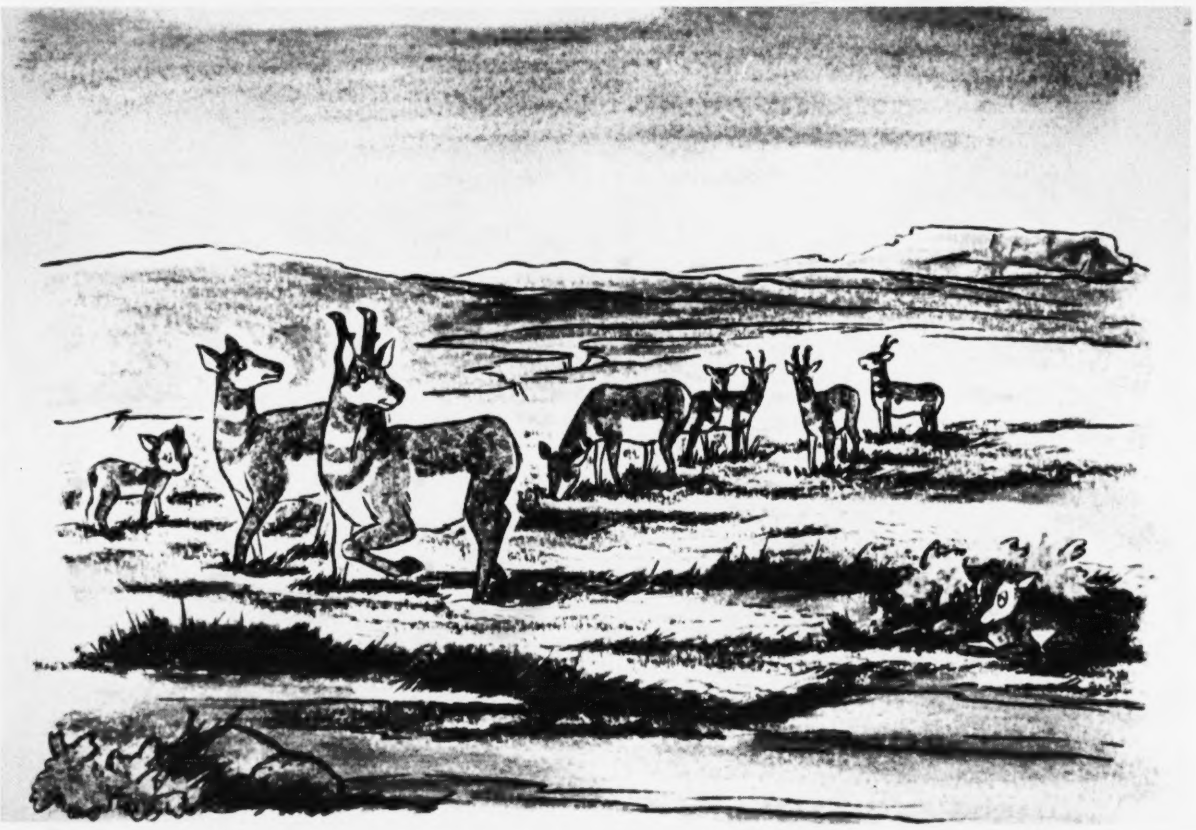
the coyote and the little antelope



A HOPI TALE AS TOLD BY CHARLIE TALAWEPI
ILLUSTRATED BY DR. DON DOUGLASS

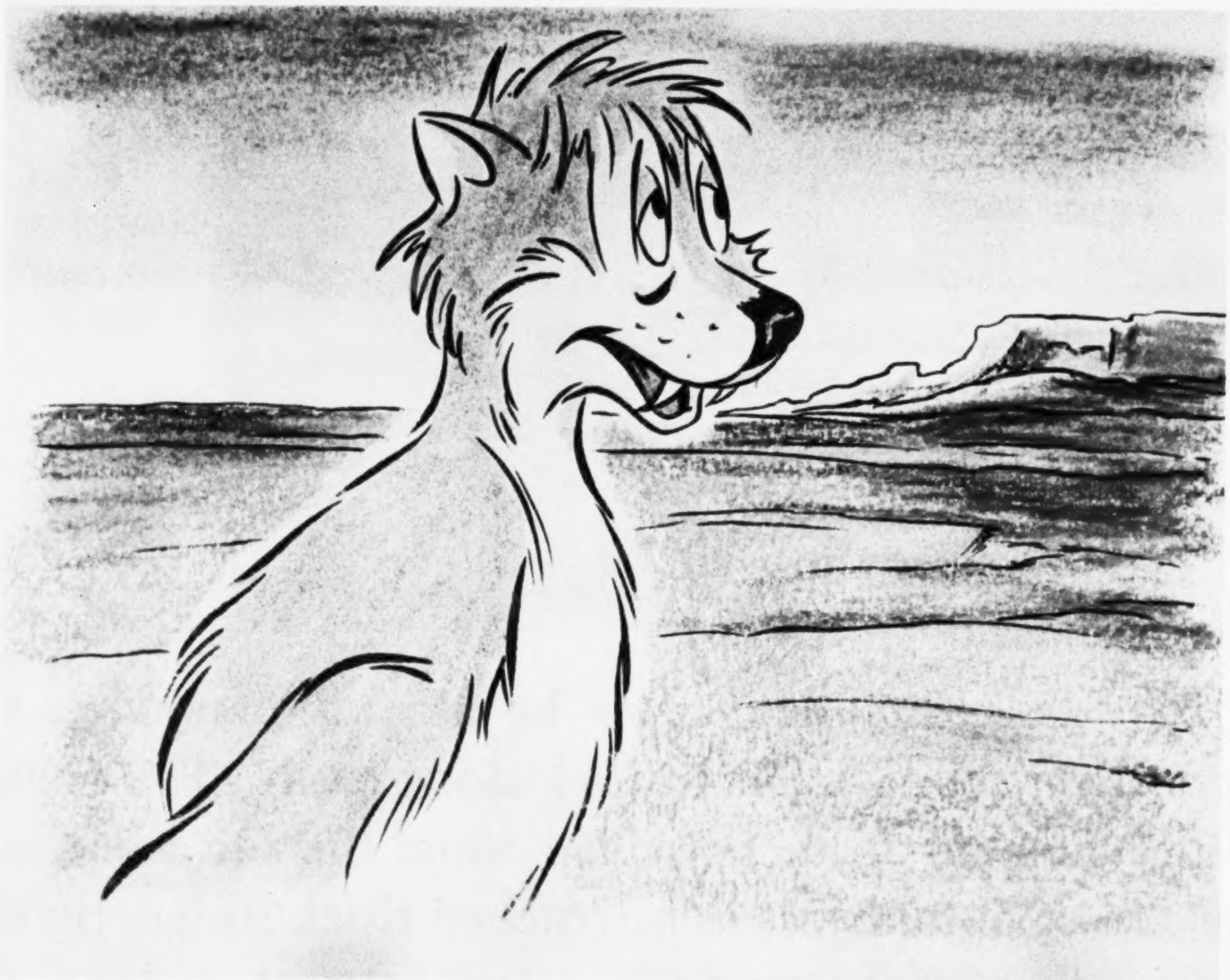


Long ago people lived at Oraibi. West of Oraibi, at Ismo'walpe, lived a coyote. In the summer there was much food. People were happy.

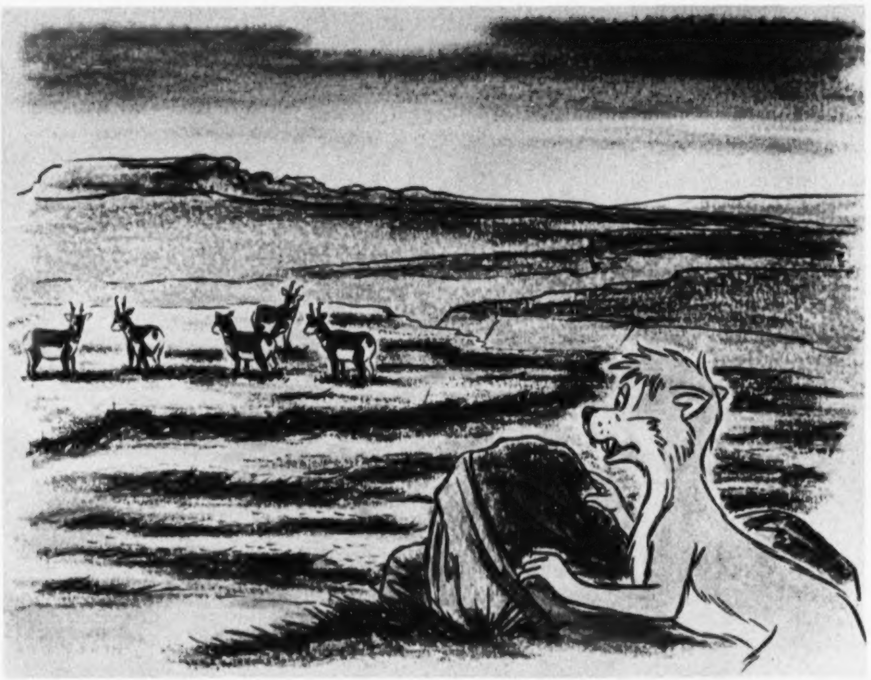


West from Coyote Ridge was a place where many sunflowers grew. There were many antelope around that place.

Many of the antelope had baby antelope. The little antelope would lie in the sunflowers. They would all be at one place sometimes. The baby antelope would sleep or watch as their mothers ate.

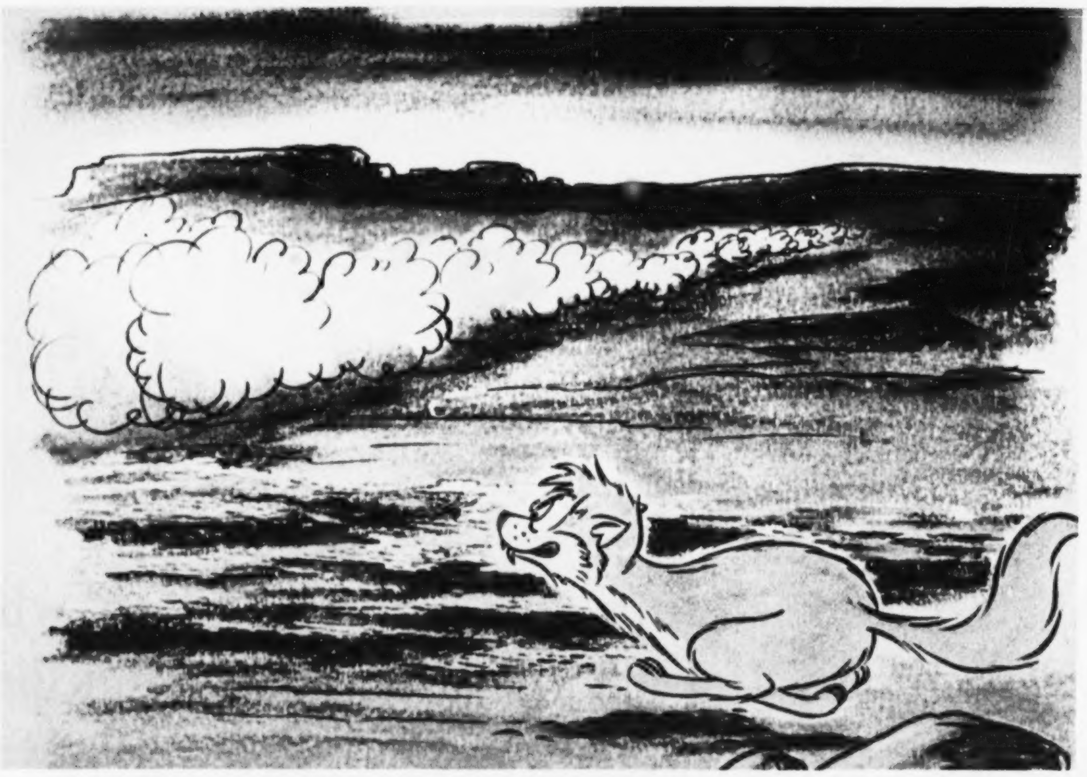


One day the coyote thought to himself, "I must go over where the antelope are. If I am lucky I may catch one of the big ones. I should try to catch a big one. Then the meat should last me a long time."



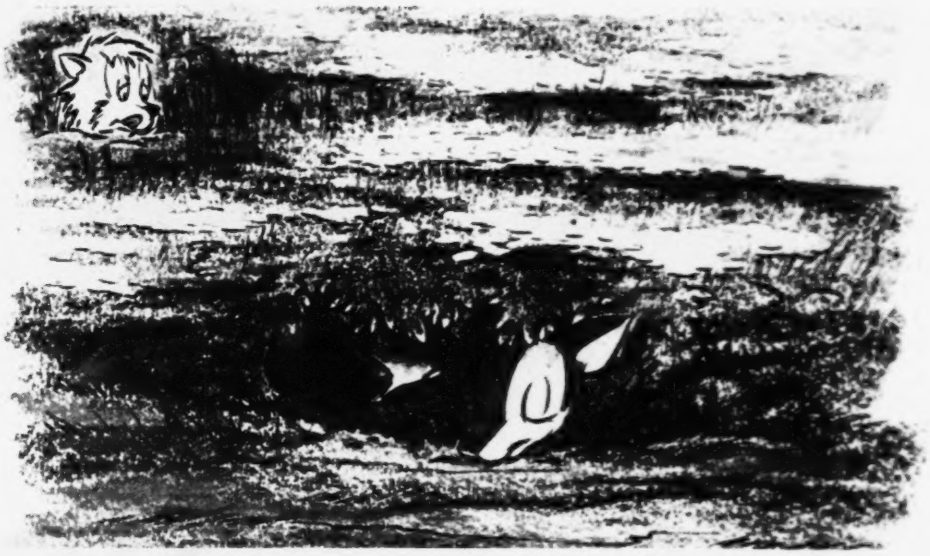
So the next day, after he ate his breakfast, the coyote started out. He trotted along easily. The coyote was already far from the ridge when the sun came out. The sun came out just as he reached Rock Ridge. He was right at the top of the ridge. Coyote trotted down the west side of the ridge and into a flat place. There the sunflowers were in bloom everywhere.

Sure enough, there was a herd of antelope in the distance. He could see the white of their backs.



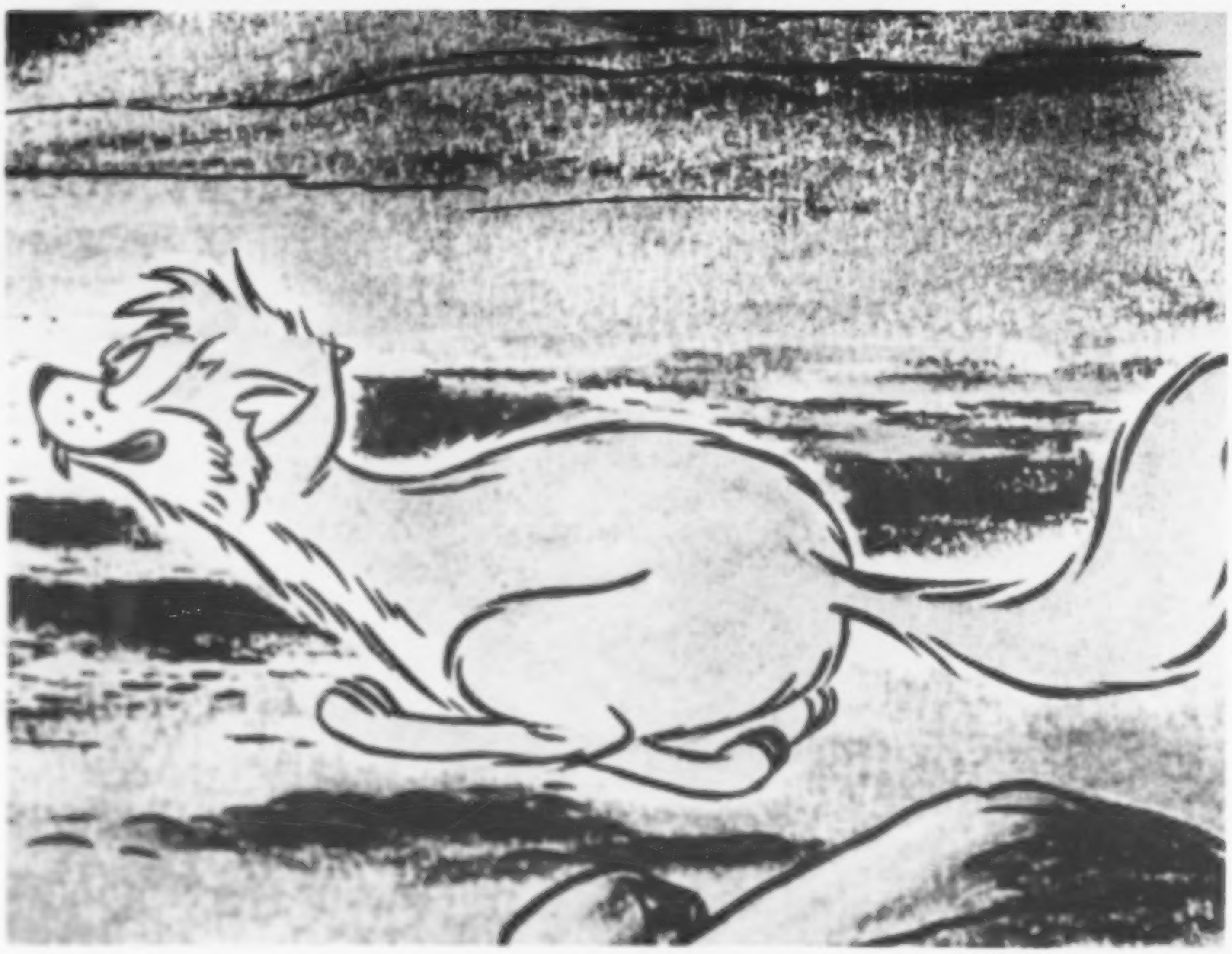
As the coyote trotted towards the antelope, they saw the coyote. The antelope ran away. The coyote could see the dirt rise as the antelope ran. They ran north. The dirt made a line in that direction as the antelope ran.

Since the coyote could never catch up with the antelope he did not try to follow them.

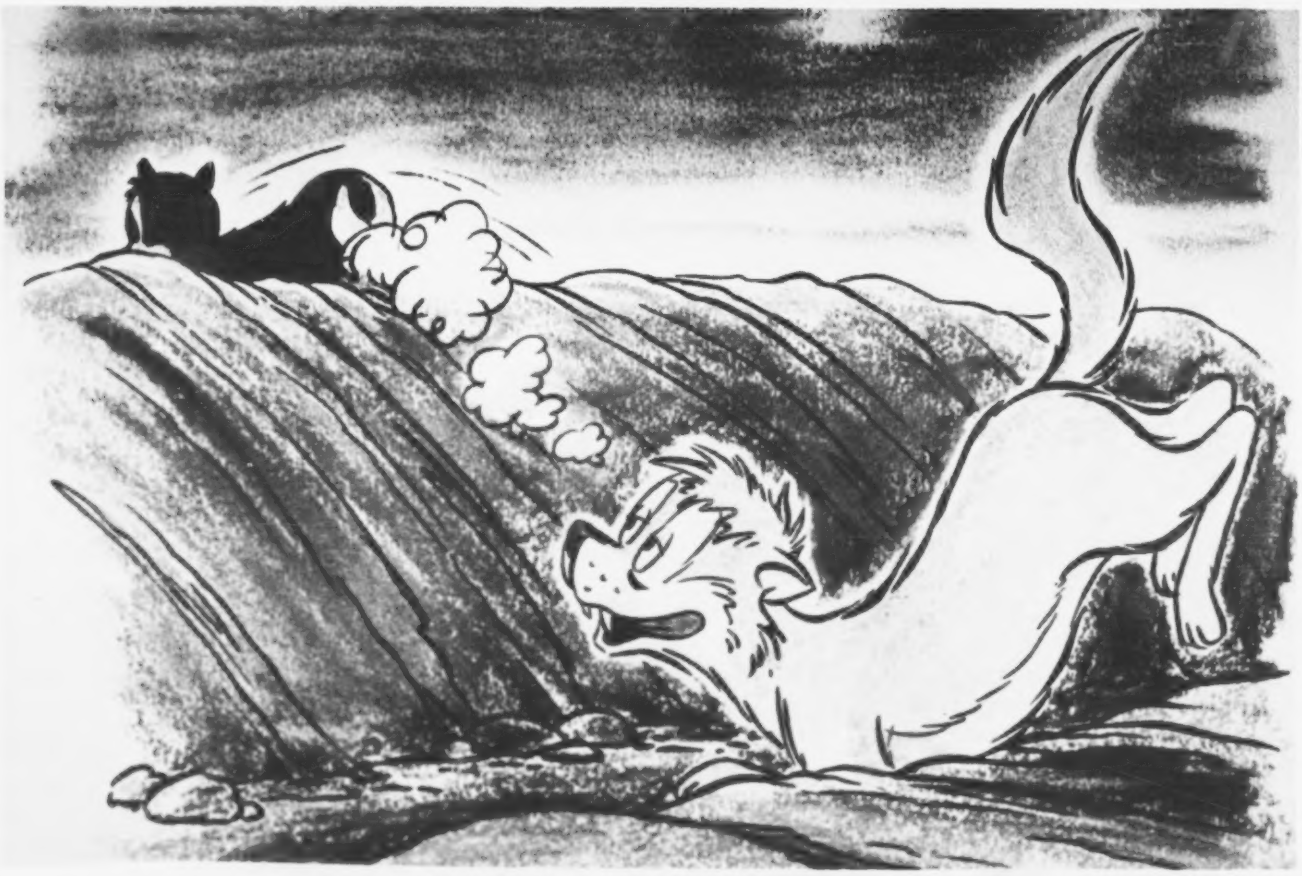


At last the coyote reached the place where the sunflowers grew. "If I am right the baby antelope should be around here," he thought. The coyote looked through the sunflowers. Just then, coyote came upon a baby antelope. The little antelope was asleep. Its head was curled up between its legs. The coyote moved closer and closer. The little antelope did not move.

When the coyote got to the little antelope he thought, "How will I catch it? Where will I grab it?" Before he could decide the baby antelope jumped up. It began to run unsteadily away.

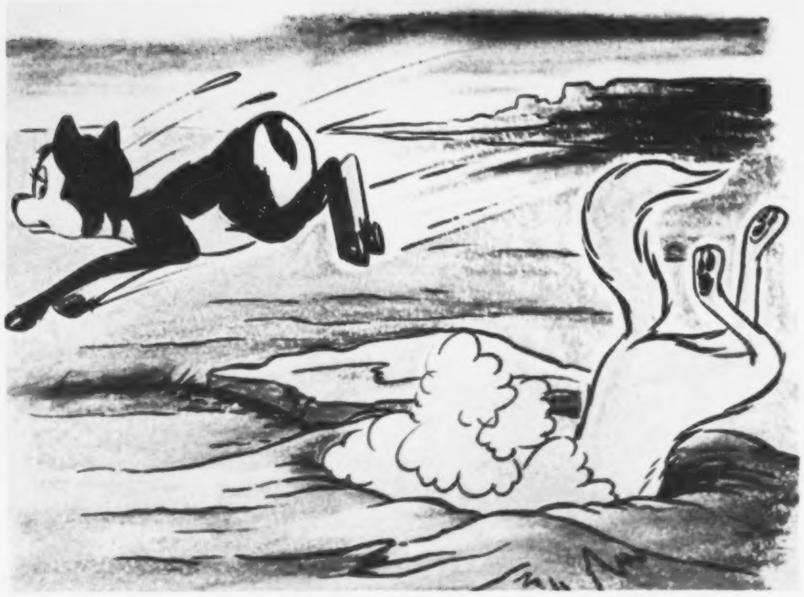


Coyote jumped after the little antelope. He did not catch it. The little antelope began to grow stronger. Then the little antelope ran away with all its might.



It ran away from the sunflower field toward Rock Ridge. The coyote ran after it. Up Rock Ridge and down the other side they ran. The coyote would grab at the little antelope but it would get away.

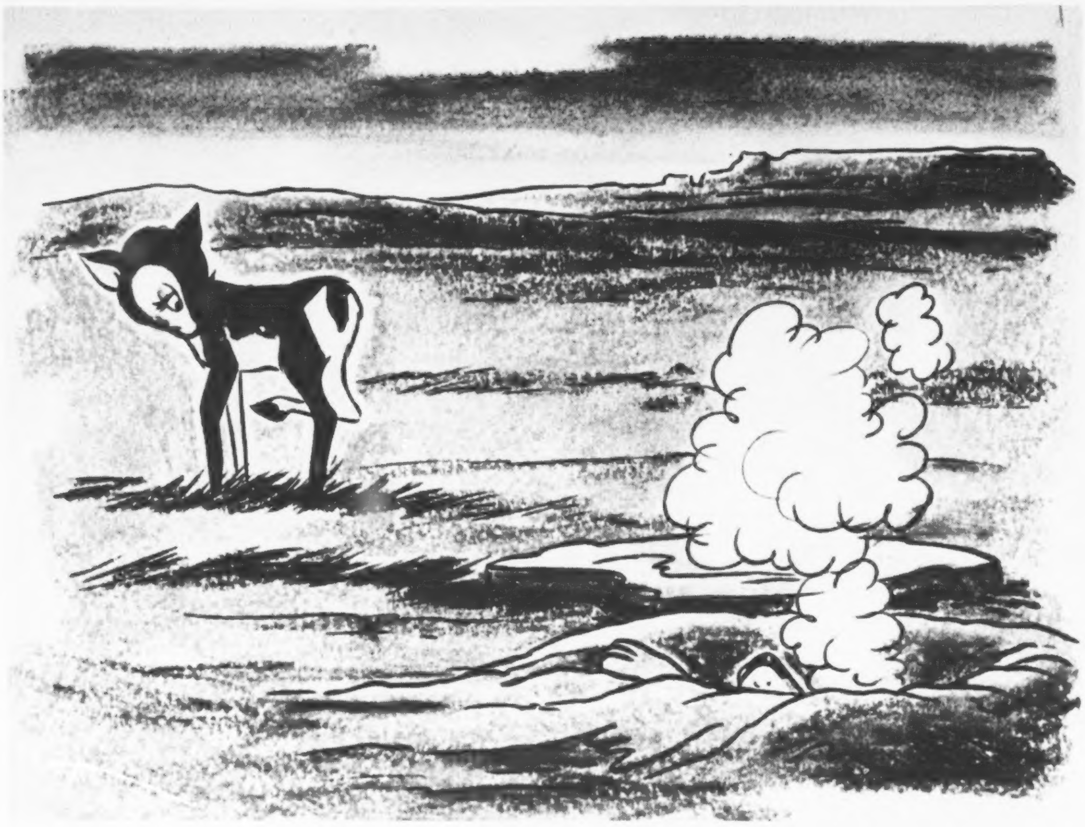
They reached a wash. It was dry, so down into the wash they ran. Up on the other side they went.



At last coyote caught up with baby antelope again. The coyote thought, "I will jump for its throat." The poor little antelope was crying as it ran.

Then the coyote lunged for the baby antelope's throat. The baby antelope jumped just as the coyote lunged. What the coyote did not see was an old earth oven that someone had used to roast corn.

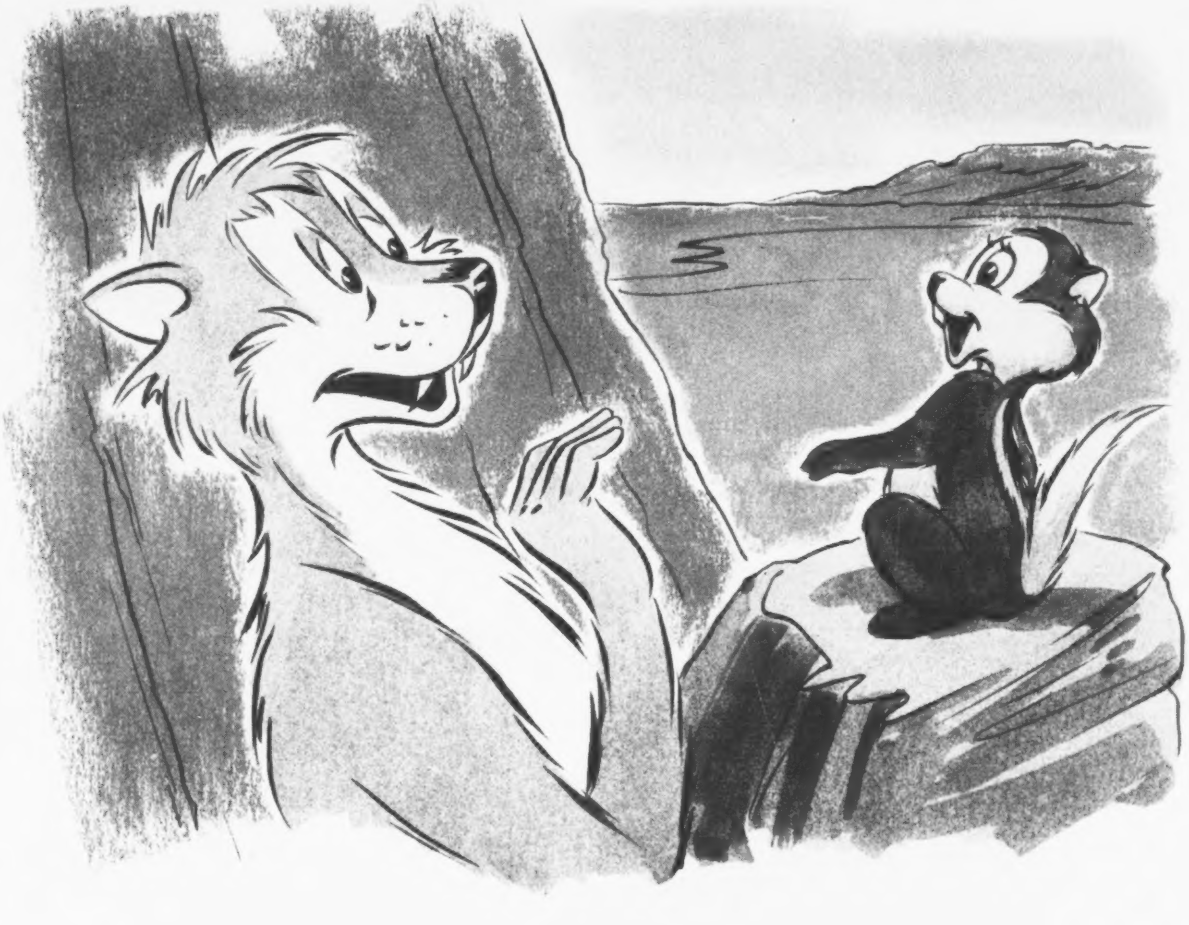
The coyote fell right into the old oven. The little antelope had jumped over the old oven just as the coyote lunged after it.



When the coyote fell into this old oven, the little antelope slowed down. Then it stopped to see if the coyote would come out of the oven. The coyote did not come out. Little antelope went off feeling happy that it was not killed by the coyote.

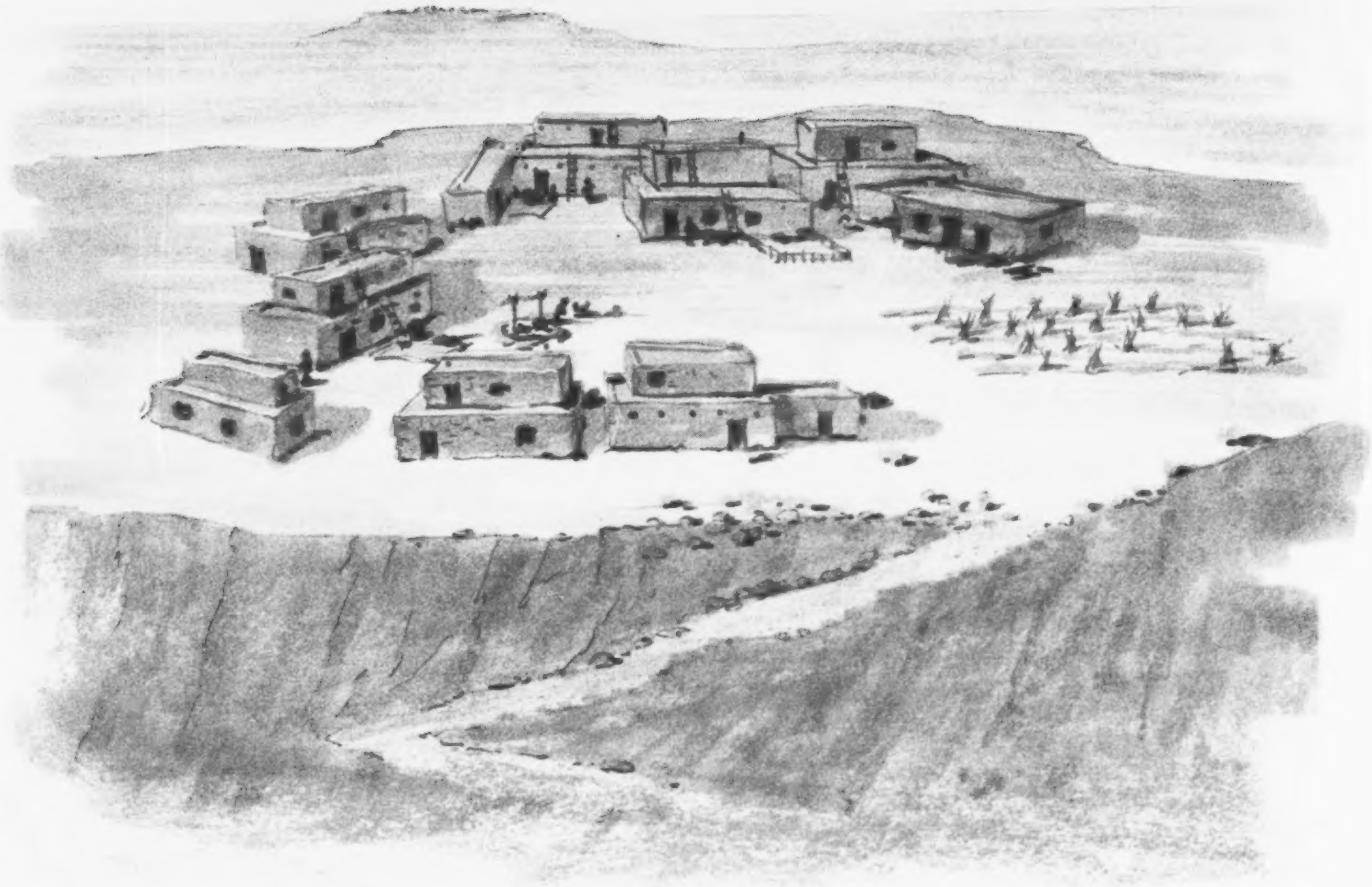
The coyote got out of the oven long after the little antelope had gone its way.

the coyote and the chipmunk

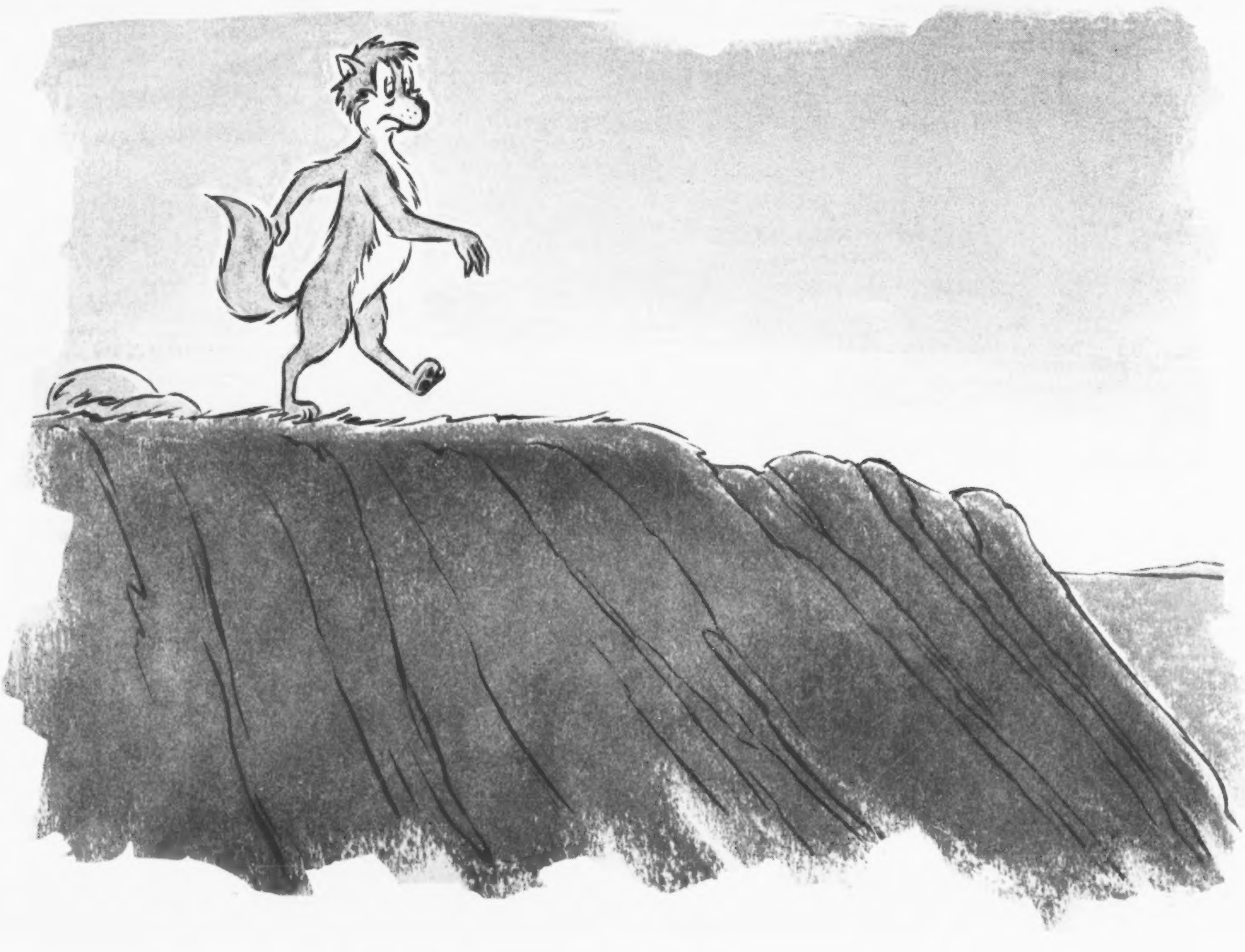


A HOPI TALE AS TOLD BY ROY ALBERT

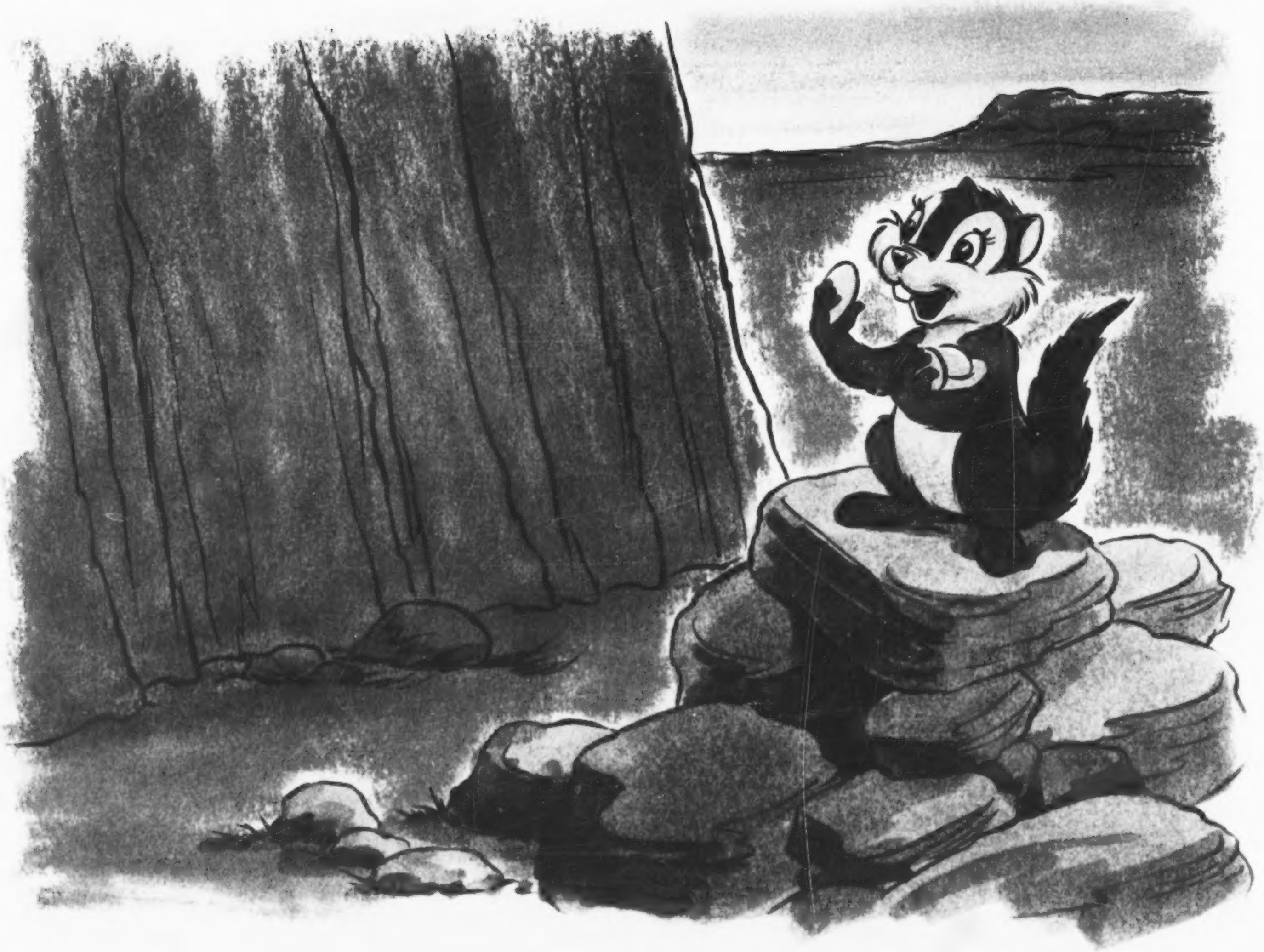
ILLUSTRATED BY DR. DON DOUGLASS



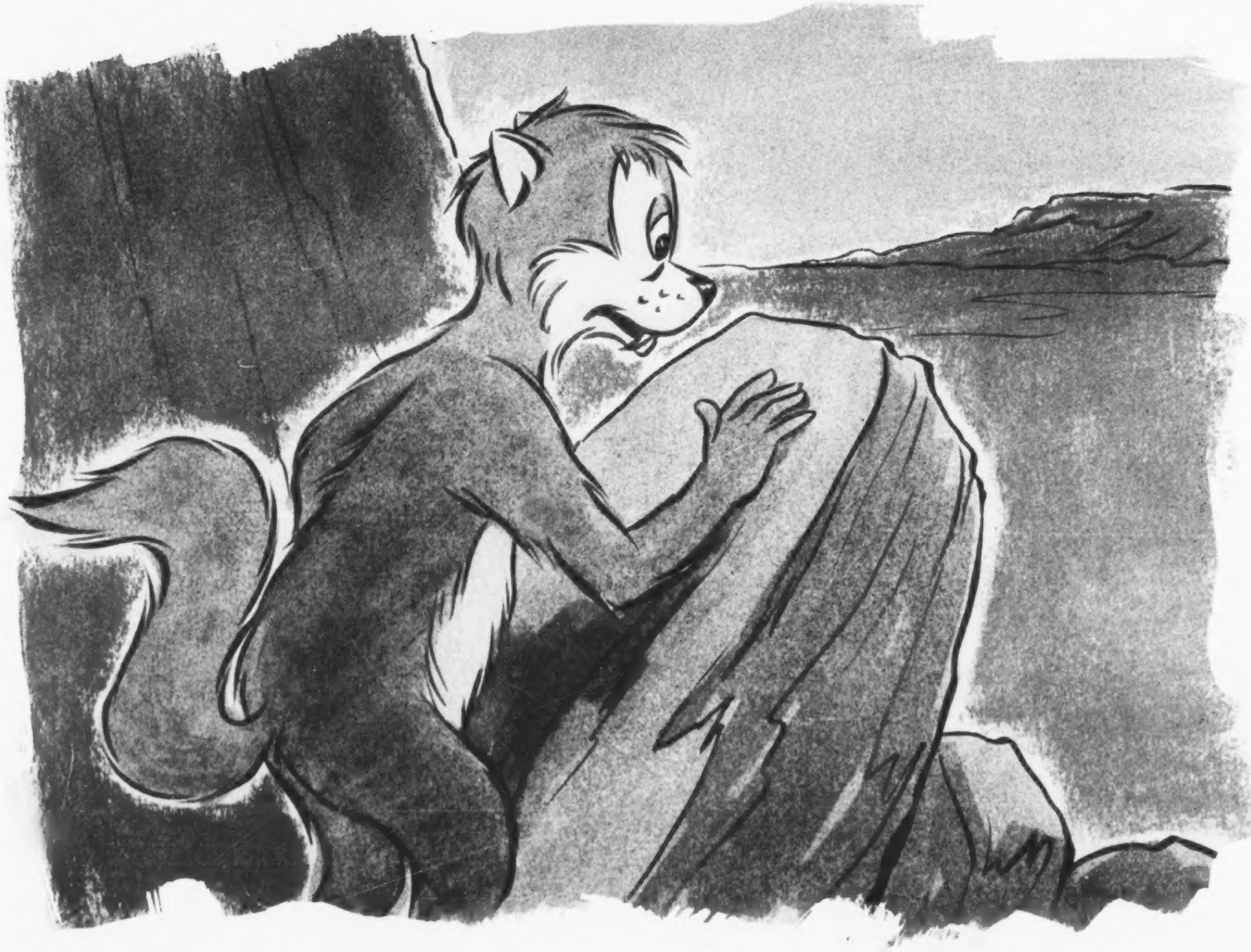
Long ago people lived here.



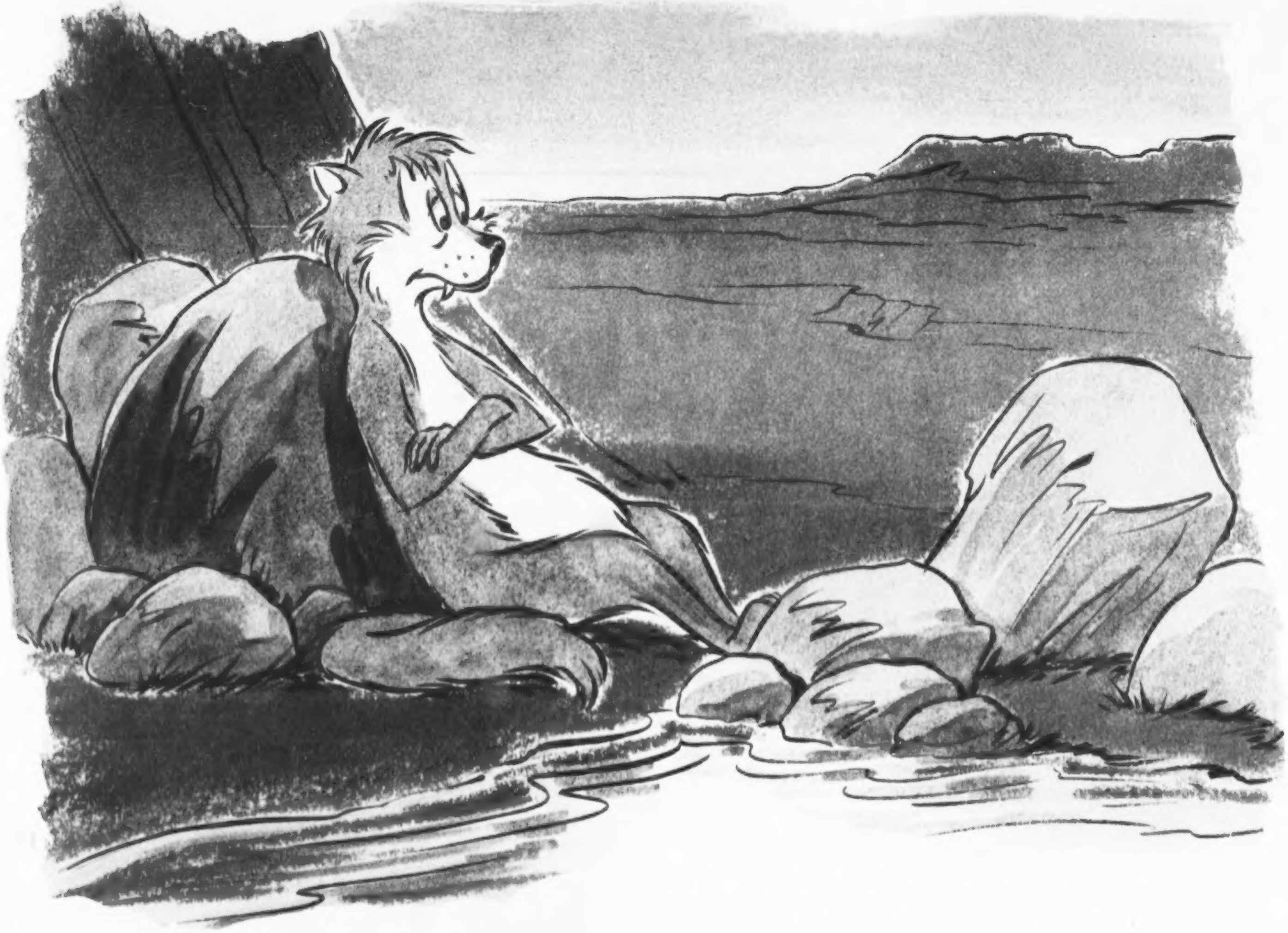
This is Coyote Ridge. Coyote lived here.



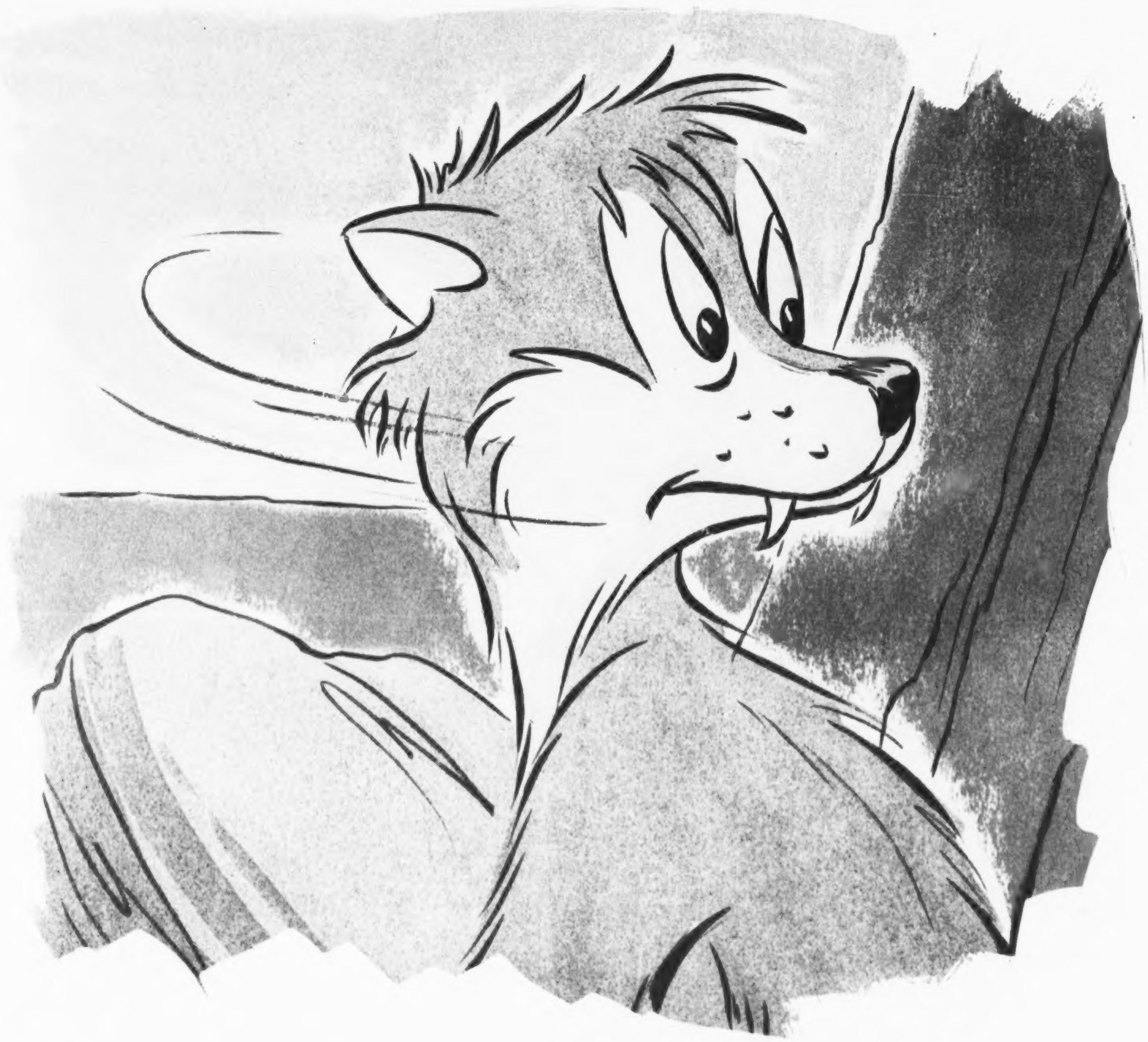
Chipmunk lived near by. Chipmunk lived in some rocks.



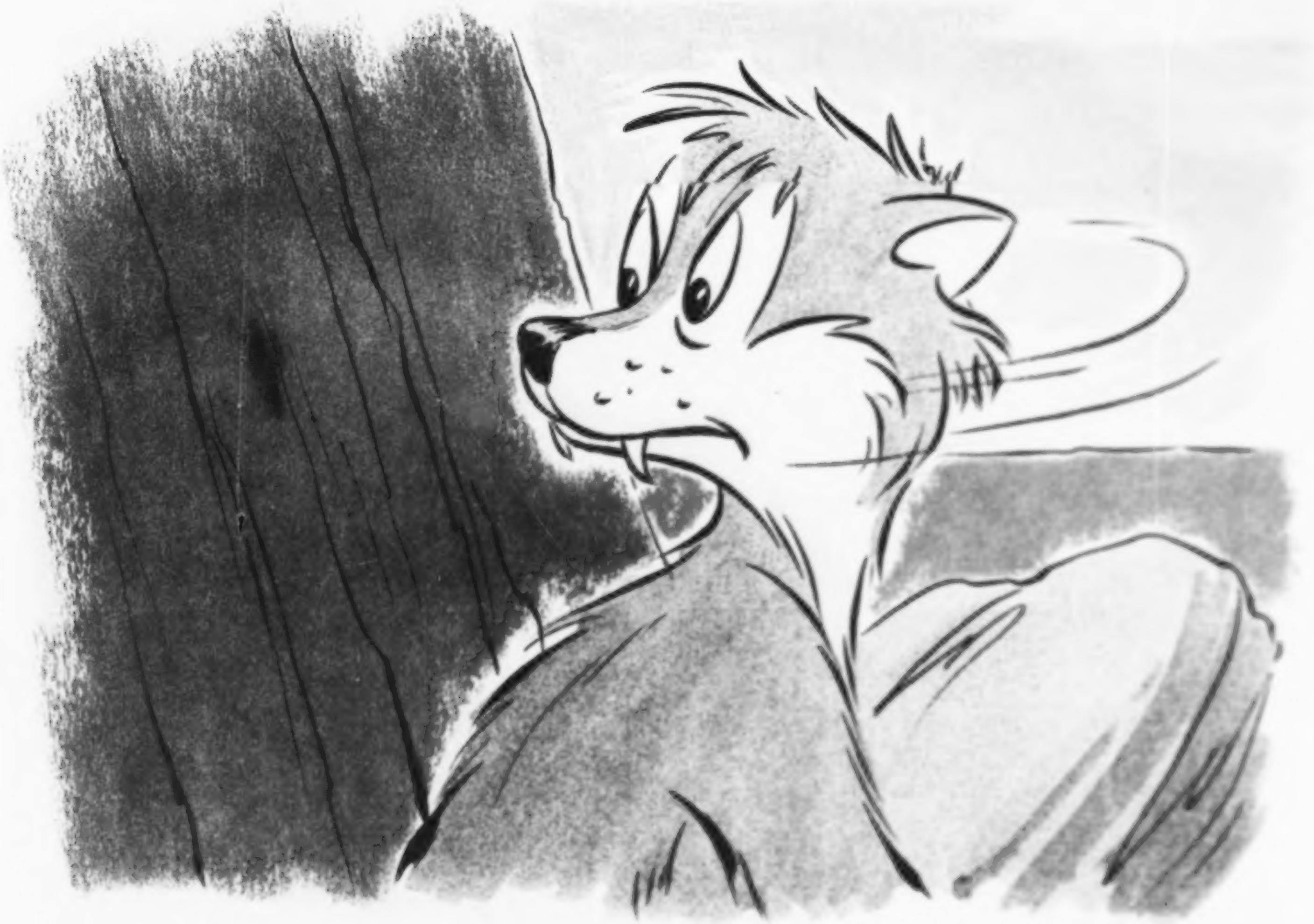
One day Coyote was hunting. He came to the rocks where Chipmunk lived.



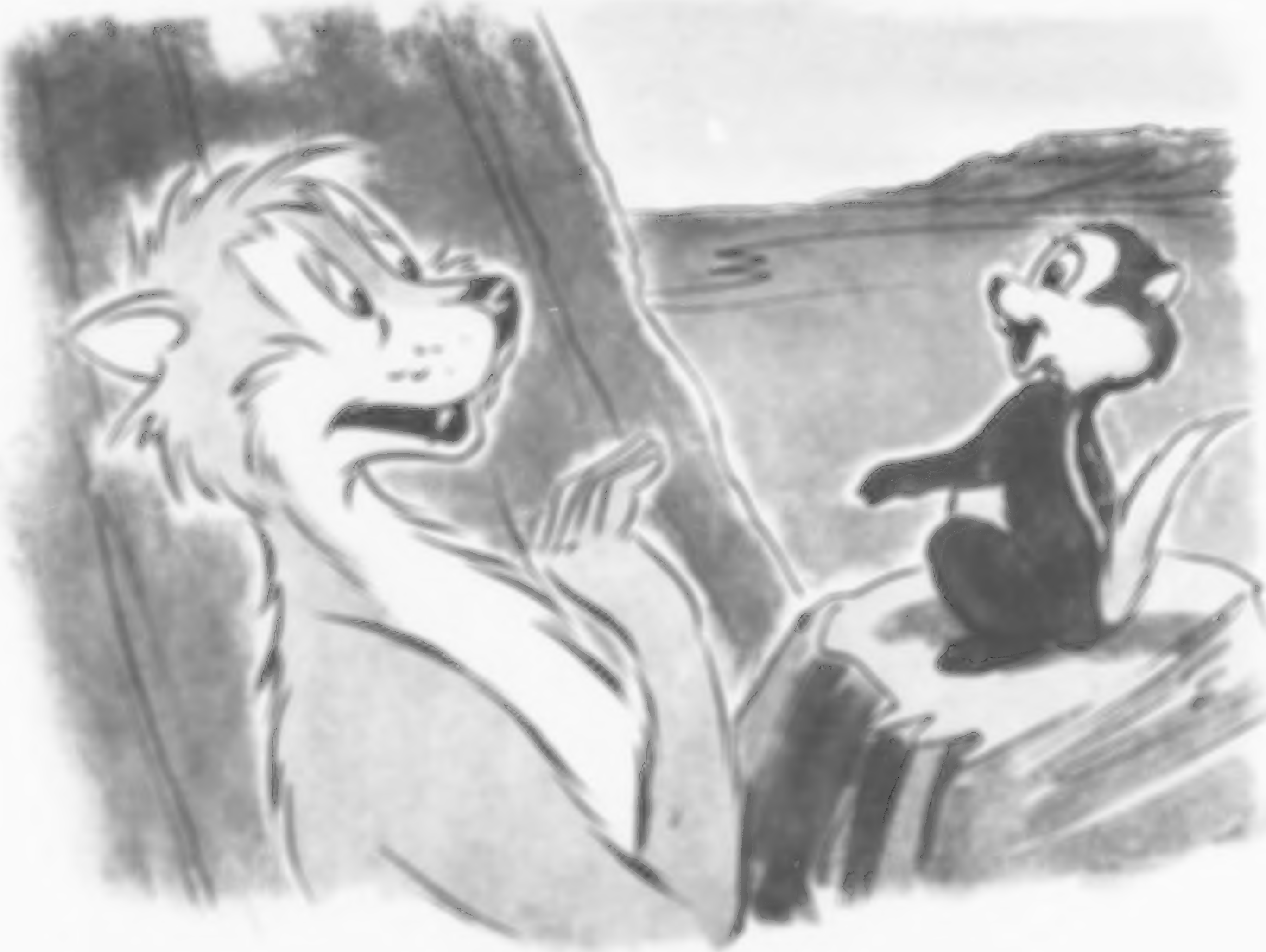
Coyote was tired. He sat down by a big rock to rest.



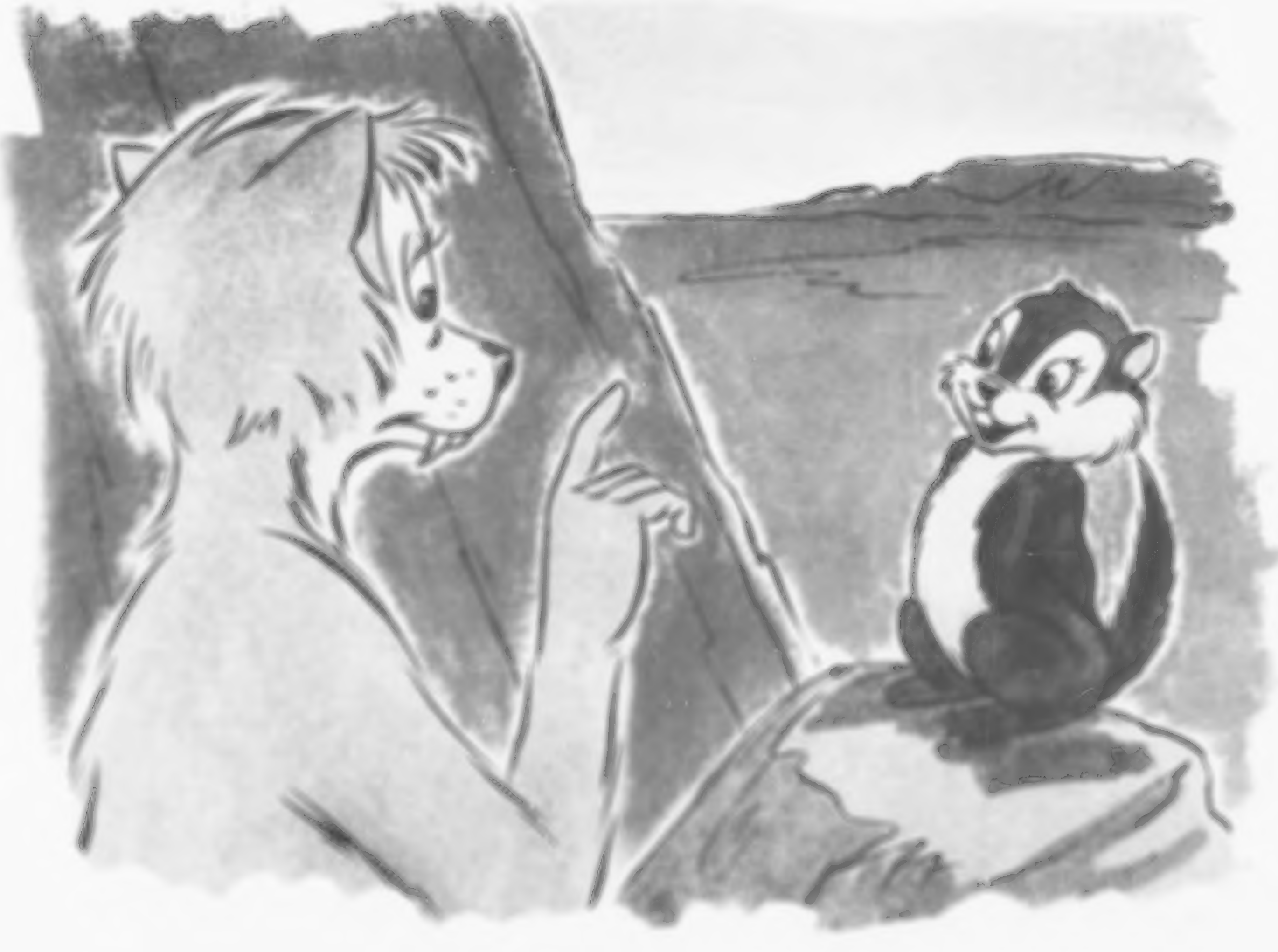
All at once Coyote heard a sound. He heard a whistle. The whistle was very loud.



Coyote jumped up. He looked all around. He could see no one. He sat down again to rest.

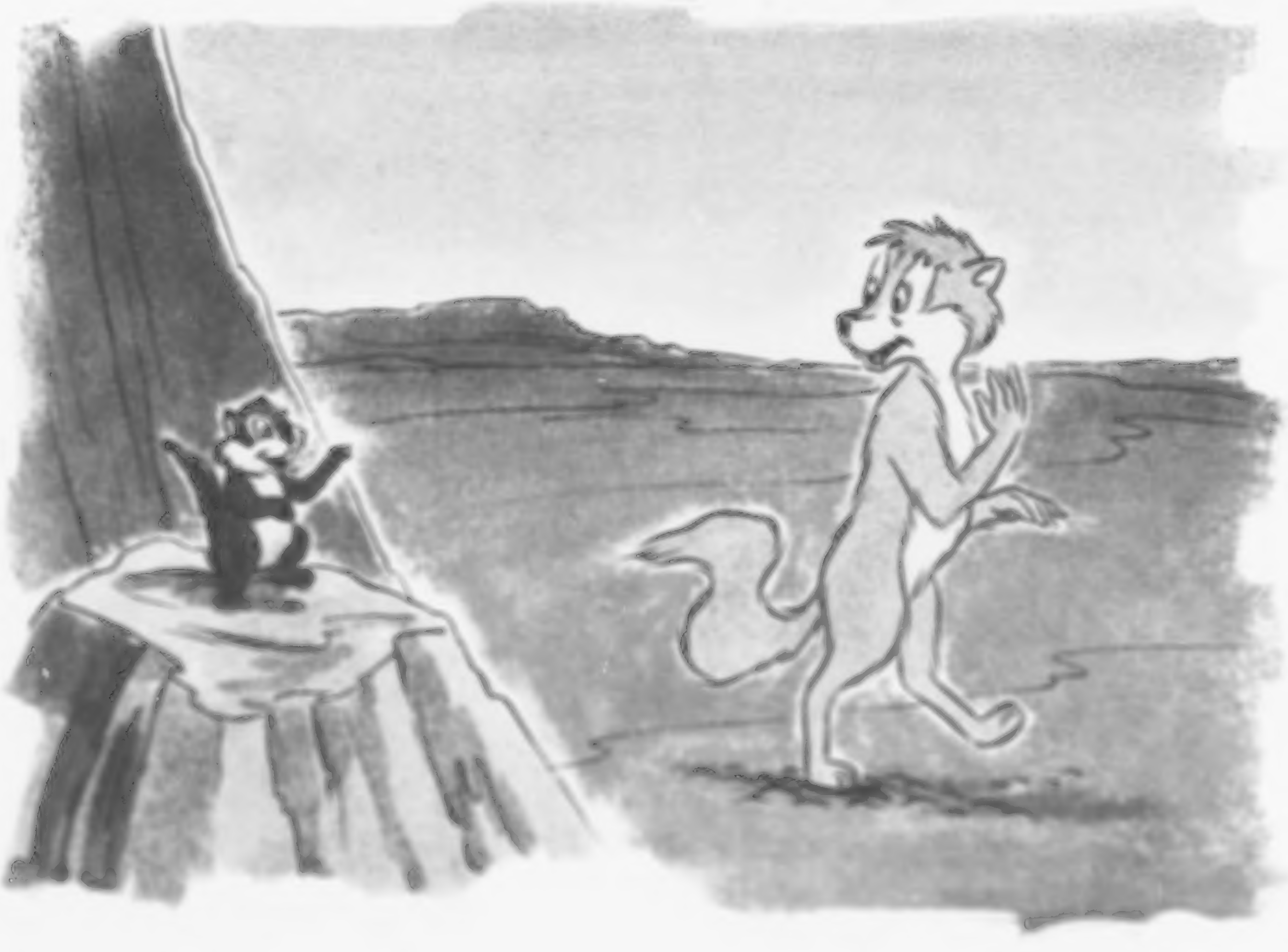


Again Coyote heard the whistle. Just then Chipmunk climbed out on the rock. "Oh! It was you," said Coyote. "You scared me."



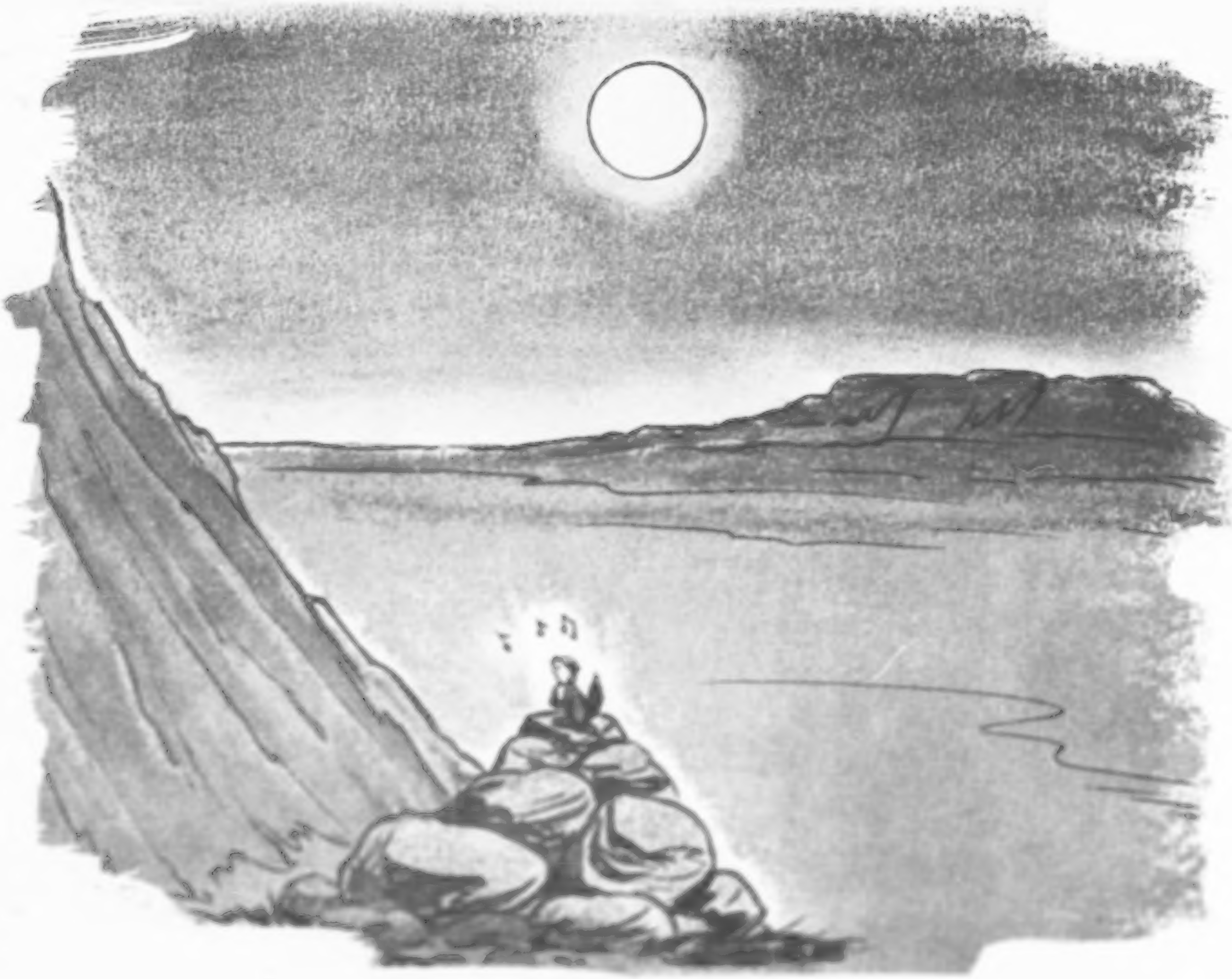
"I was just singing," said Chipmunk. "I did not want to scare you."

"I have heard that before," said Coyote. "Now I know who made that sound."

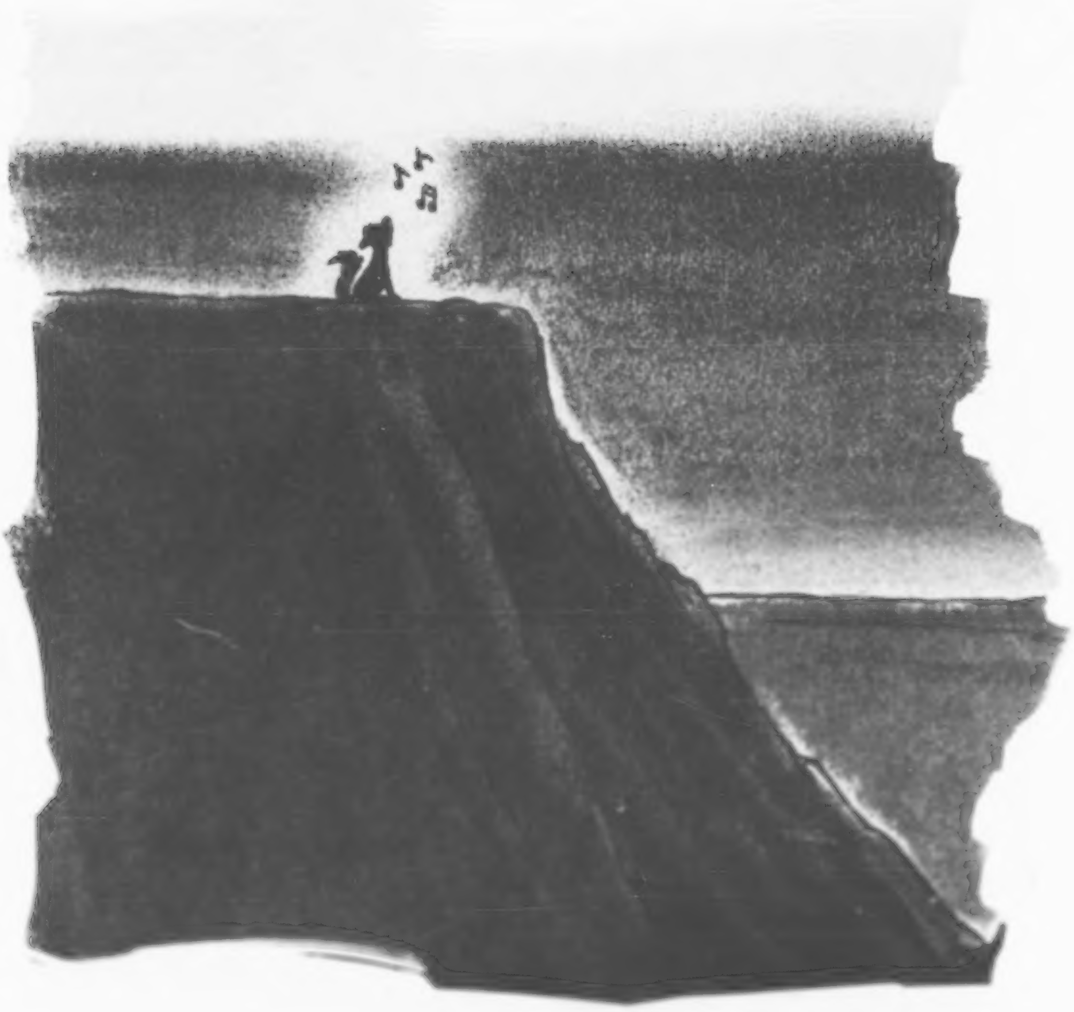


"I cannot whistle," said Coyote. "I have my own kind of sound. It is a good sound. Next time you whistle I will answer you."

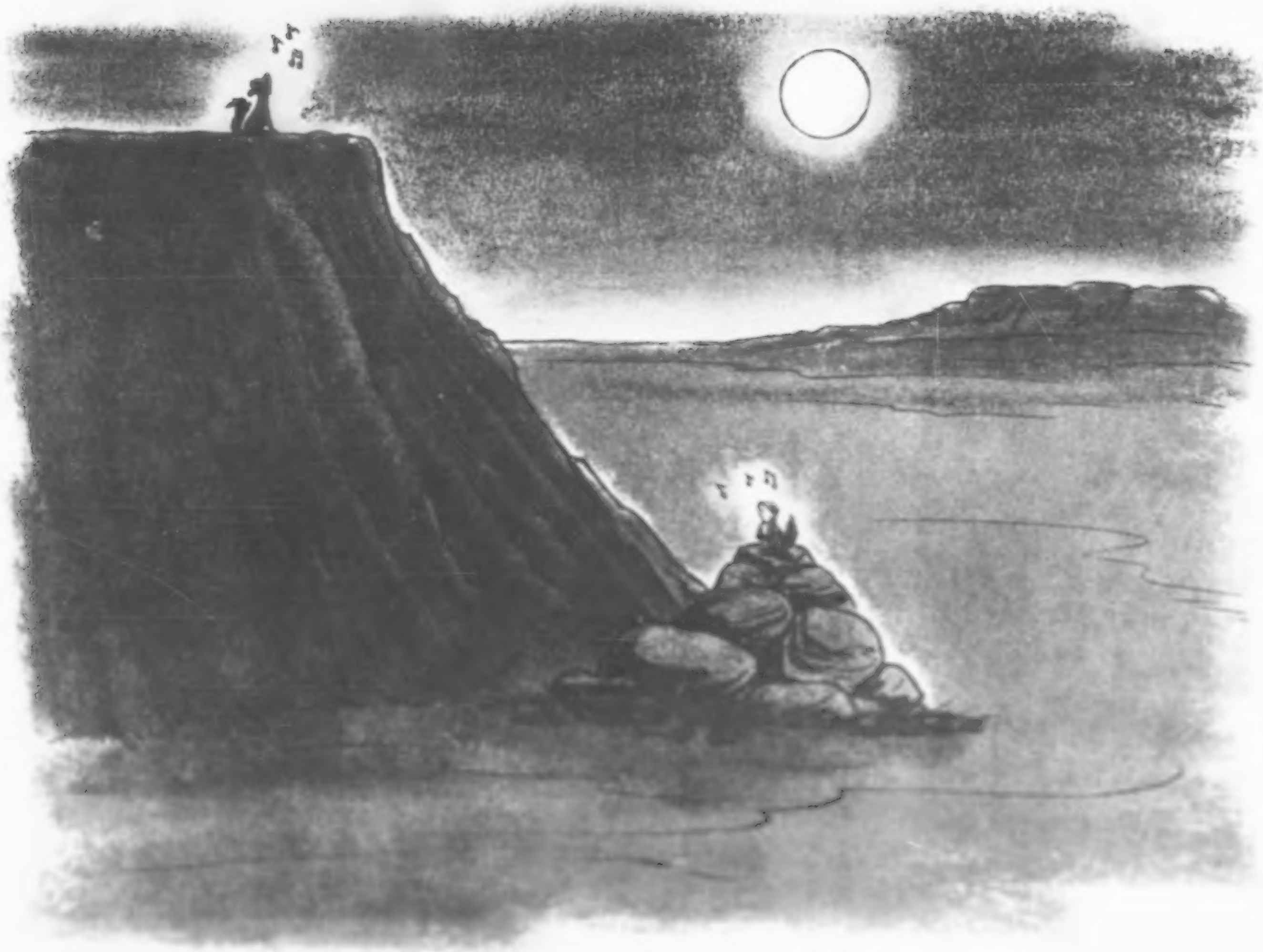
"That is good," said Chipmunk. "Please do that."



Every evening Chipmunk climbed on the big rock and whistled to Coyote.

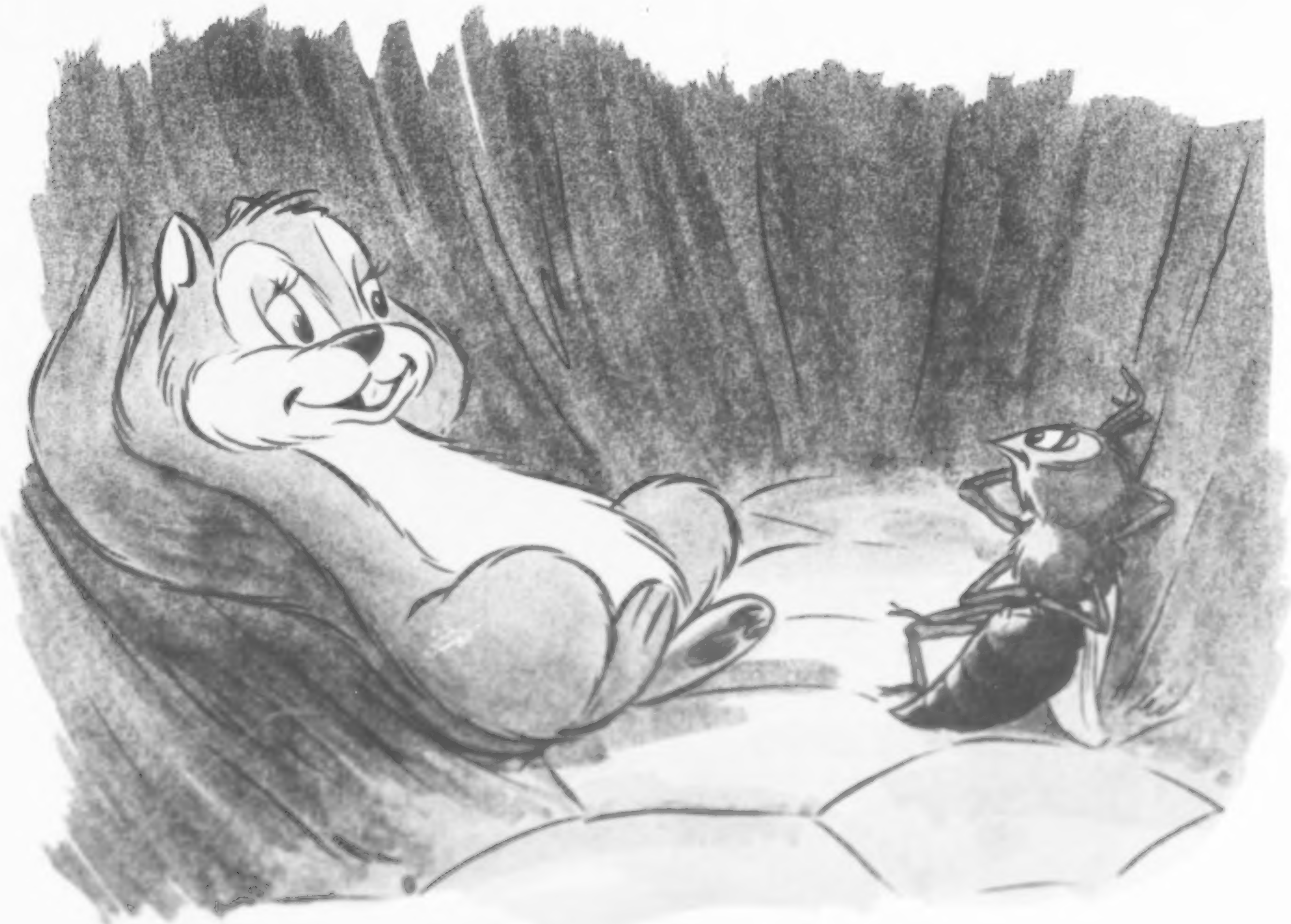


Every evening Coyote answered Chipmunk. Coyote made his own kind of sound.

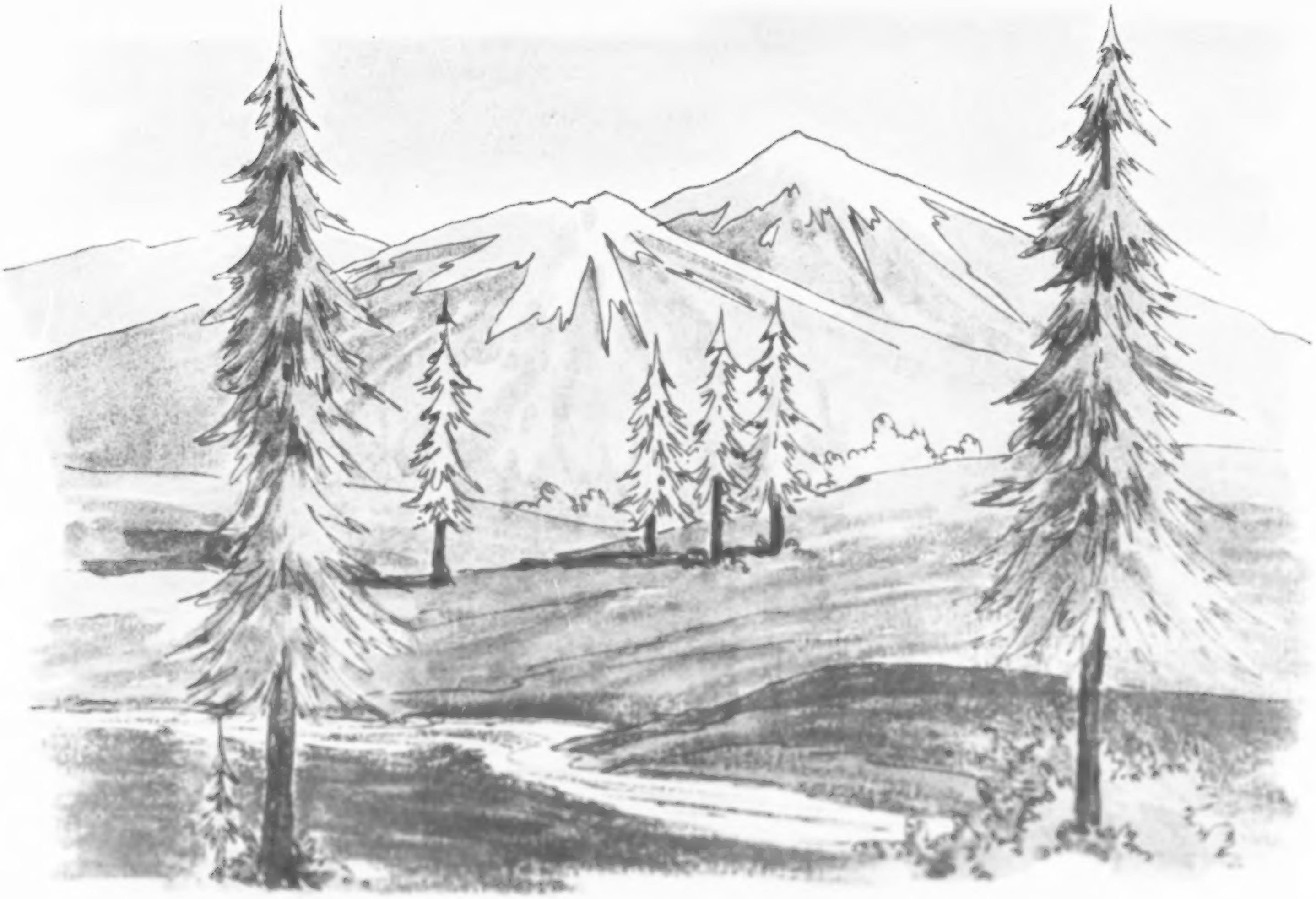


Perhaps Coyote and Chipmunk still call to each other each evening.

the bee and the squirrel

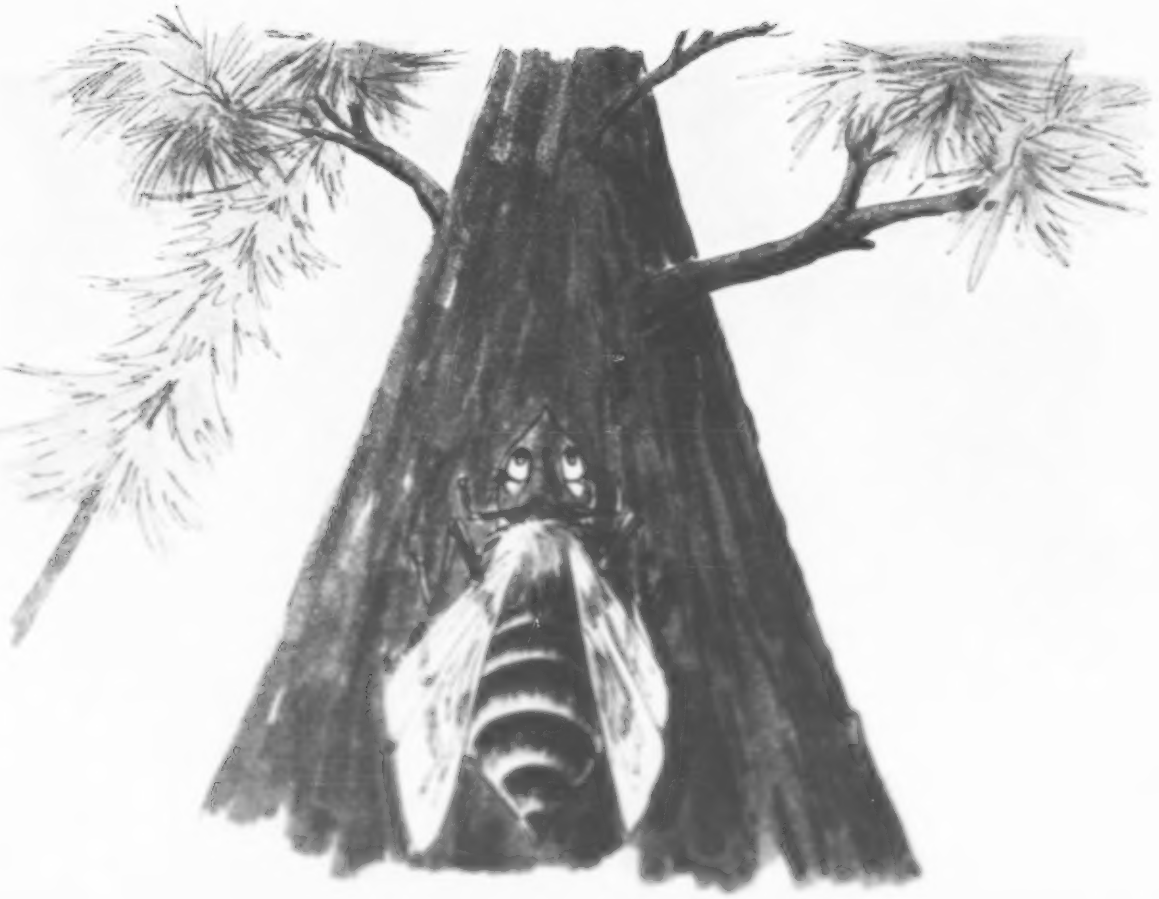


A HOPI TALE AS TOLD BY CHARLIE TALAWEPI
ILLUSTRATED BY DR. DON DOUGLASS

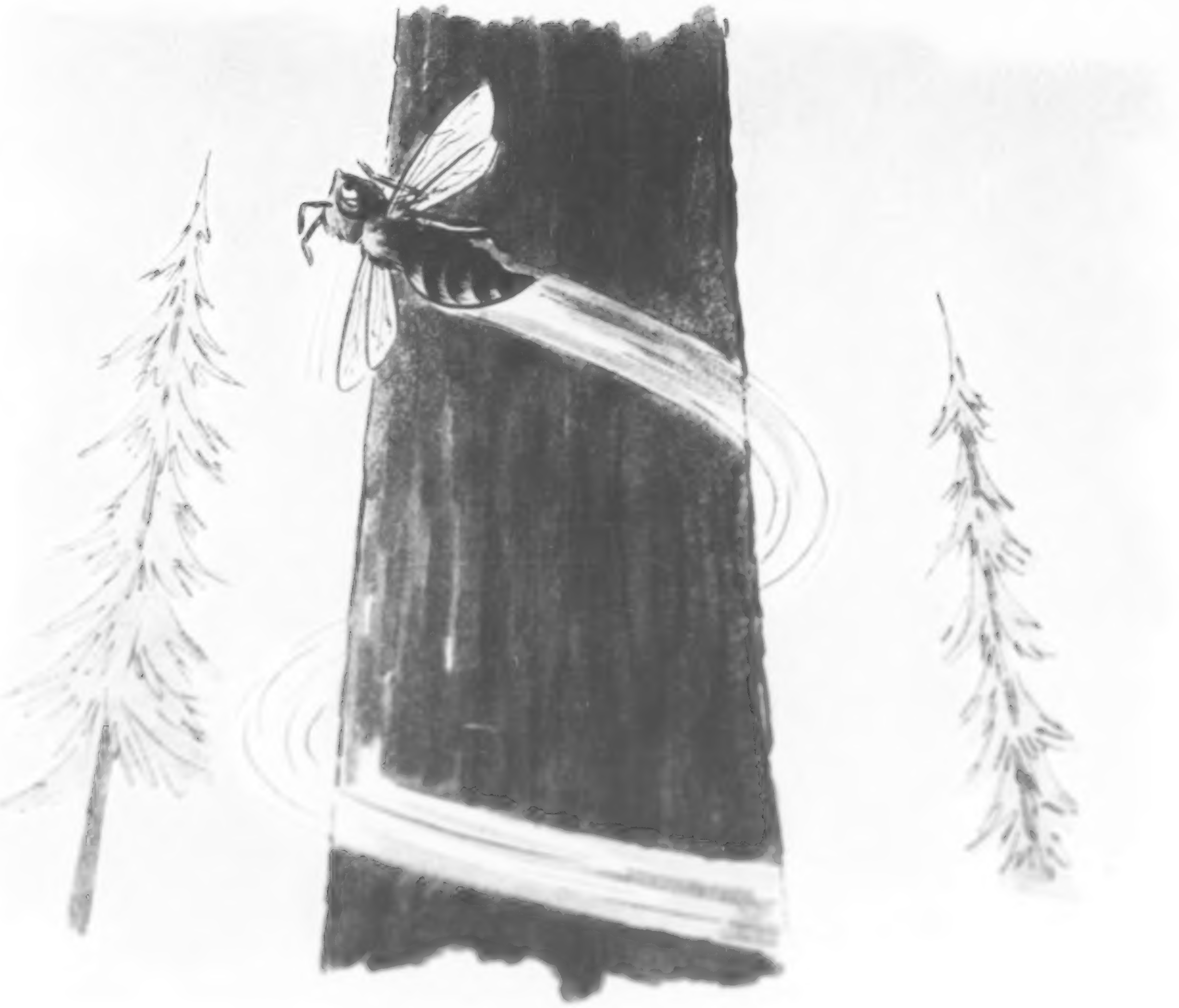


Once upon a time a squirrel lived near the San Francisco Peaks. The squirrel lived in a large pine tree.

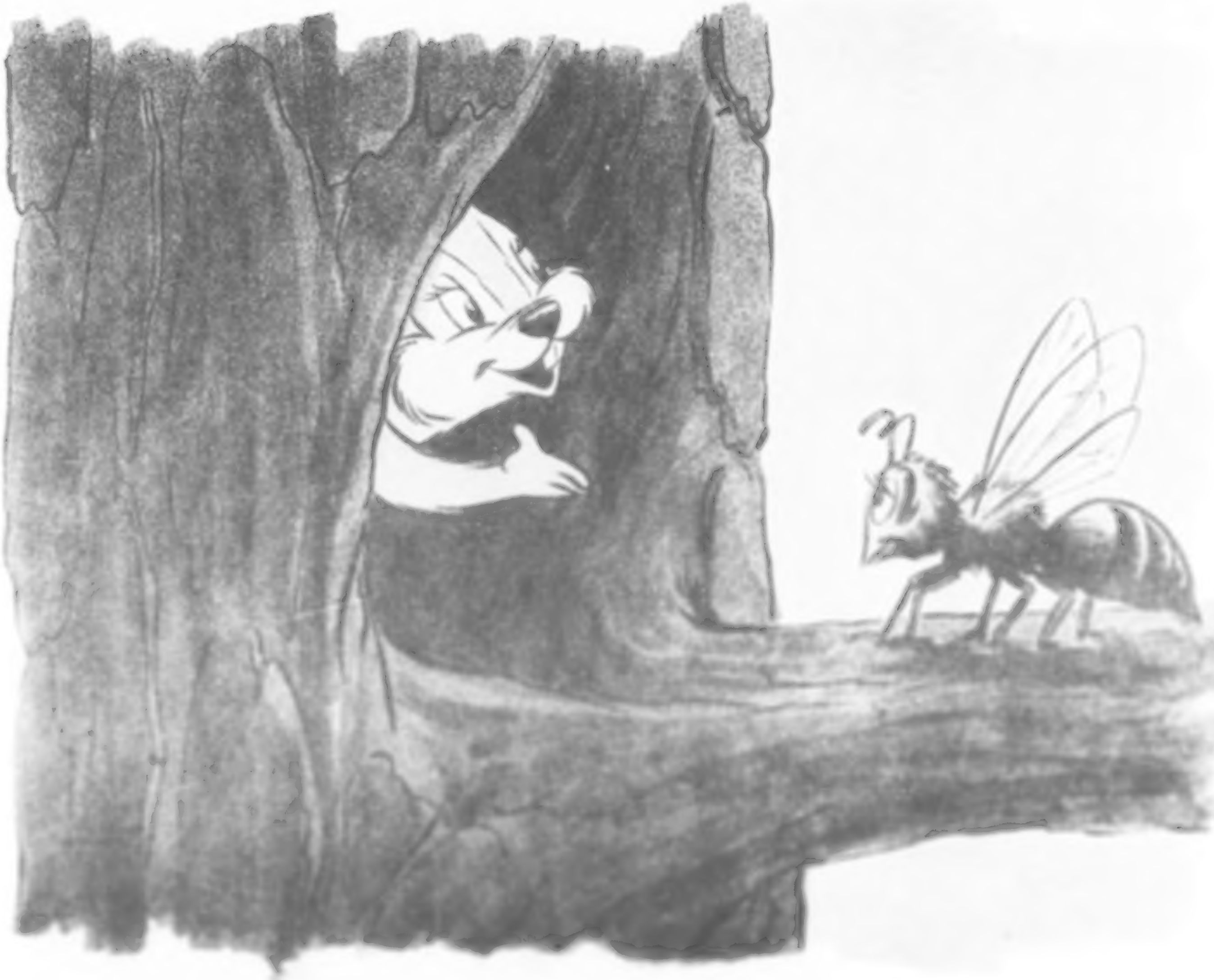
Nearby in another pine tree lived a bee. Now and then the bee would visit the squirrel. The squirrel would then return the visit.



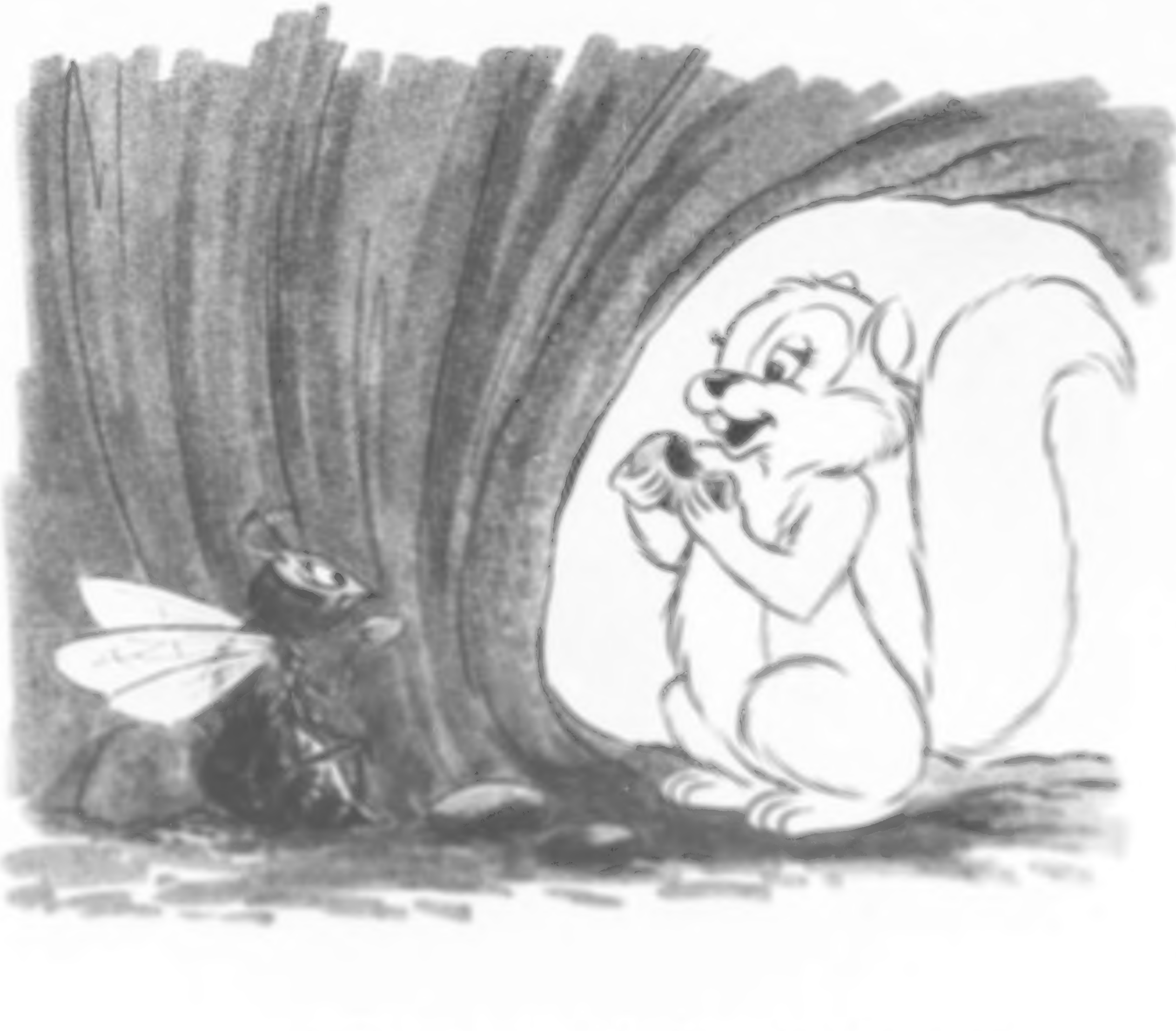
One day the bee went over to visit the squirrel. The bee came to the tree where the squirrel lived. The tree was very tall. The bee looked up and up to the place where the squirrel lived. The bee hollered up to the squirrel, "Are you home?" "Yes, I am home. Please come up," answered the squirrel.



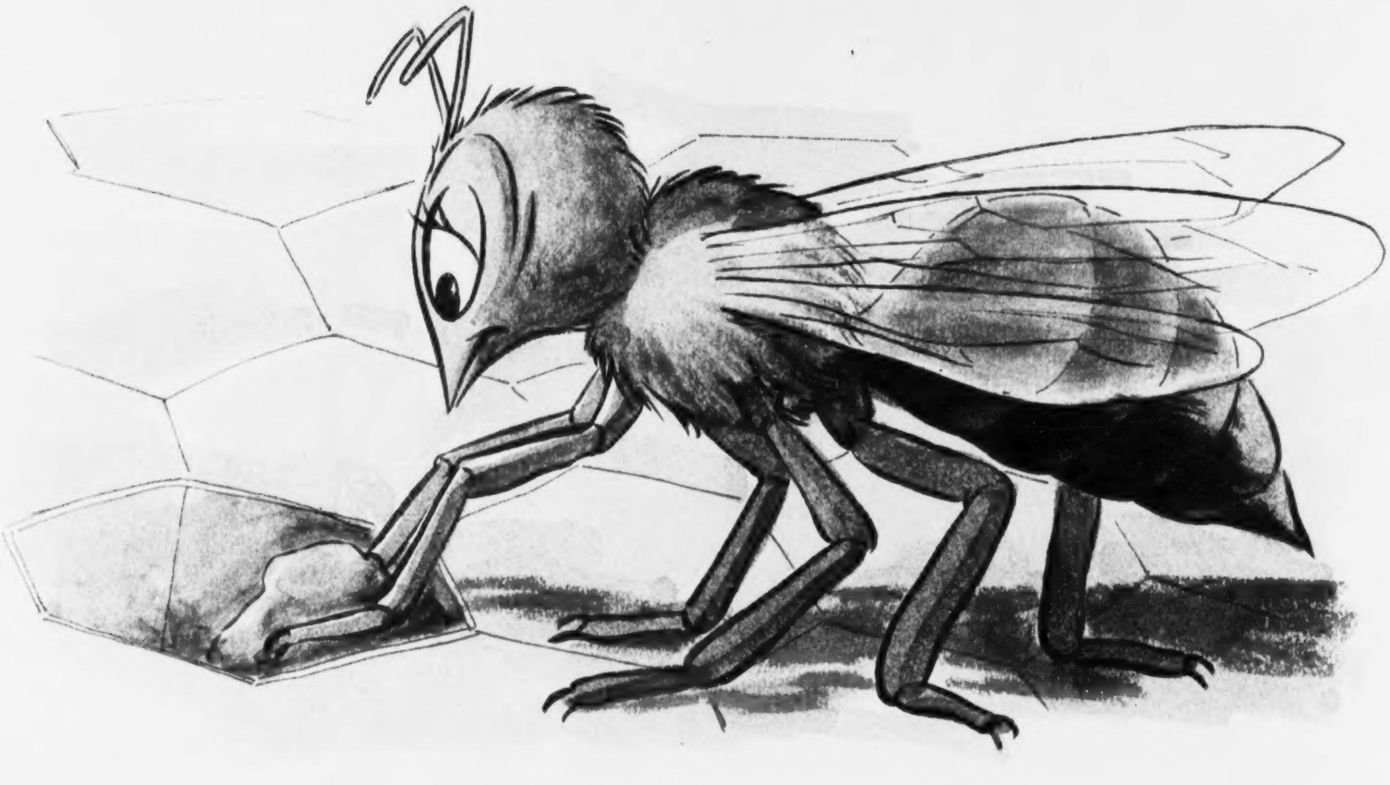
So the bee began to fly up the tree. The bee circled the tree as he flew. He went higher and higher. He reached a branch near a hole in the tree. This was where the squirrel lived.



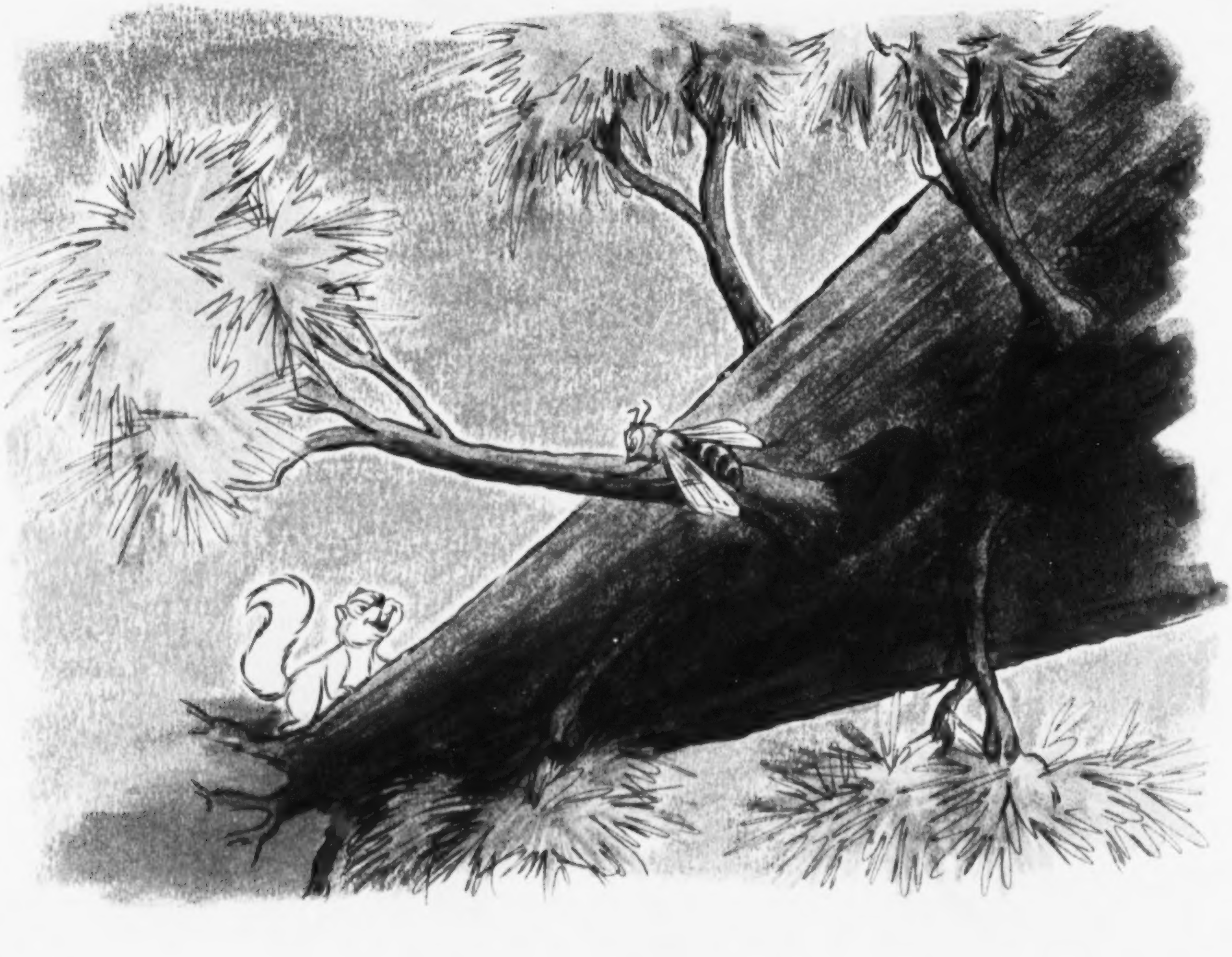
The bee settled on the branch. "Have you come?" said the squirrel from inside the hole. "Yes," said the bee. Then the bee went inside the hole in the tree.



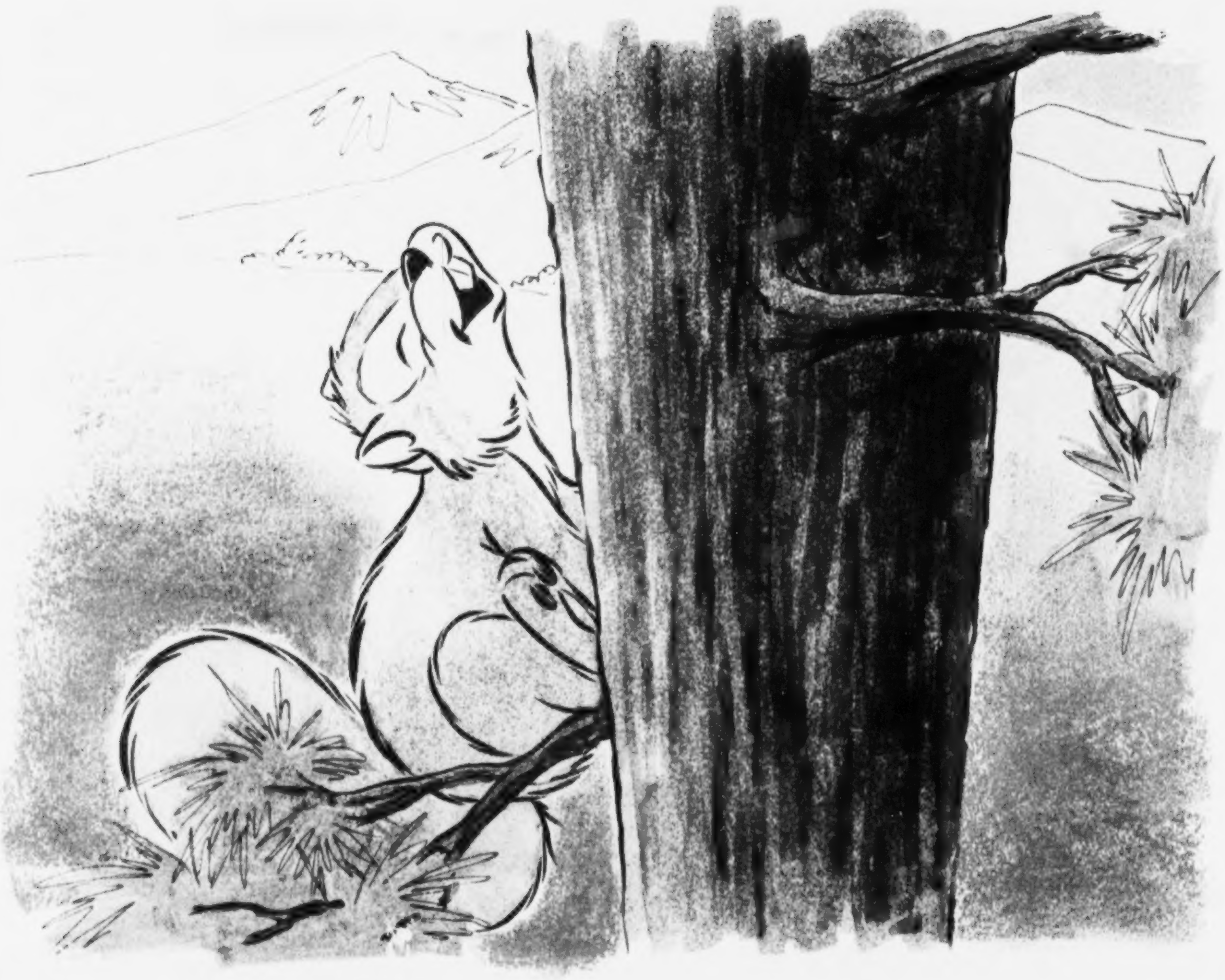
The bee and the squirrel sat and talked. The squirrel fed the bee some food. After a while the bee said, "Come and see me tomorrow." The squirrel answered, "Thank you. I will." Soon the bee went home.



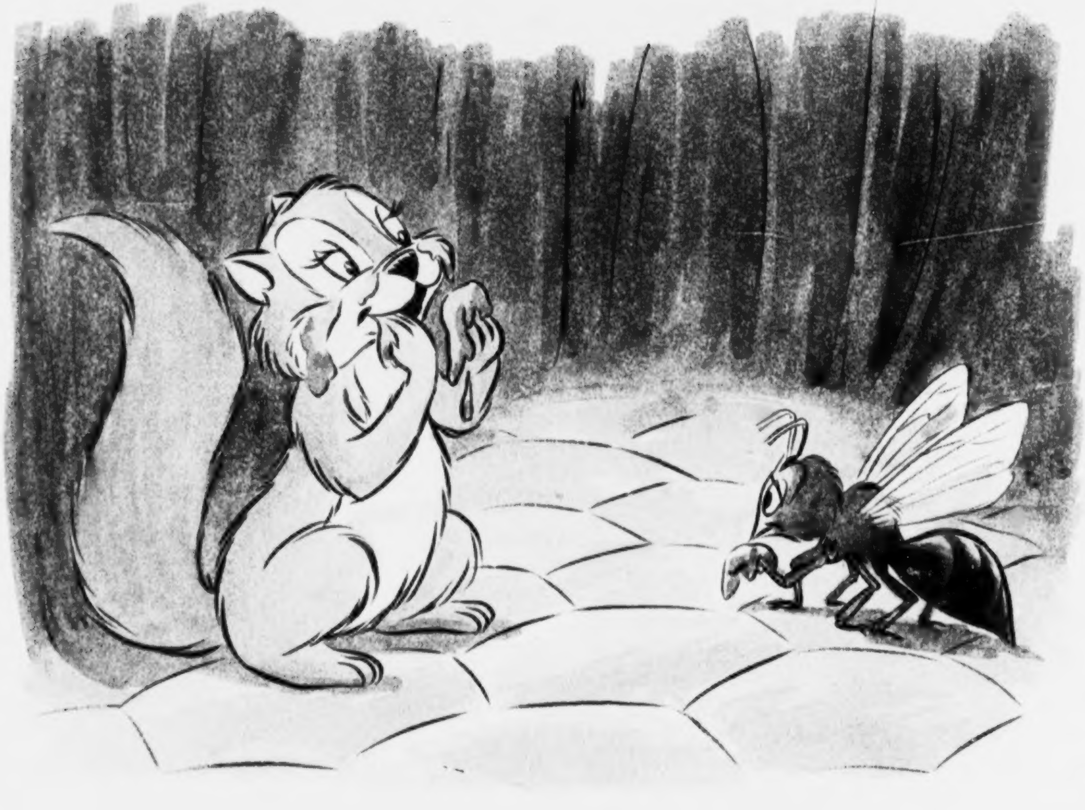
Next day the bee got his honey ready. The bee would give honey to the squirrel to eat.



In the evening the squirrel went over to the tree where the bee lived. The bee also lived in a hole high up in a tree. When the squirrel reached the tree he hollered up to the bee, "Is this where you live?" "Yes," said the bee. "Come on up."

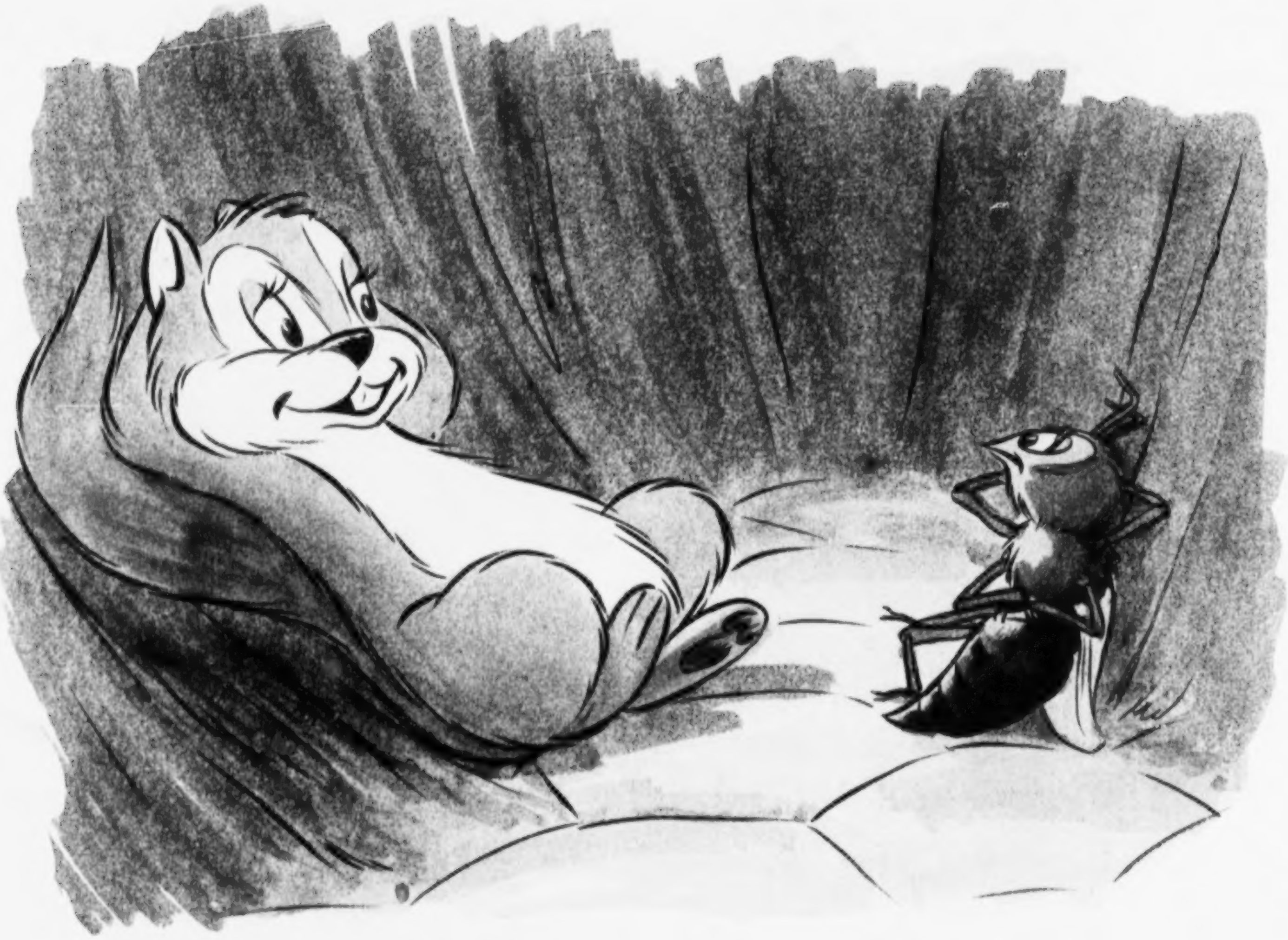


The squirrel began to climb up the tree. He went very fast. He jumped from branch to branch. He reached the branch where the bee was waiting. "You have come," said the bee. "Yes," answered the squirrel. The bee and the squirrel went inside the hole in the tree.



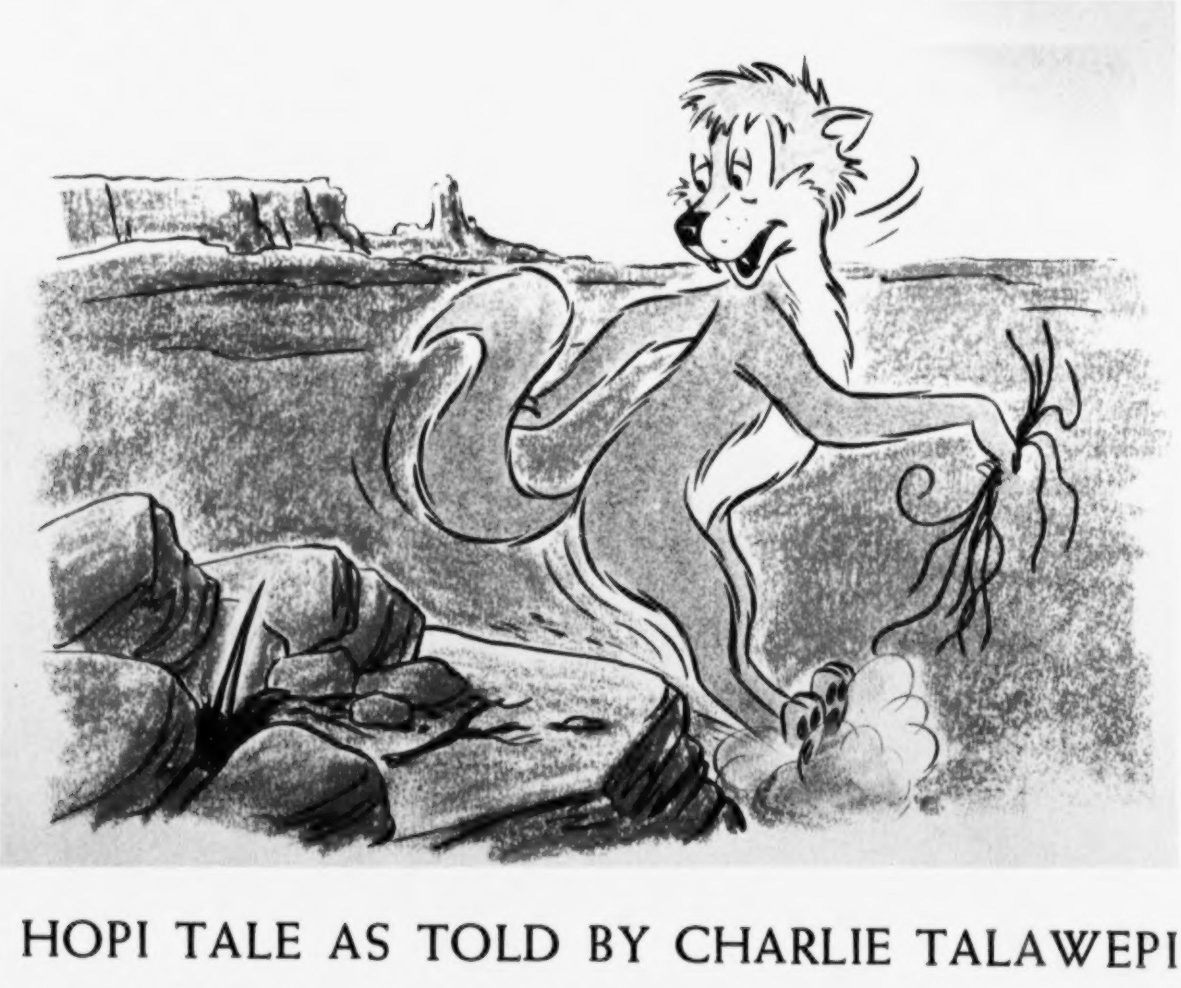
They sat and talked. The bee fed the squirrel some of the honey. The squirrel ate and ate. His nose and mouth were covered with honey.

The squirrel asked the bee, "What is this that I'm eating?" The bee answered, "It is something made out of the juice of many flowers." "Thank you. I have enjoyed it. I am very full," said the squirrel.

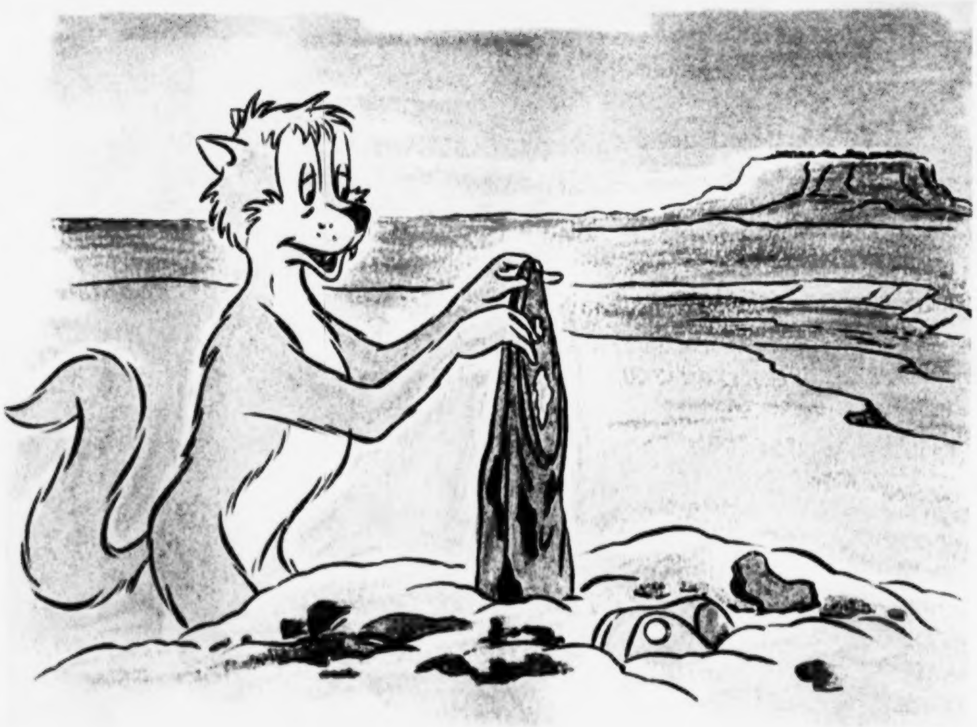


They talked for a while. A little later the squirrel went home. Perhaps they still visit each other and are still good friends.

the coyote and the bone needle

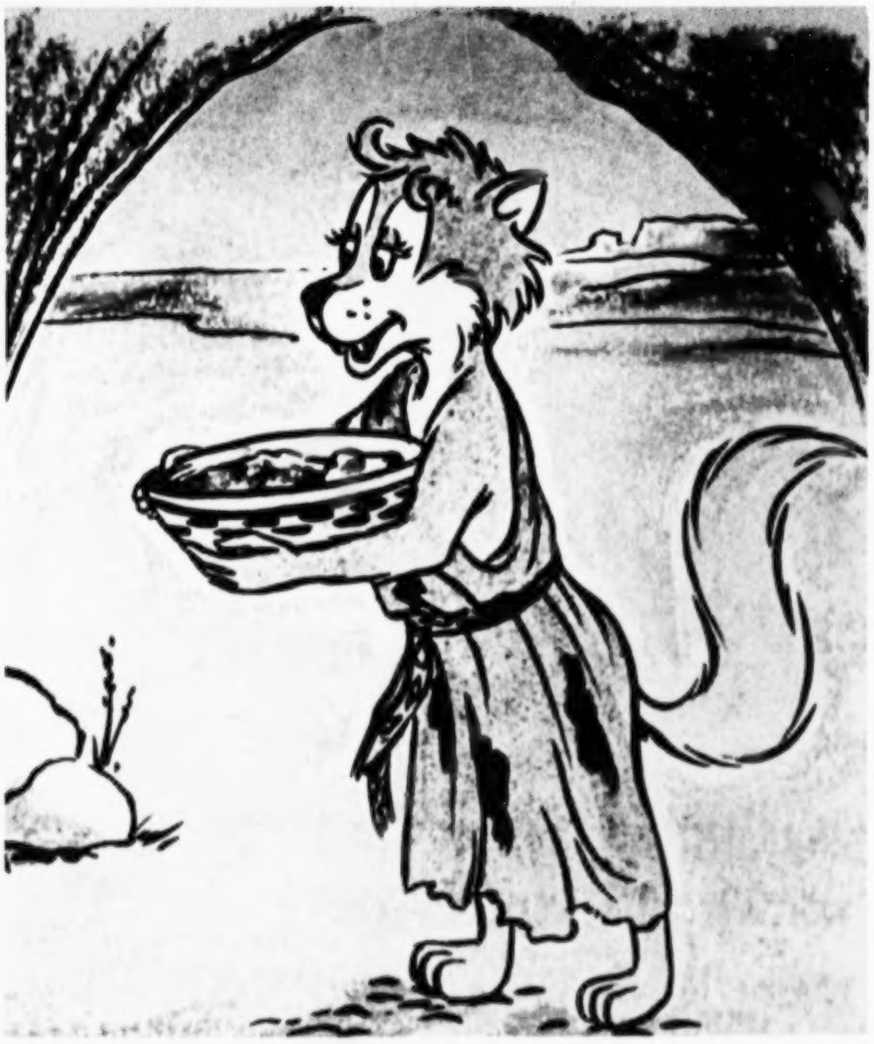


A HOPI TALE AS TOLD BY CHARLIE TALAWEPI
ILLUSTRATED BY DR. DON DOUGLASS



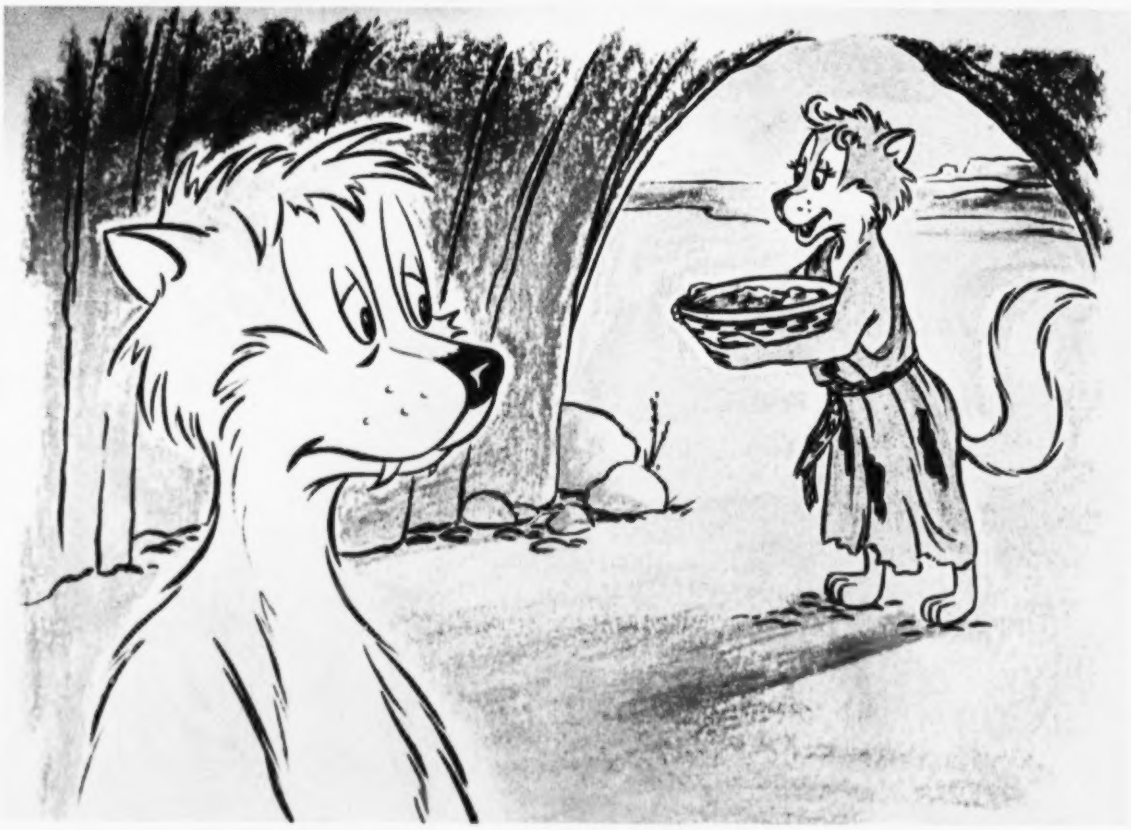
Once again, people lived at Oraibi. A coyote lived west of Oraibi at Coyote Ridge. The coyote had a wife.

Sometimes the coyote would go over to Oraibi. He would look for things for himself and for his wife. One day coyote was looking around. He found an old dress that someone had thrown away. Coyote took the dress home. He gave it to his wife to wear.



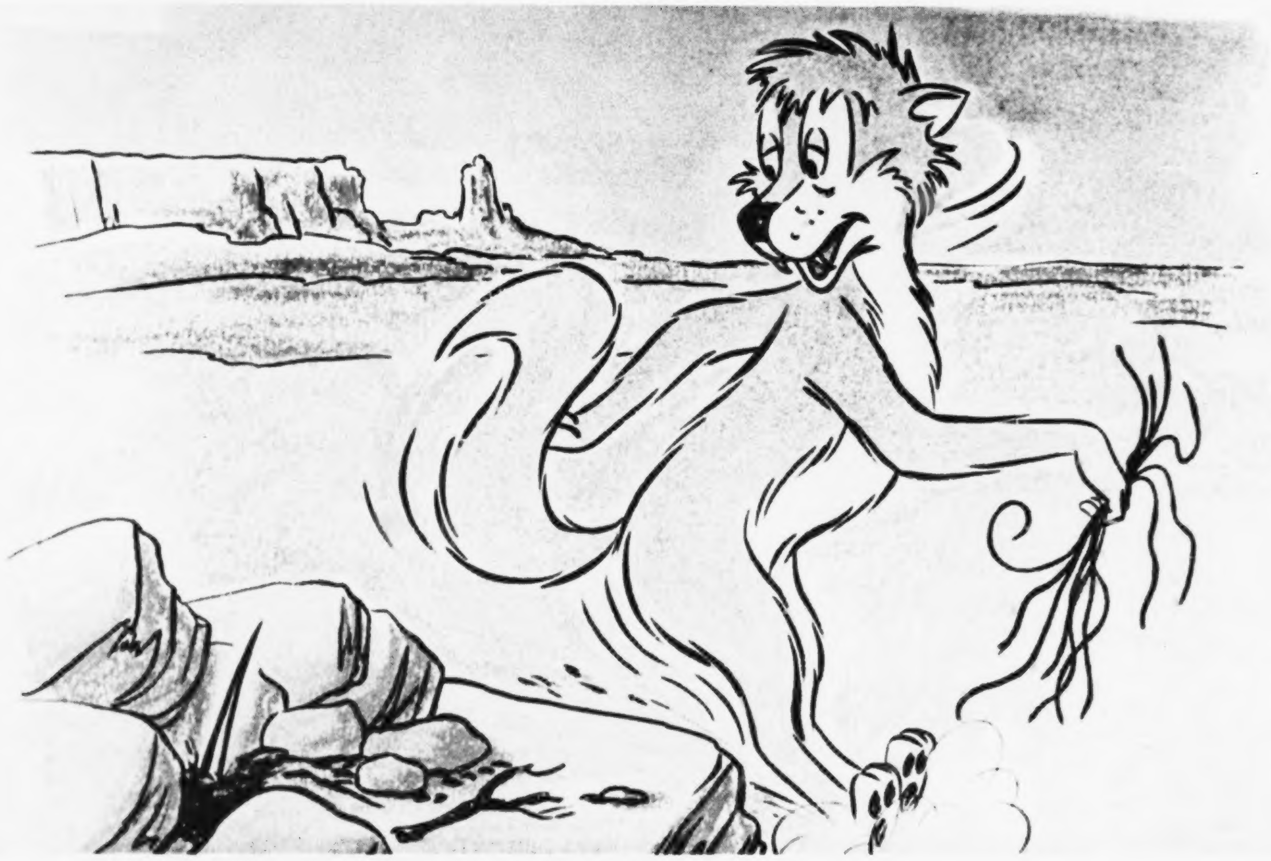
The coyote's wife wore the dress for a while. The dress was already worn out. It did not last very long. There were holes all over the dress. Her belt, too, was very worn.

2



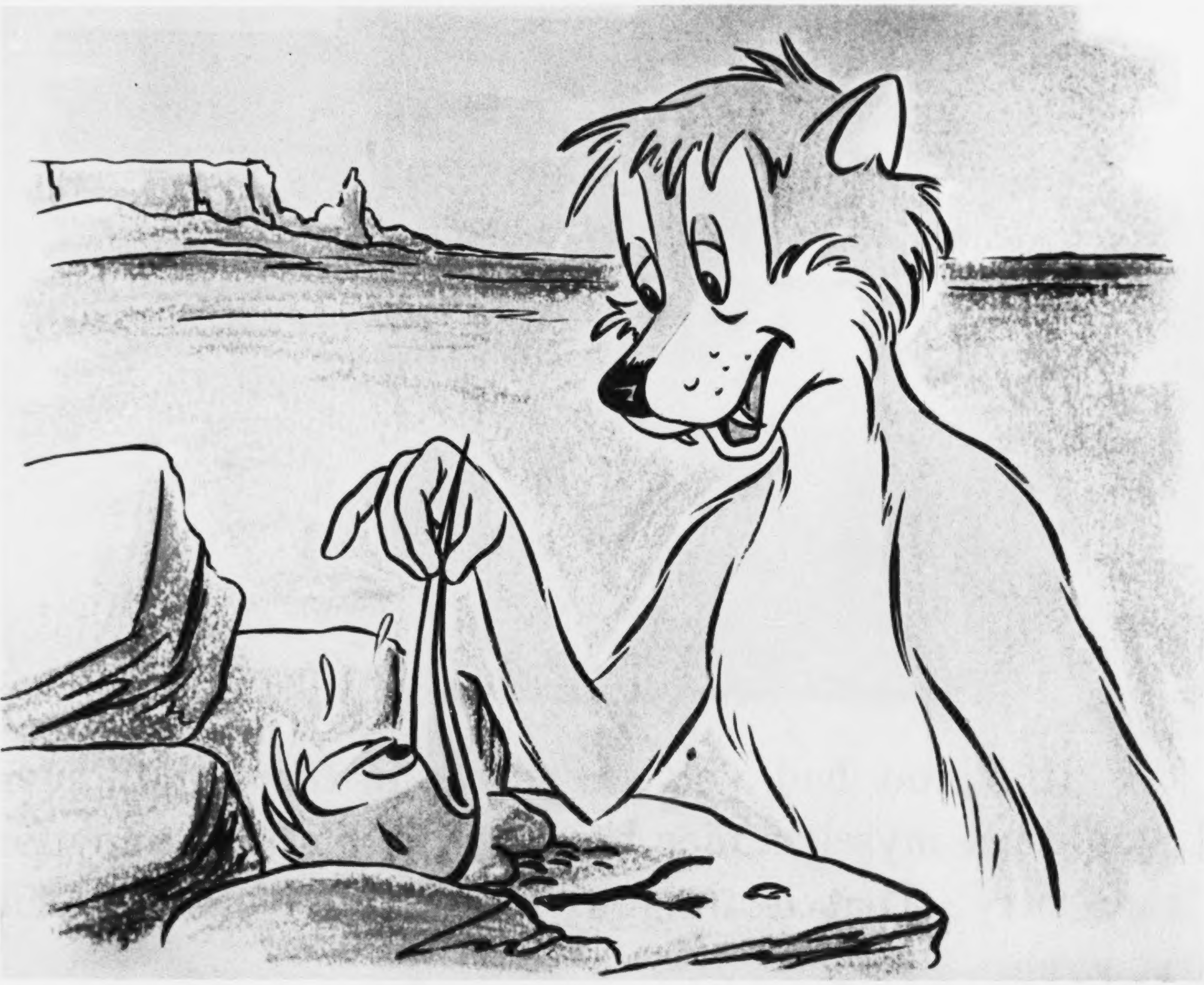
The coyote said, "I should go over to Oraibi and look for some cotton strings. You can sew your dress with them. The coyote's wife said, "That is good."

The coyote went over to Oraibi. He began looking for some cotton strings. The coyote looked all over the trash piles. Now and then he would find a string and shake off the dirt. Some of the strings were still good.

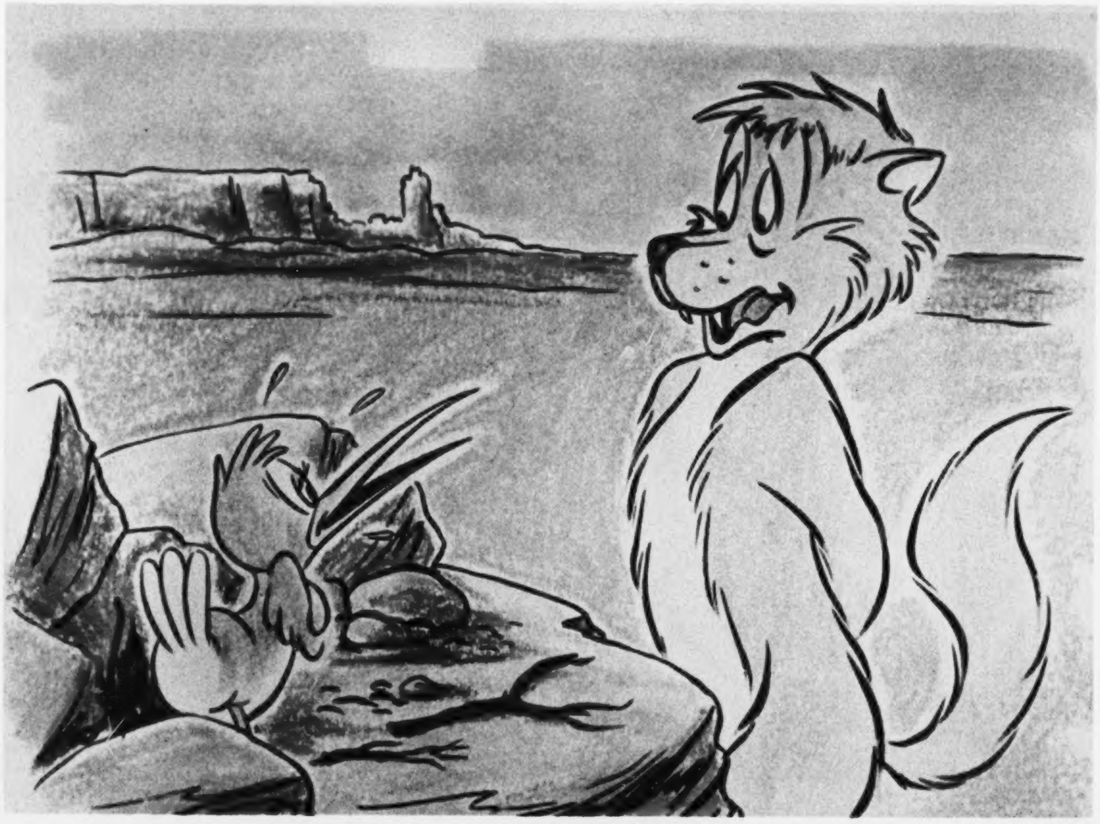


At last the coyote found enough strings. He started home. On the way home he found a hole in some rocks. There were pebbles and little sticks around the hole. The coyote saw a bone needle sticking out of the hole. "This is just what I want. My wife can sew her dress with this," said the coyote.

4



He started to pull out the bone needle. Someone said, "Ouch! Ouch! That is my bill." A wren was sitting on her eggs in the hole.

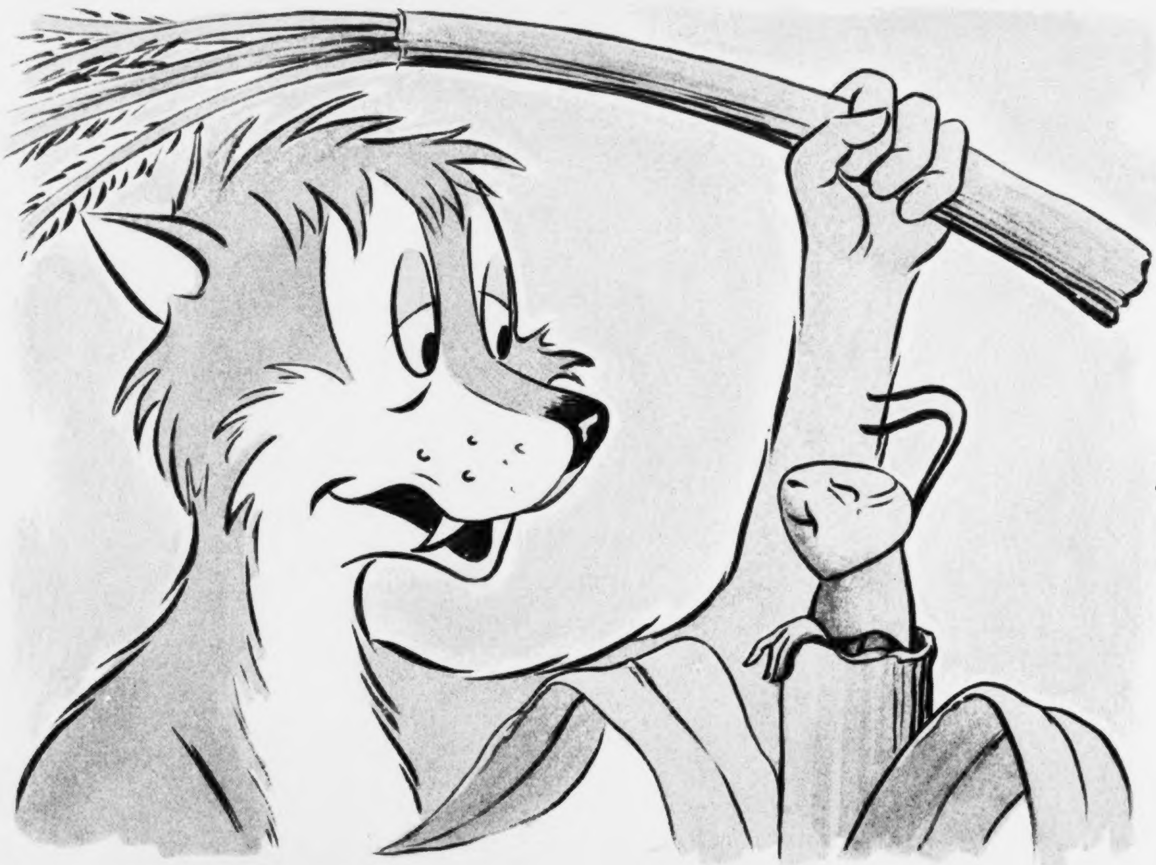


“It is too bad you are sitting in there. I thought I would get myself a nice bone needle,” said the coyote.

“I’m sorry. That is the way my bill is shaped,” said the wren.

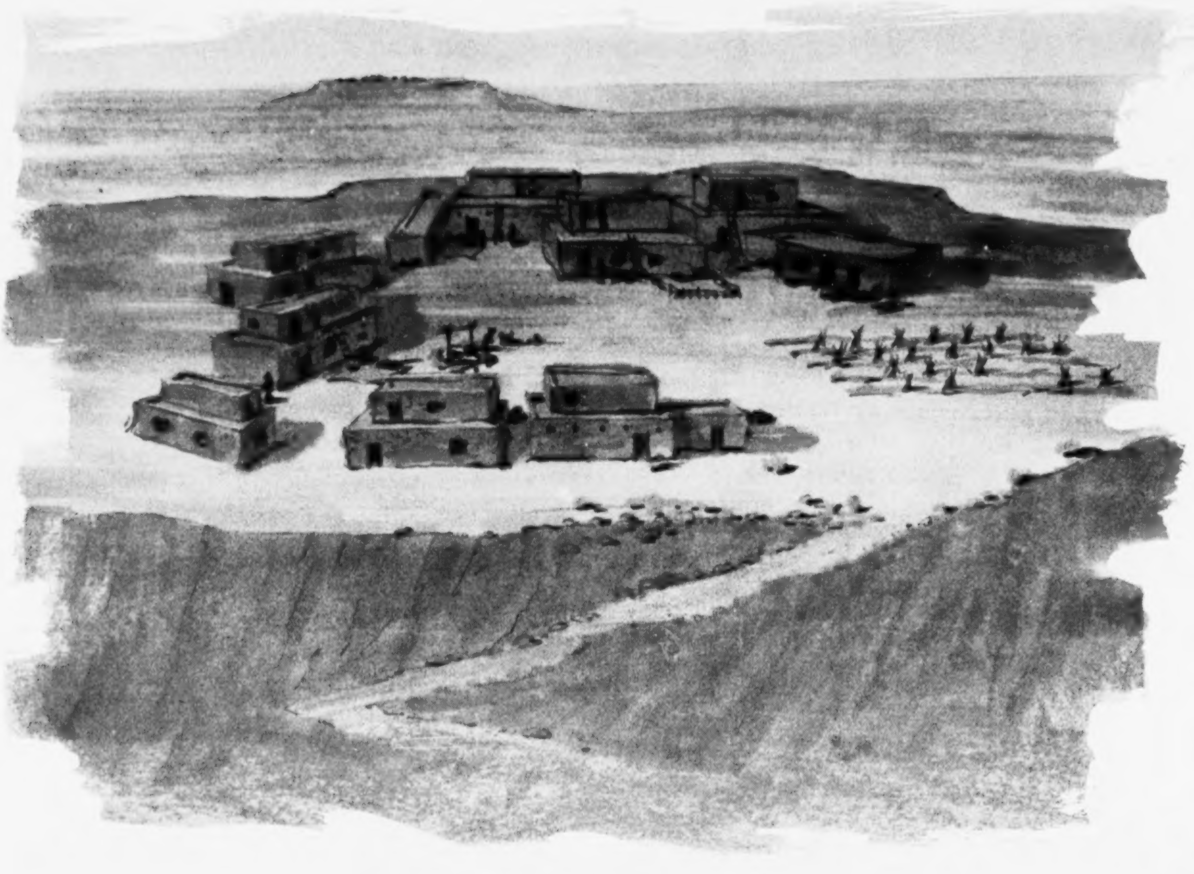
The coyote went home without a bone needle. The coyote’s wife would have sewn her dress with the needle. That ends this story.

the coyote and the grasshopper



A HOPI TALE AS TOLD BY CHARLIE TALAWEPI

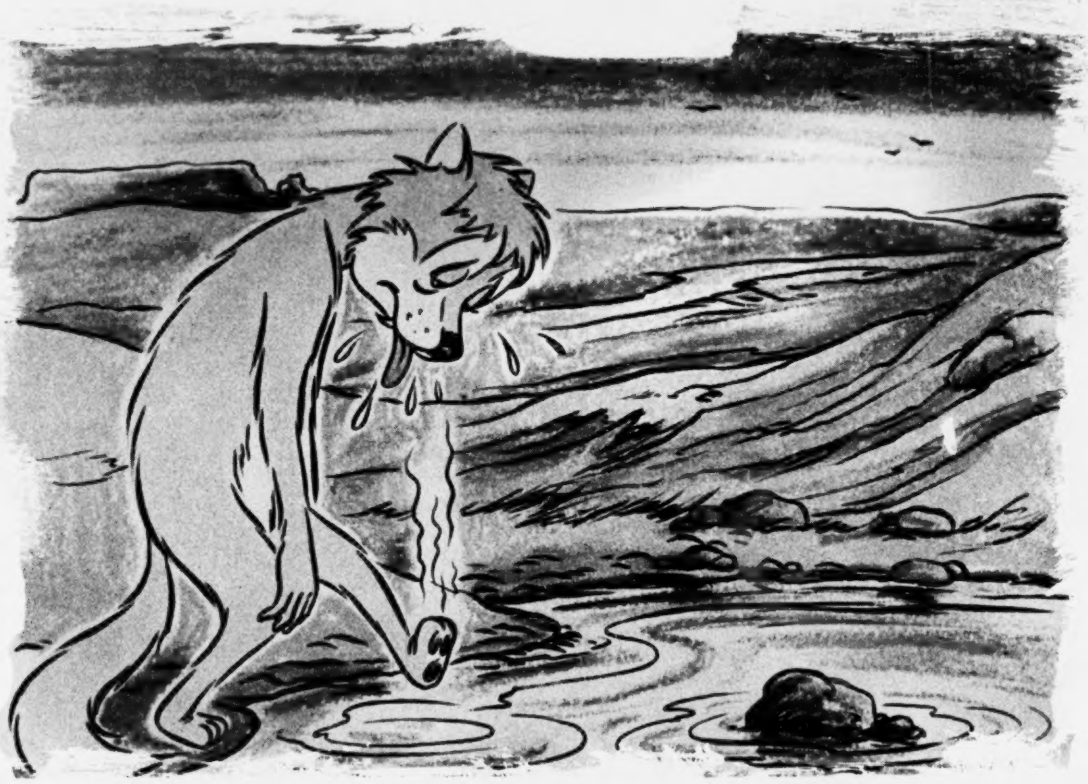
ILLUSTRATED BY DR. DON DOUGLASS



Long ago, people lived at Oraibi. West of Oraibi at Coyote Ridge lived a coyote.

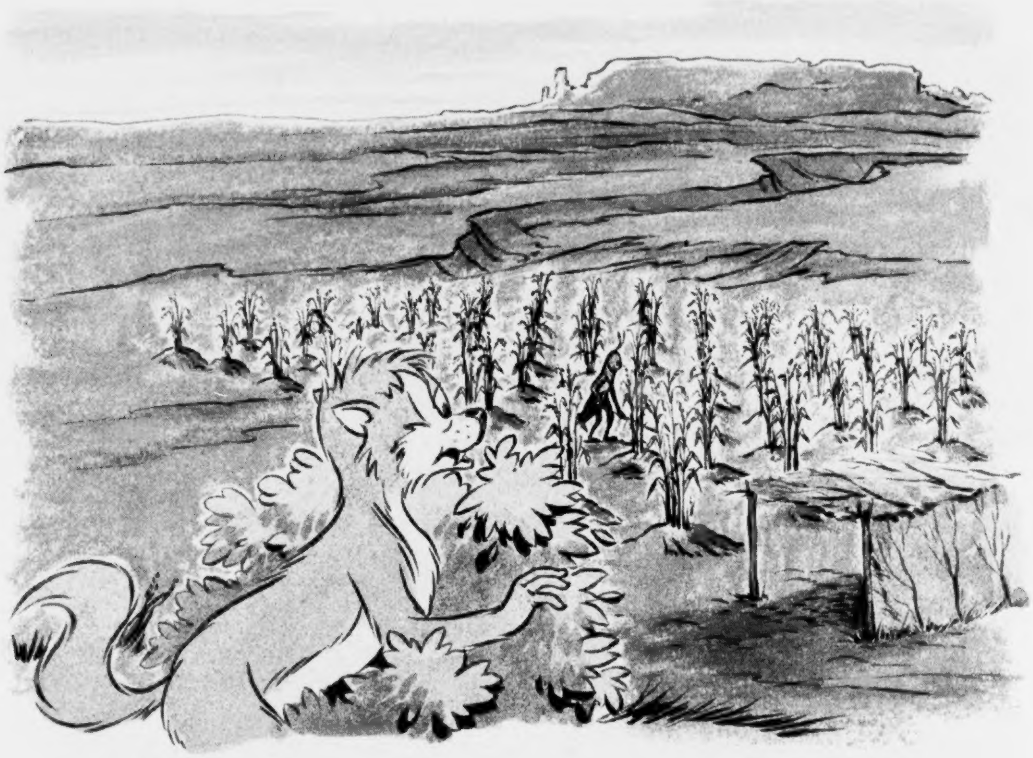
When spring came the coyote would hunt often. He would often hunt along the rocky hills near Oraibi.

One day coyote was hunting north of Oraibi. It was very hot. The sand burned his feet. He could not find anything.



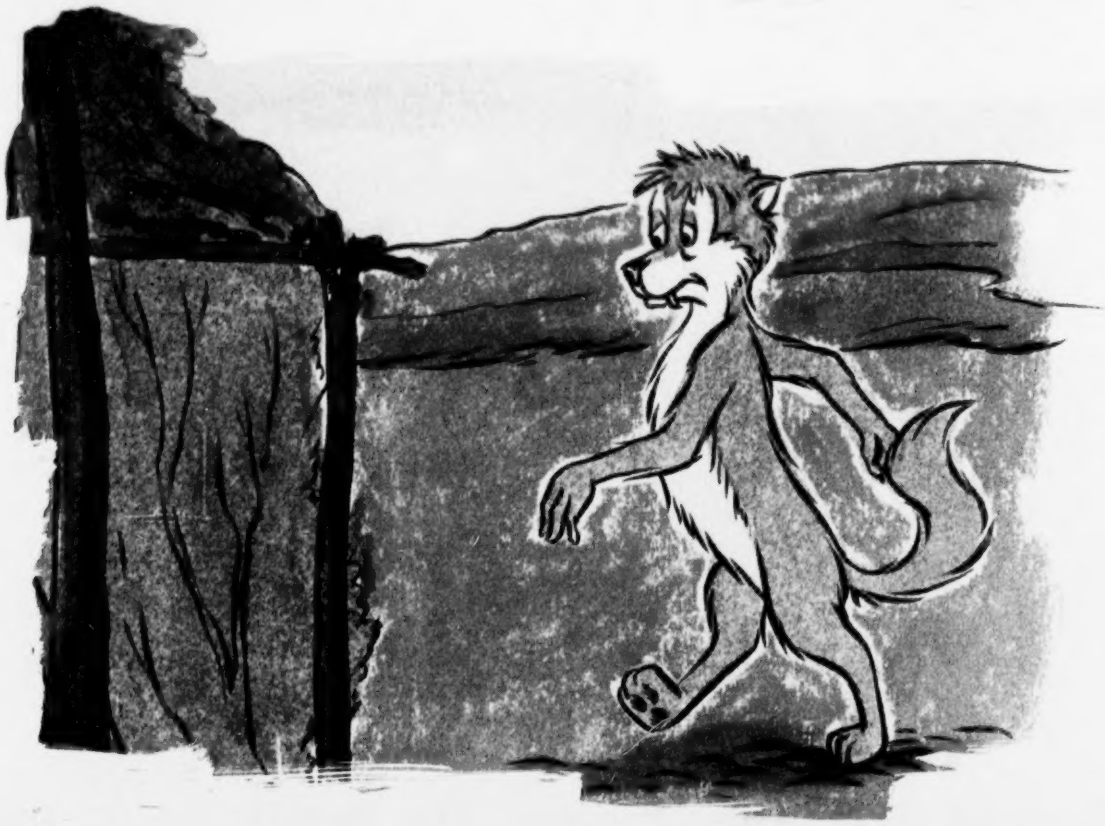
The coyote became thirsty. "I must find a place to drink," he thought. The coyote then went to Spirit Canyon to look for water. Sometimes there was a lot of water there in the springtime.

When he got to the spring there was only a little water. The water was not clean. The coyote did not drink any water.



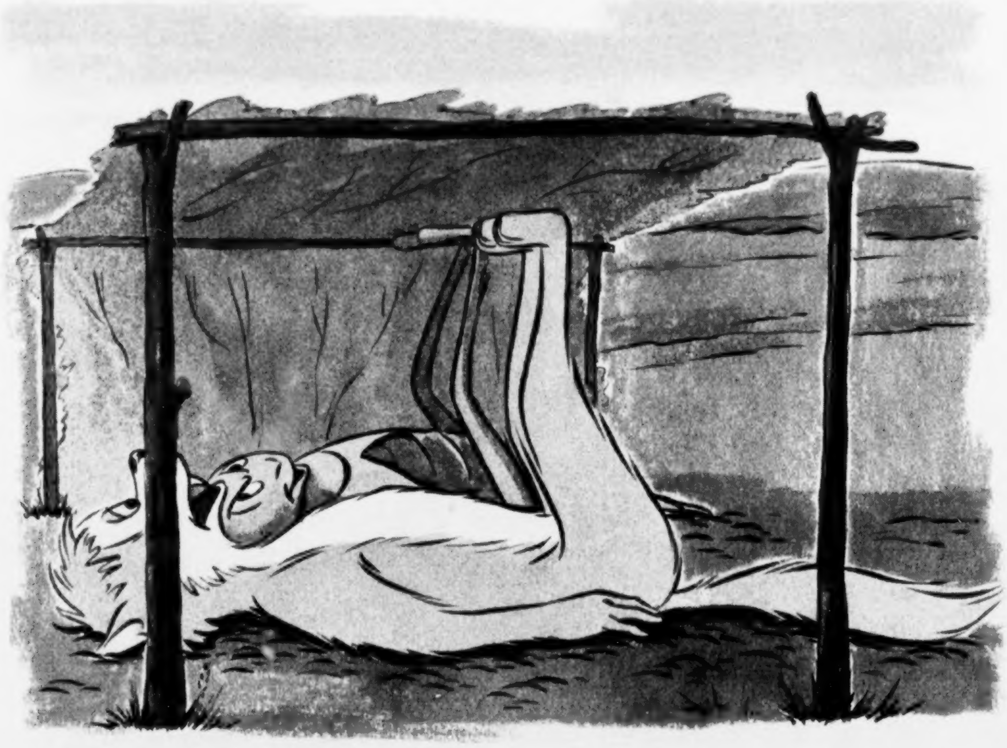
Coyote left the spring. He went back up Spirit Canyon. He followed the ridge of the canyon and came to a place where there was a cornfield. "Someone," he thought, "has a very good cornfield."

Just then someone was moving around in the cornfield. Coyote found some bushes and hid behind them. He watched as someone kept moving and hoeing about the cornfield.



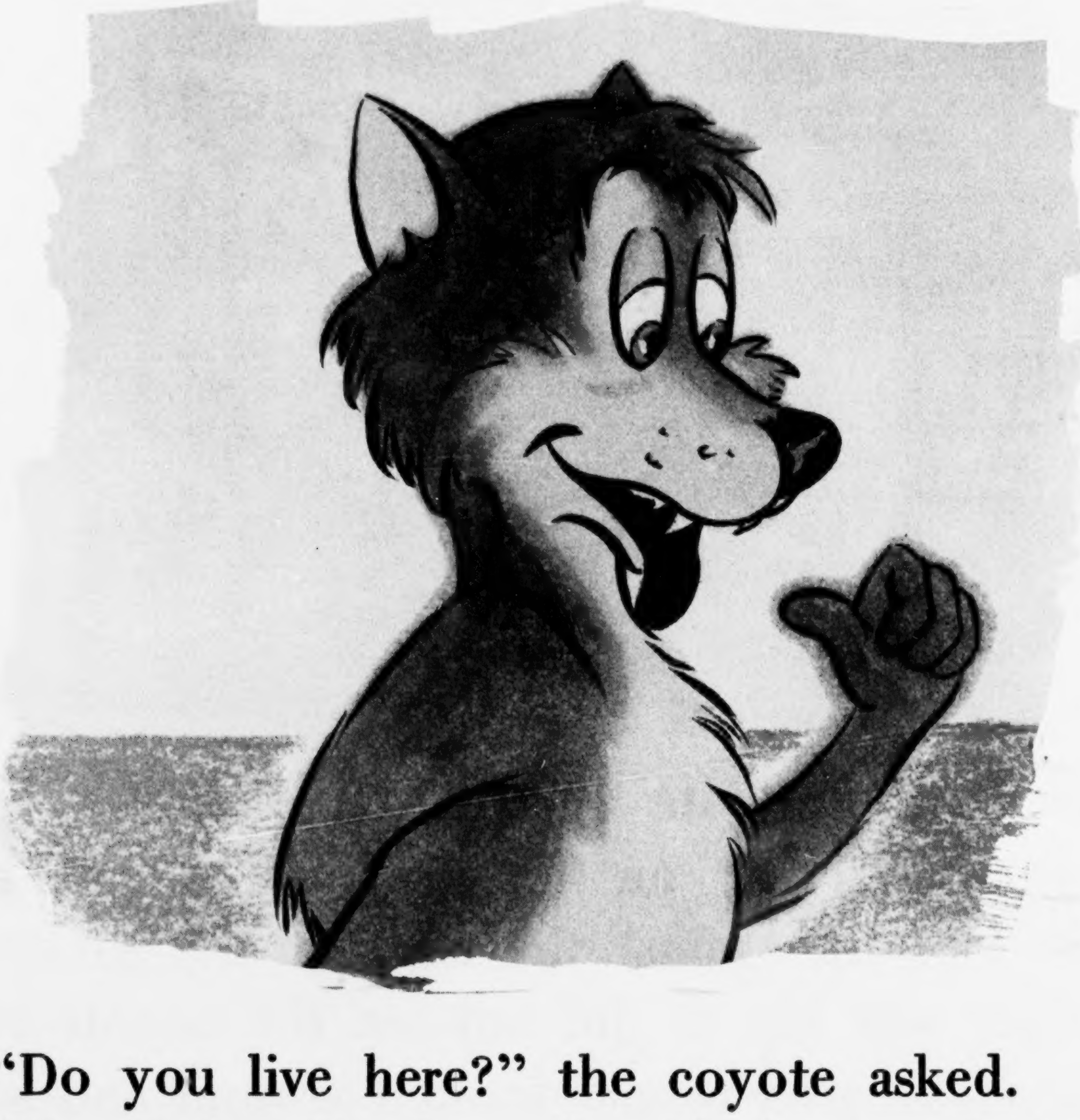
There was a large shelter at one edge of the cornfield. As he reached the shelter the person threw away his hoe and jumped under the shelter.

The coyote went over to the shelter to see who it was that owned the cornfield and the shelter. "I wonder who it is that owns this fine cornfield," the coyote thought as he came near the shelter.



When the coyote reached the shelter he saw a grasshopper lying on his back. The grasshopper held his feet up against the roof of the shelter. The grasshopper was big. It did not see the coyote coming.

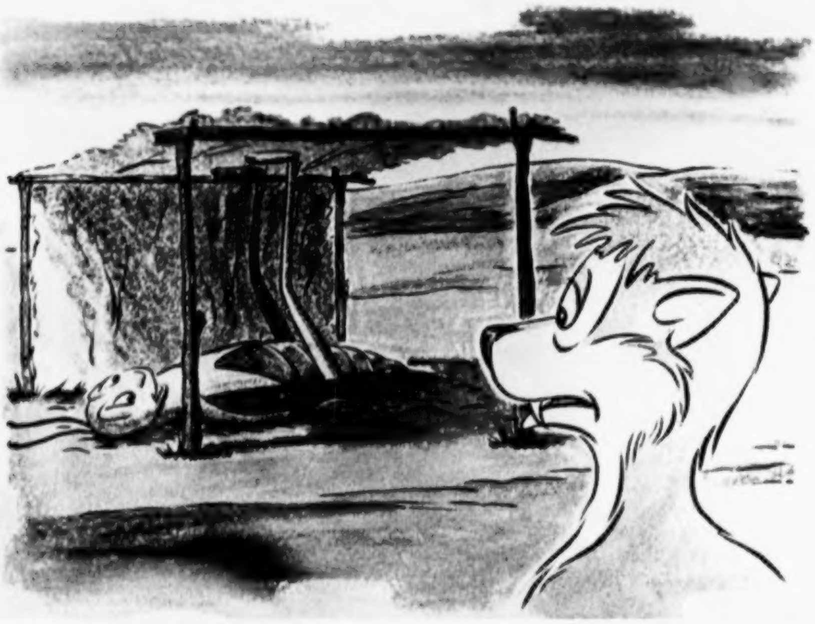
Then the grasshopper looked around and saw the coyote standing there looking at him. The grasshopper was afraid. "The coyote will surely eat me," he thought.



"Do you live here?" the coyote asked.

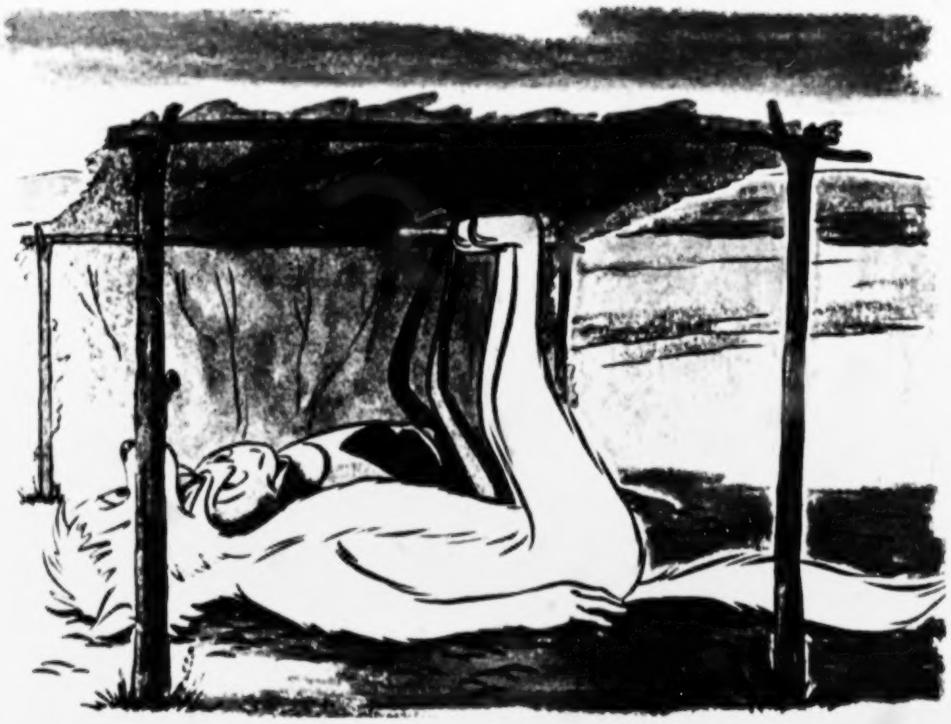
"Yes I do. Sit down," said the grasshopper.

"Are you traveling through here today?" asked the grasshopper. The coyote said, "Yes."



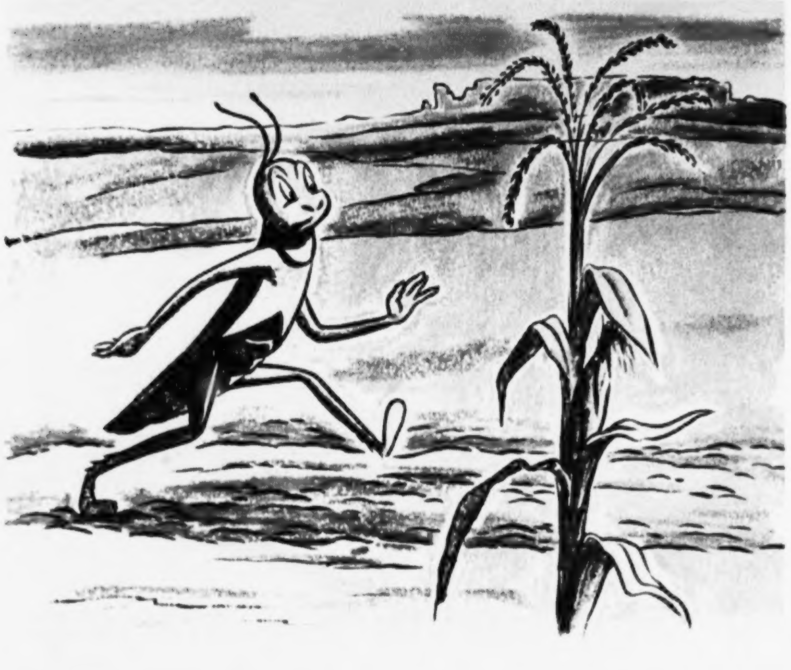
Then the grasshopper said, "Yes, I have this cornfield. I told the people of Oraibi that I would hoe my field. I have a big pot of stew. If the people had come and helped me I would have shared the stew with them."

"I think that this shelter is going to come down on me," said the grasshopper. "Lie down beside me and put your feet up to the roof. I will go tell my wife that it is time to eat."

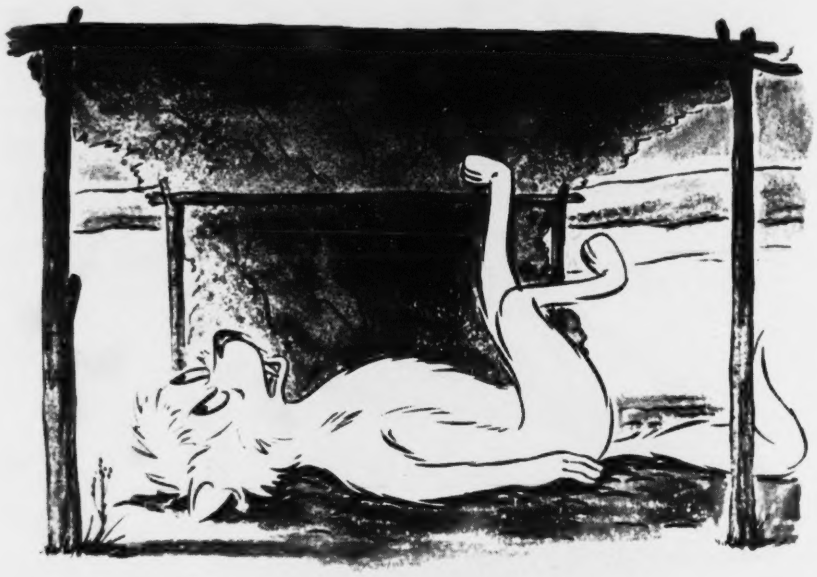


"I am really telling the truth. I have a big pot of stew. I wanted the people to help me hoe my field. It is late and nobody is here. Get down here and hold up the shelter so that I may go tell my wife. We will have a good meal," said the grasshopper.

So the coyote got down under the shelter and put his feet up against the roof. The grasshopper jumped from under the shelter.

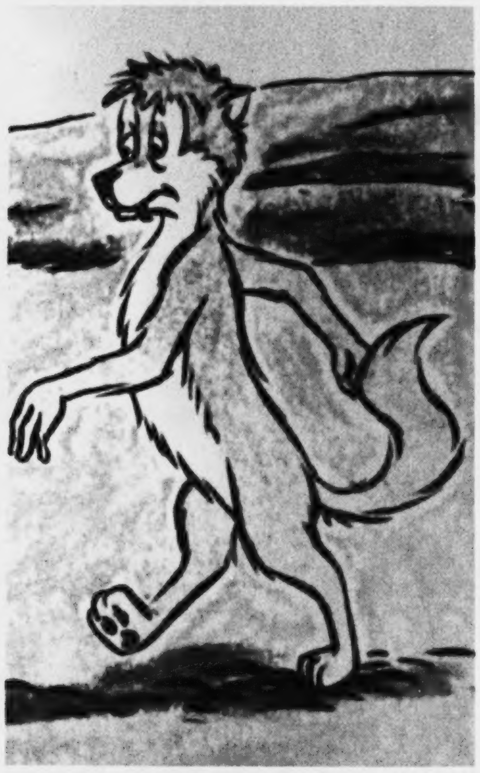


The grasshopper went back and forth in the cornfield. “Where can I run away to so the coyote won’t find me?” he thought. The grasshopper kept walking around until he reached a row of corn far away from the coyote. He picked out a plant and pulled out the tassel. Then the grasshopper got inside the plant and stuck the tassel back in after him. The grasshopper watched the coyote from the plant.



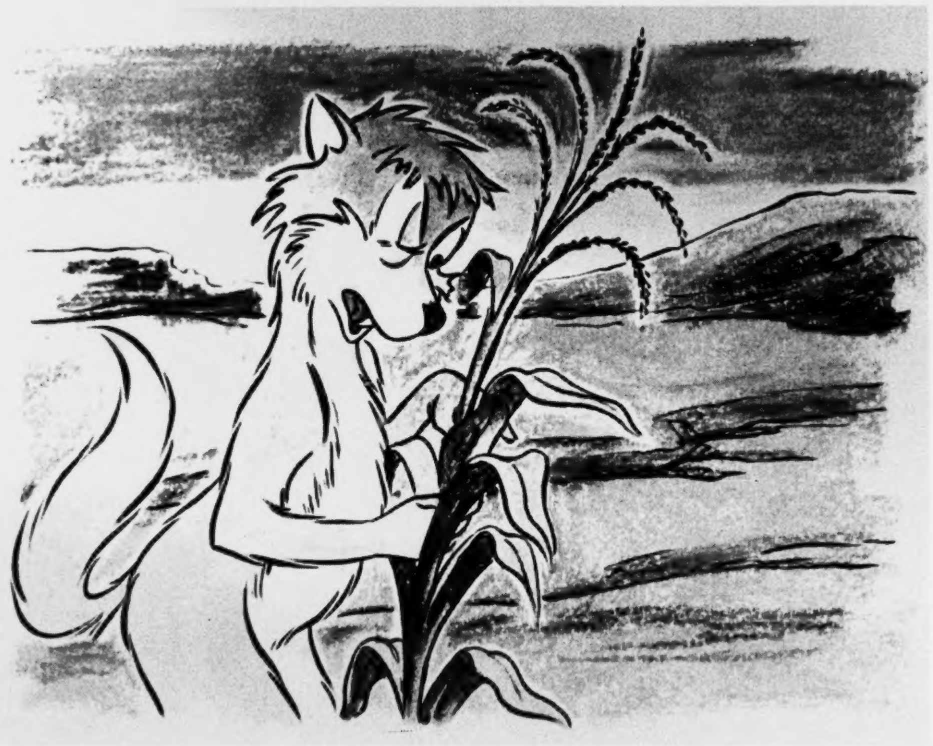
Meanwhile the coyote was waiting. The shadows of the shelter grew longer. Still the grasshopper did not come. His legs began to hurt. "Perhaps if I throw myself over there and then roll myself away from the shelter it may not fall on me," thought the coyote.

The coyote's legs hurt more than ever. With all his might the coyote threw himself away from under the shelter. He rolled fast and as far as he could away from the shelter. Then he got up. The shelter did not even move. The grasshopper had lied to him.

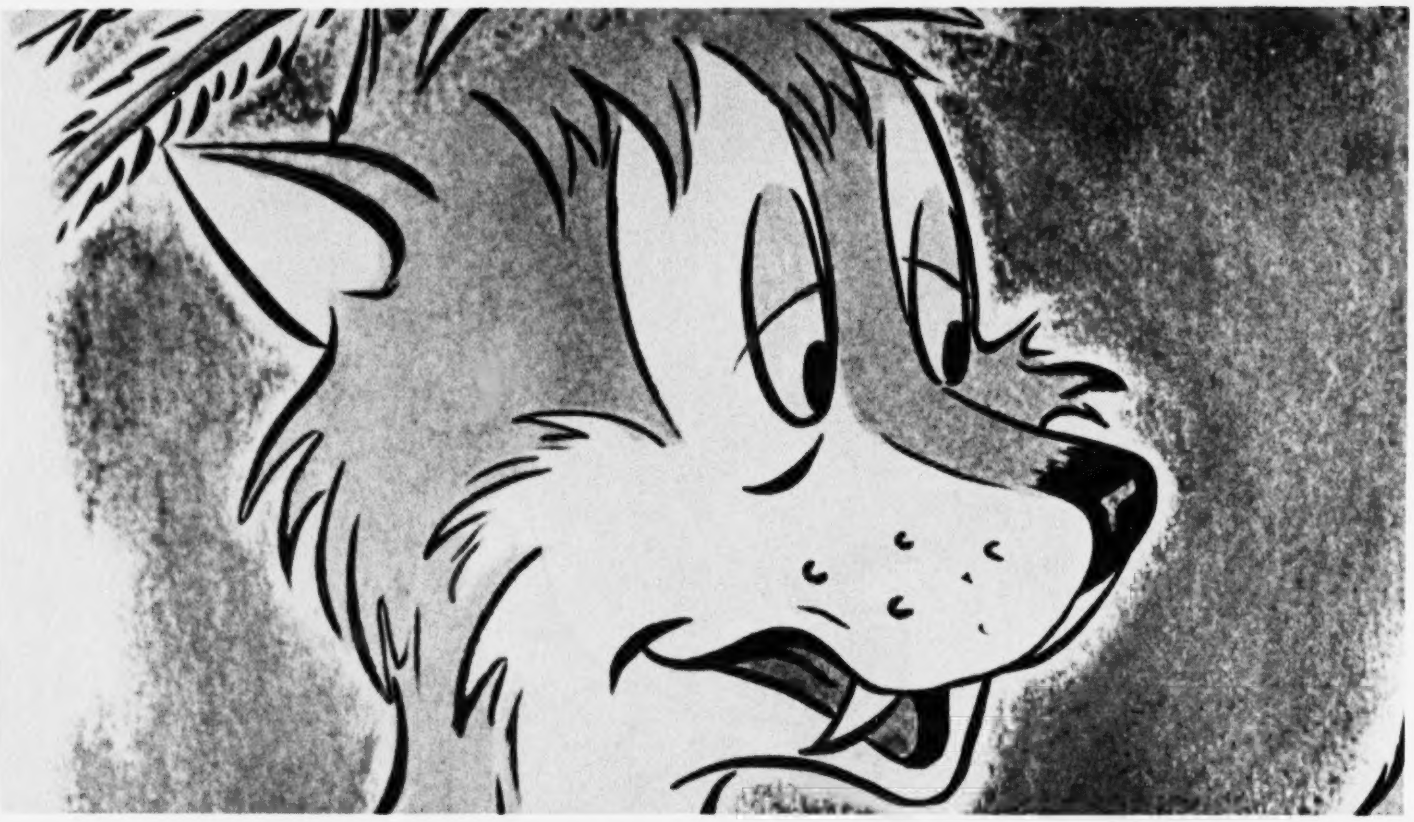


The coyote was angry. He said, "You are not nice, grasshopper. I will go look for you. When I find you I will eat you."

The coyote then went to look for the grasshopper. After a while he found the grasshopper's tracks. The coyote went all over the cornfield following the tracks. He sniffed here and there as he went along.

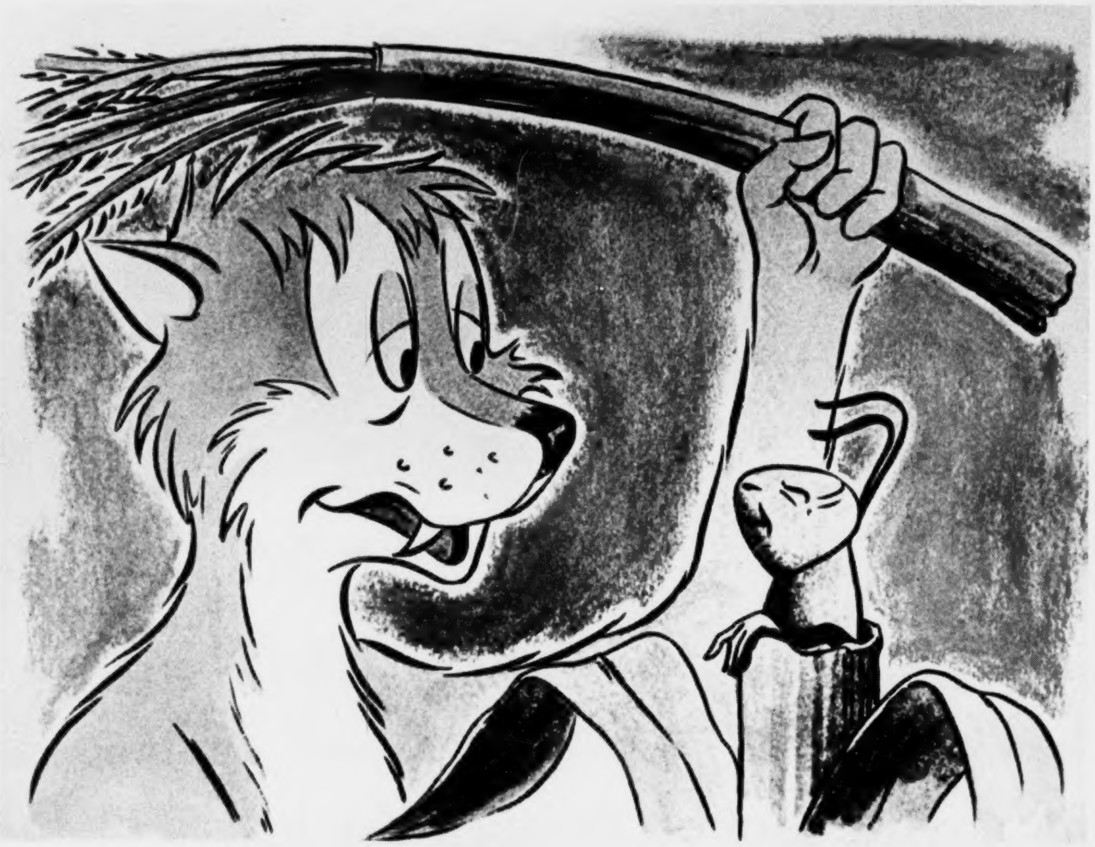


The grasshopper watched as the coyote came nearer and nearer. Finally the coyote reached the plant where the grasshopper was hidden. The coyote looked around the plant. The tracks stopped at the edge of the plant. "Where could the grasshopper have gone? These are his tracks," thought the coyote.



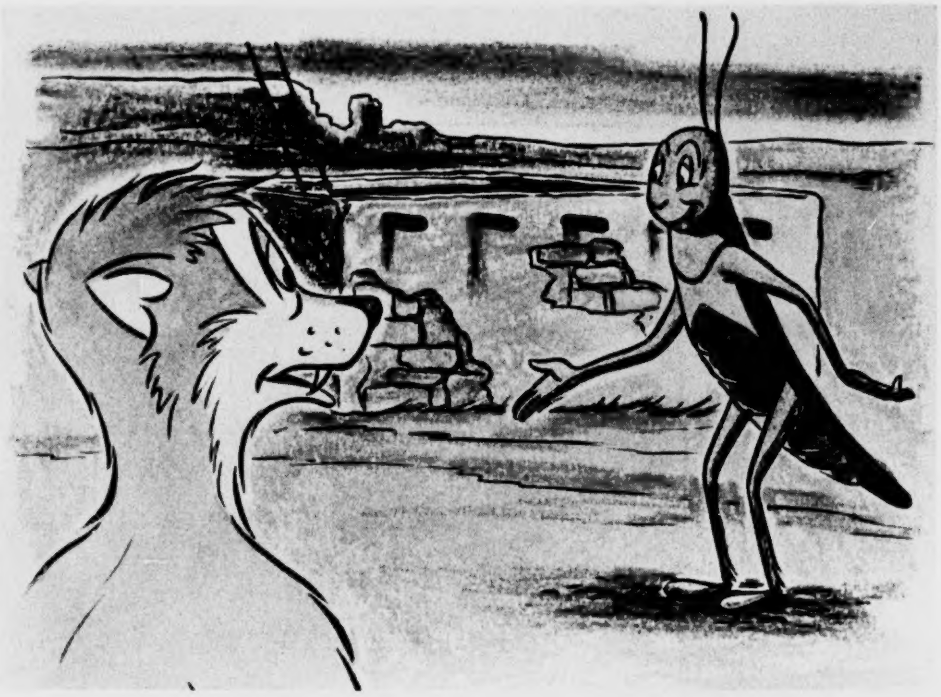
The coyote looked through the leaves of the plant. He could not find the grasshopper. Just then the coyote saw that one of the plant's tassels looked a little dry.

The coyote pulled out the tassel. Sure enough, there was the grasshopper sitting under the plant. "Ah ha! I have found you. Come on out. You lied to me. It grew late but you never came back. I shall eat you. So come out," said the coyote.



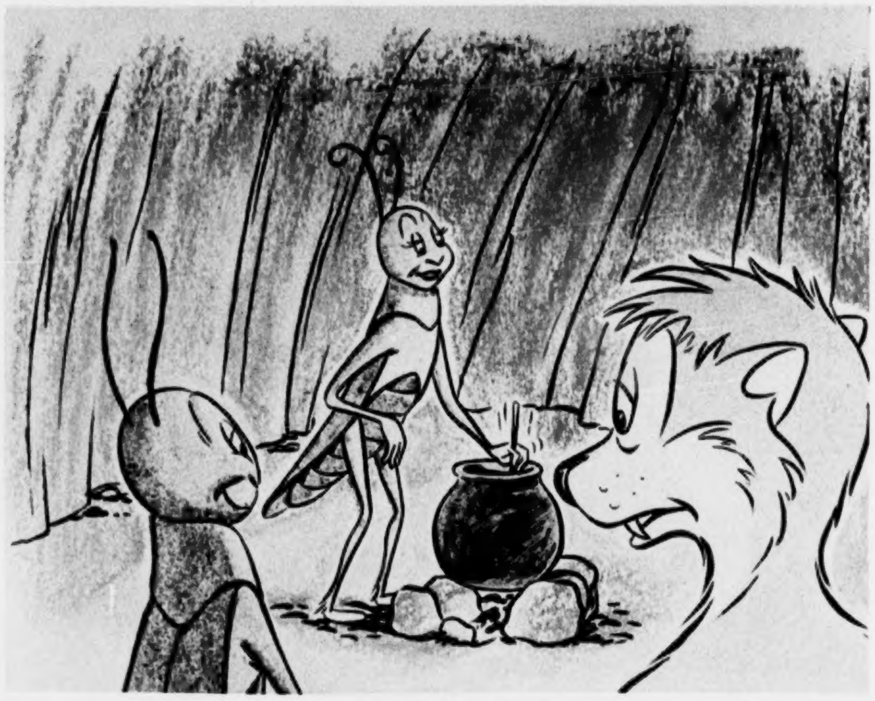
The grasshopper came out slowly. "It has grown late? Well, I really did tell you the truth. Let us go home now. You must be tired and hungry. I live only a short way from here," said the grasshopper.

The coyote said, "All right. But do not lie to me again. When we get to your home if you have nothing for me to eat I will eat you for sure!"



The coyote and the grasshopper went to the grasshopper's house. They soon reached the house. The house was a large burrow. The grasshopper invited the coyote into the house.

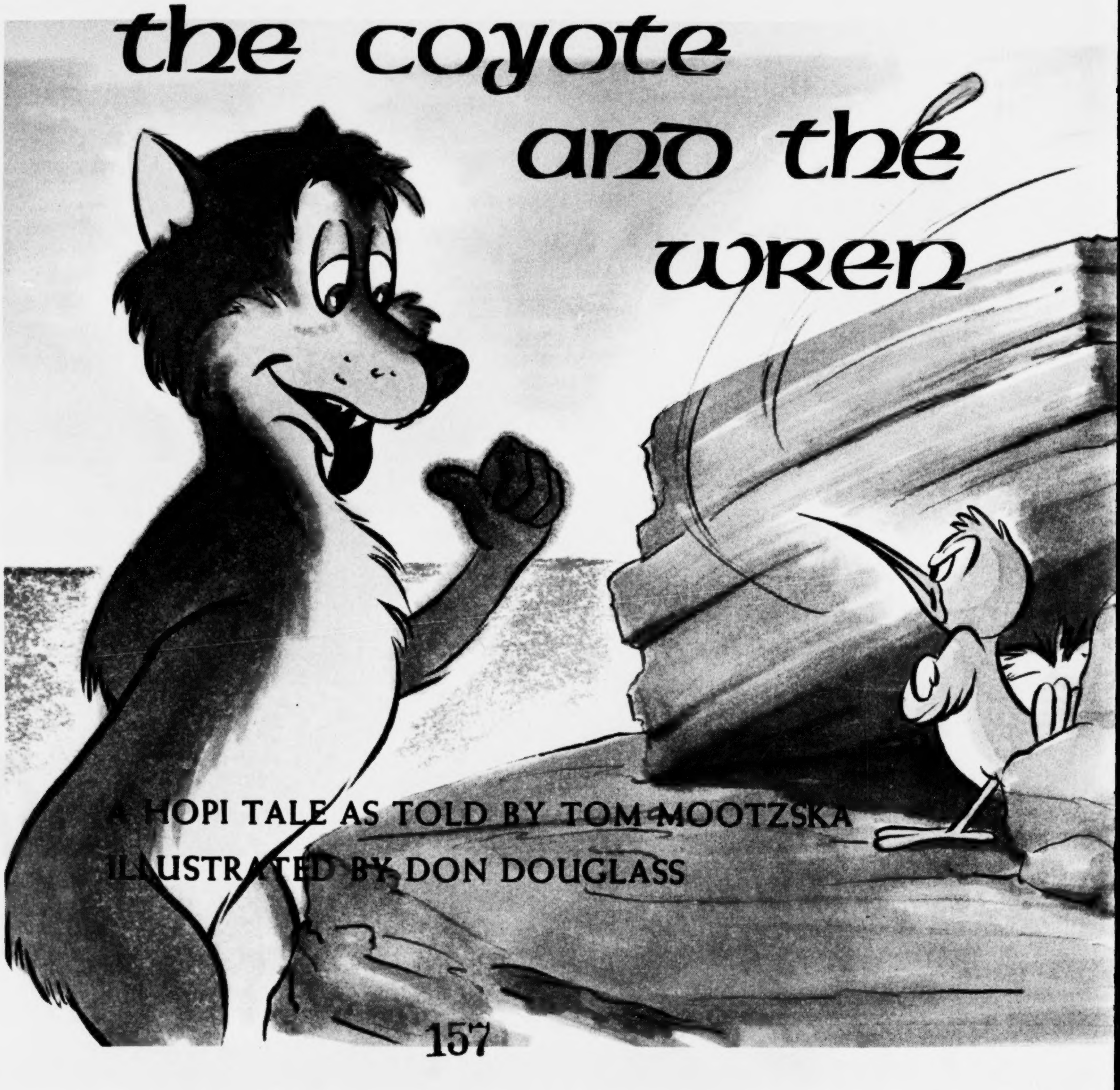
While the grasshopper's wife was cooking the stew, the grasshopper told his wife that the coyote was hunting near his cornfield and came by to see him. The grasshopper did not tell his wife how the coyote almost ate him.



The grasshopper said, "Let us eat." He told his wife to get a bowl for coyote and fill it with stew. They all ate. They did not even eat all of the stew. When they finished eating the coyote said to the grasshopper, "I know you now. I will not bother you again. Let us be friends." The coyote thanked the grasshopper and then went on his way.

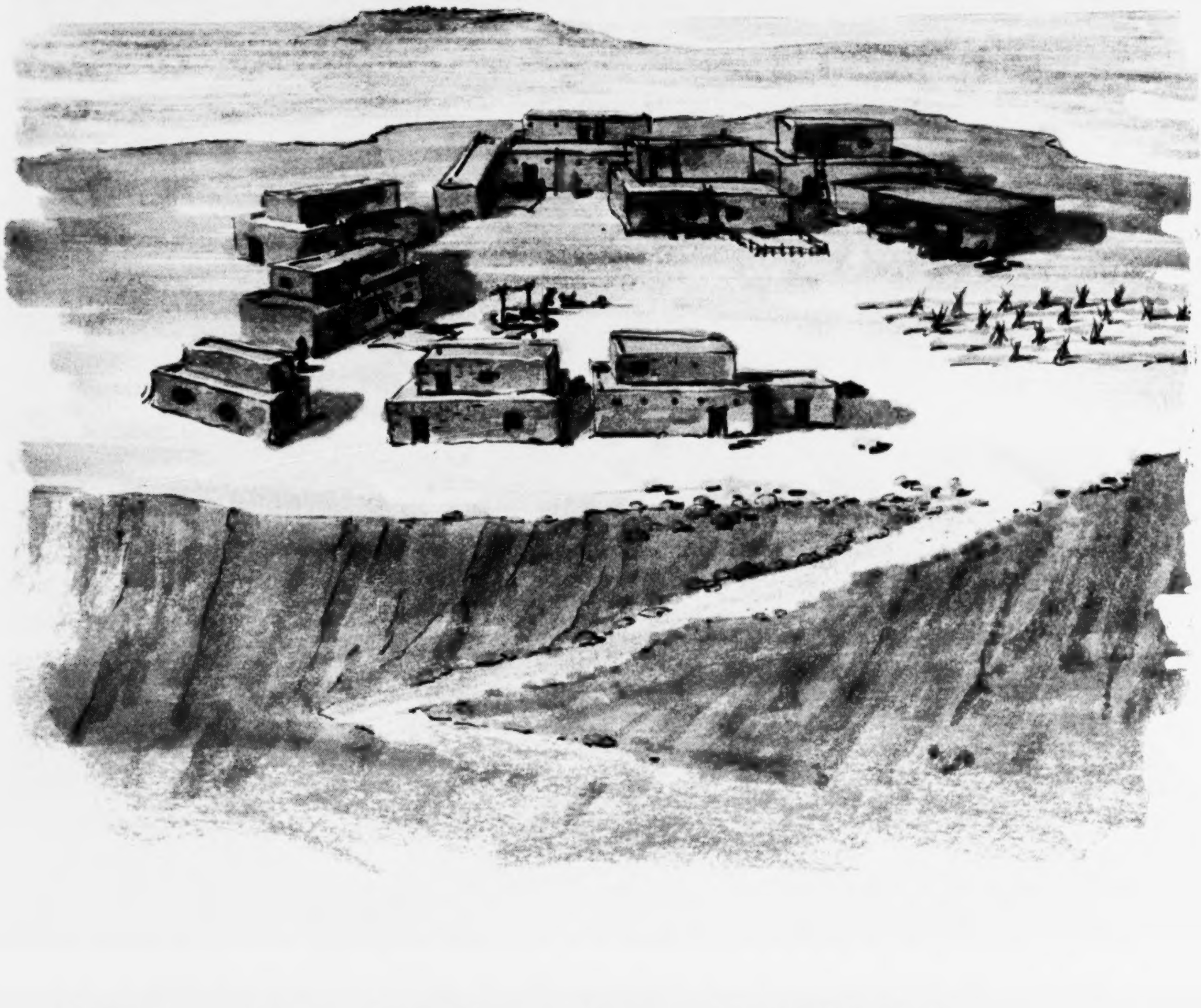
Perhaps the coyote, the grasshopper and the grasshopper's wife are all still living somewhere today.

the coyote and the wren

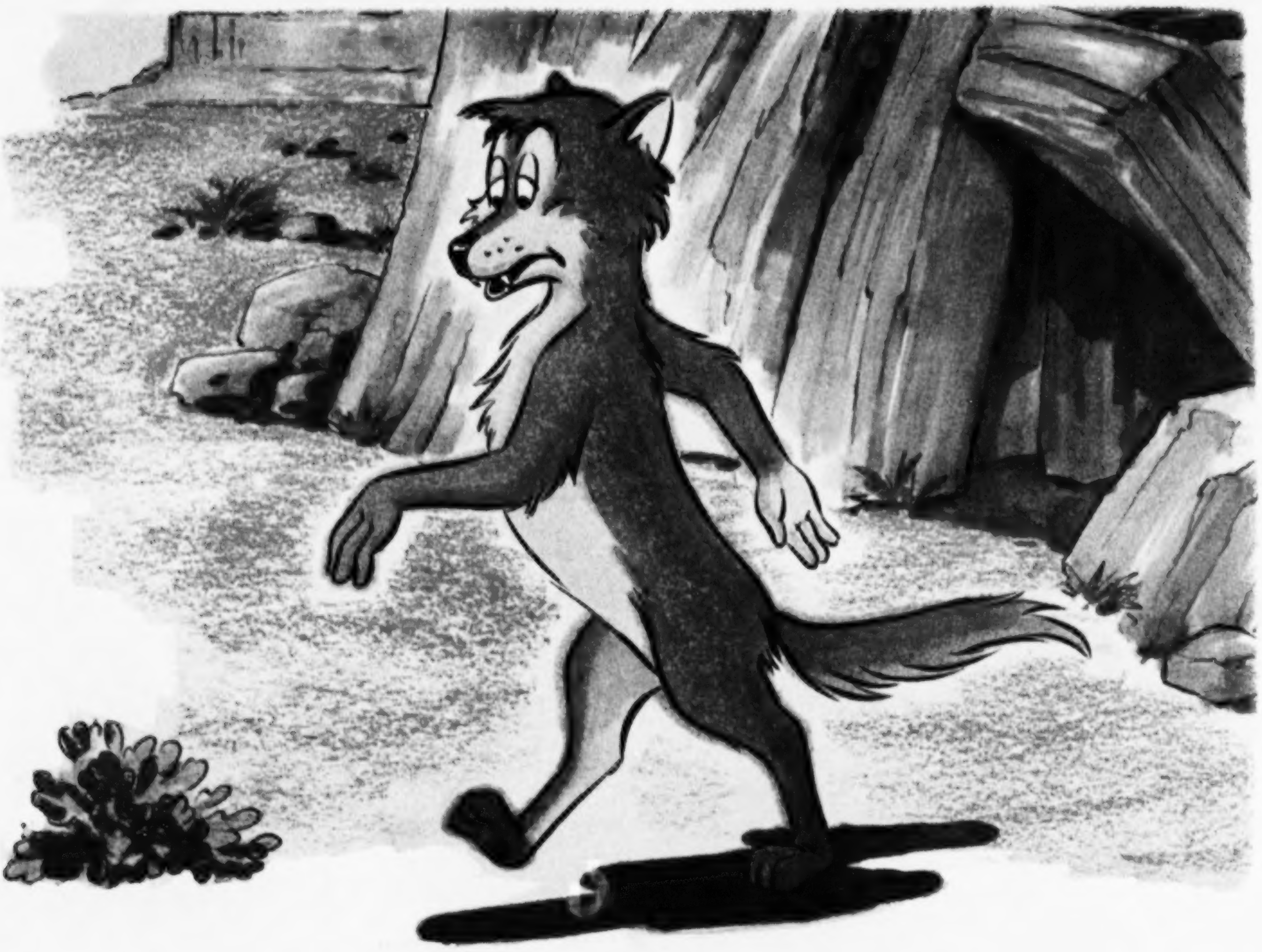


A HOPI TALE AS TOLD BY TOM MOOTZSKA

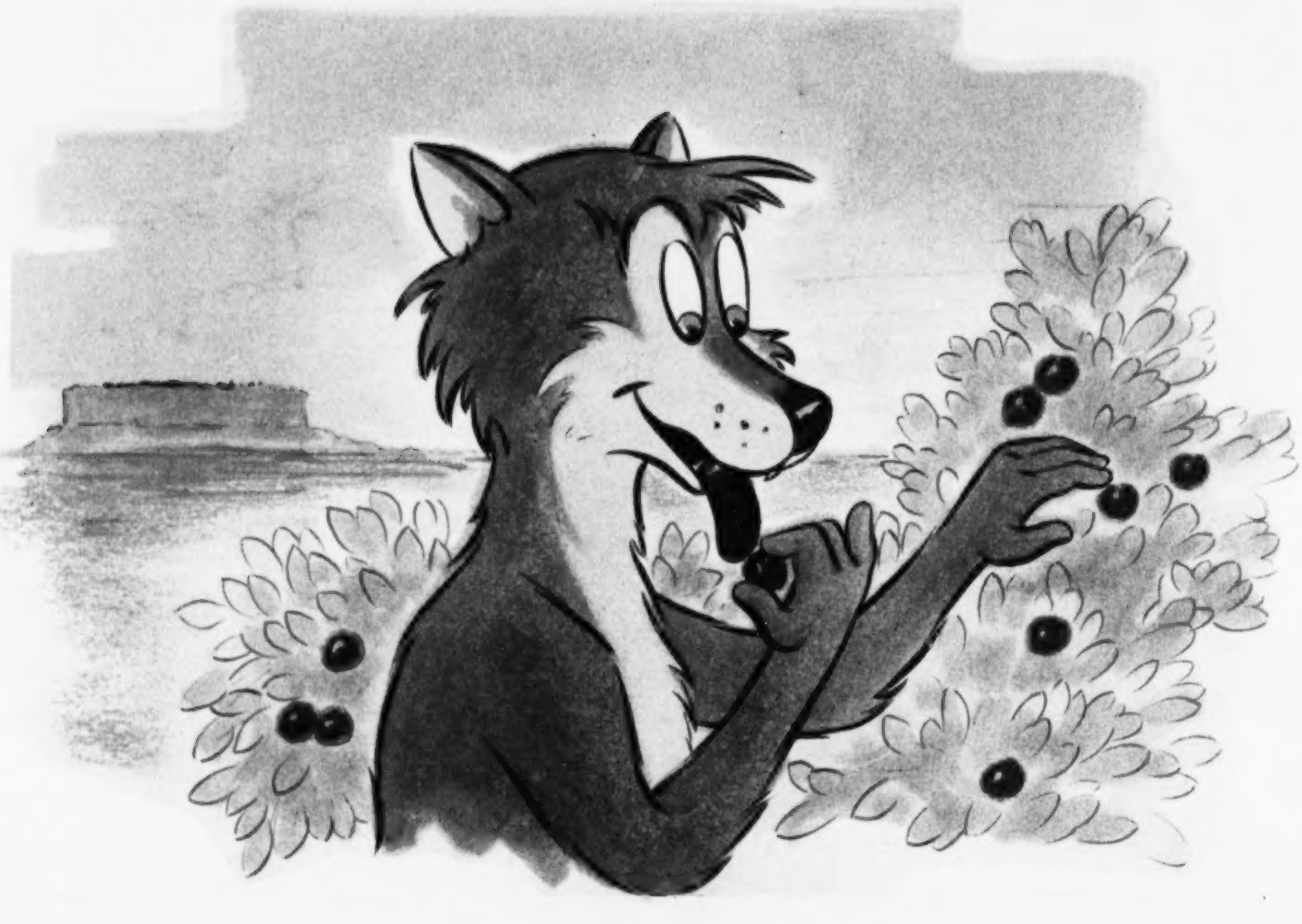
ILLUSTRATED BY DON DOUGLASS



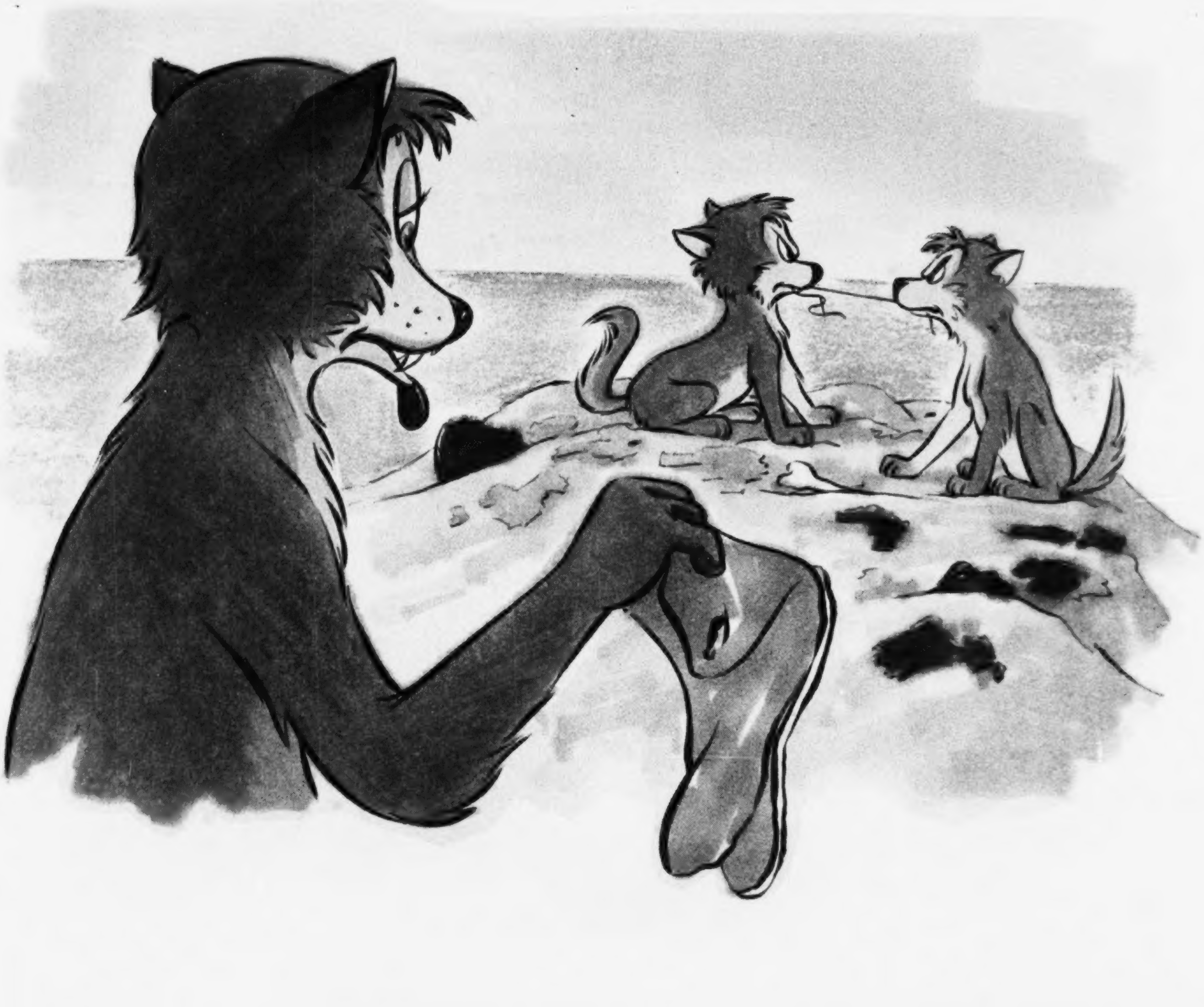
Once upon a time the village of Oraibi had many Hopis.



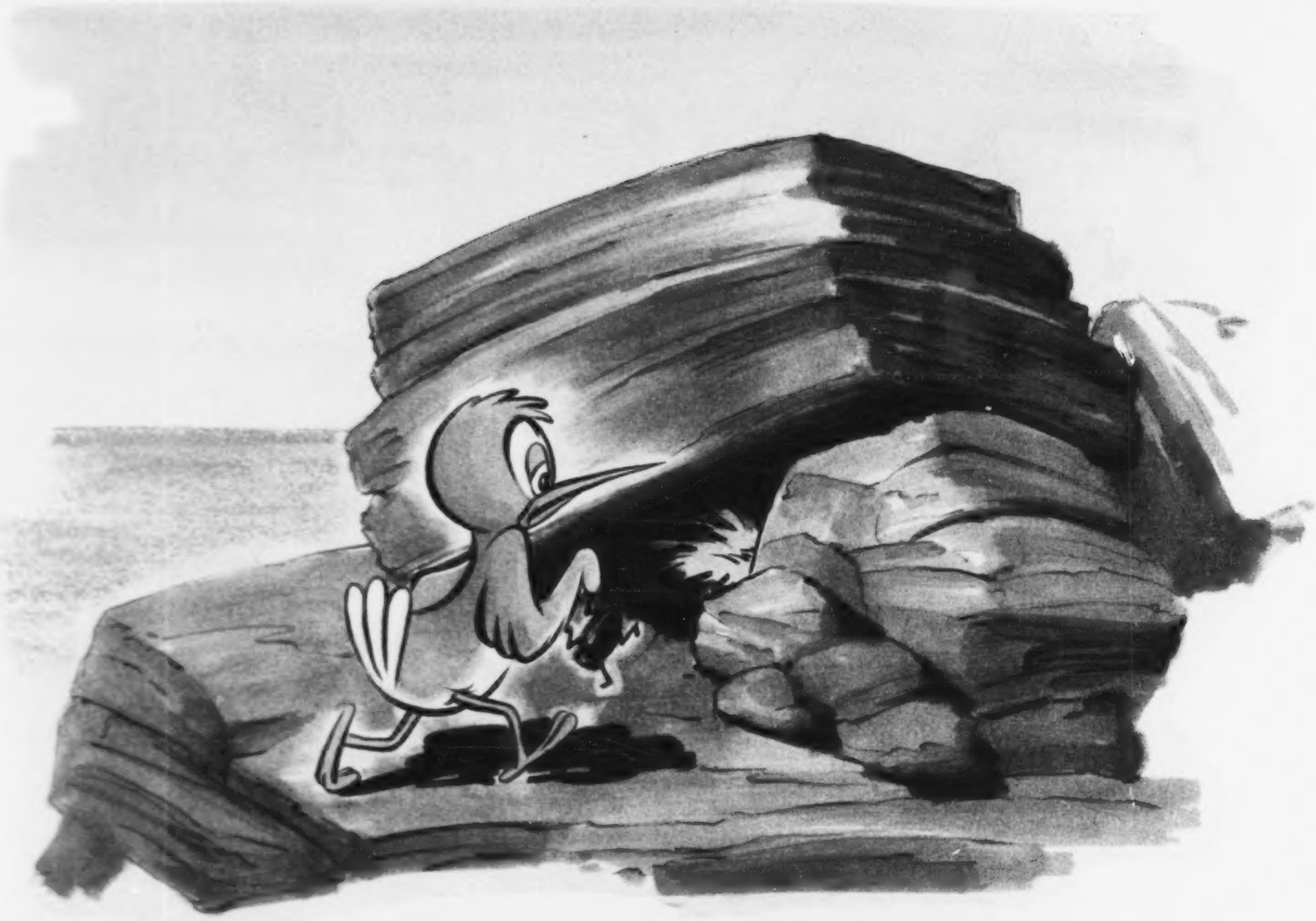
At this time there lived southwest of the village a mother coyote and her two little ones.



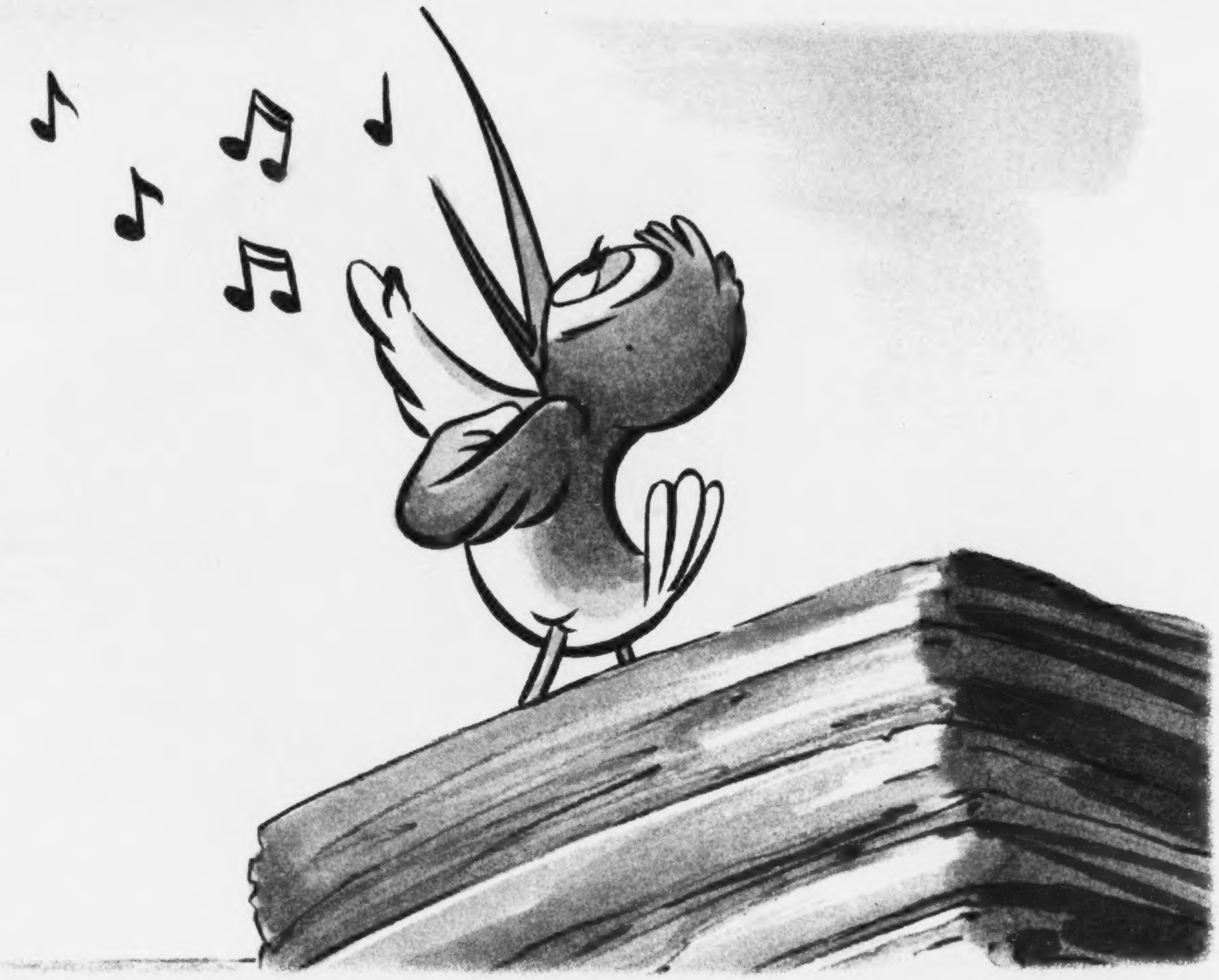
Each day the coyote would go out to eat wild berries. When she was full, she would return to her home.



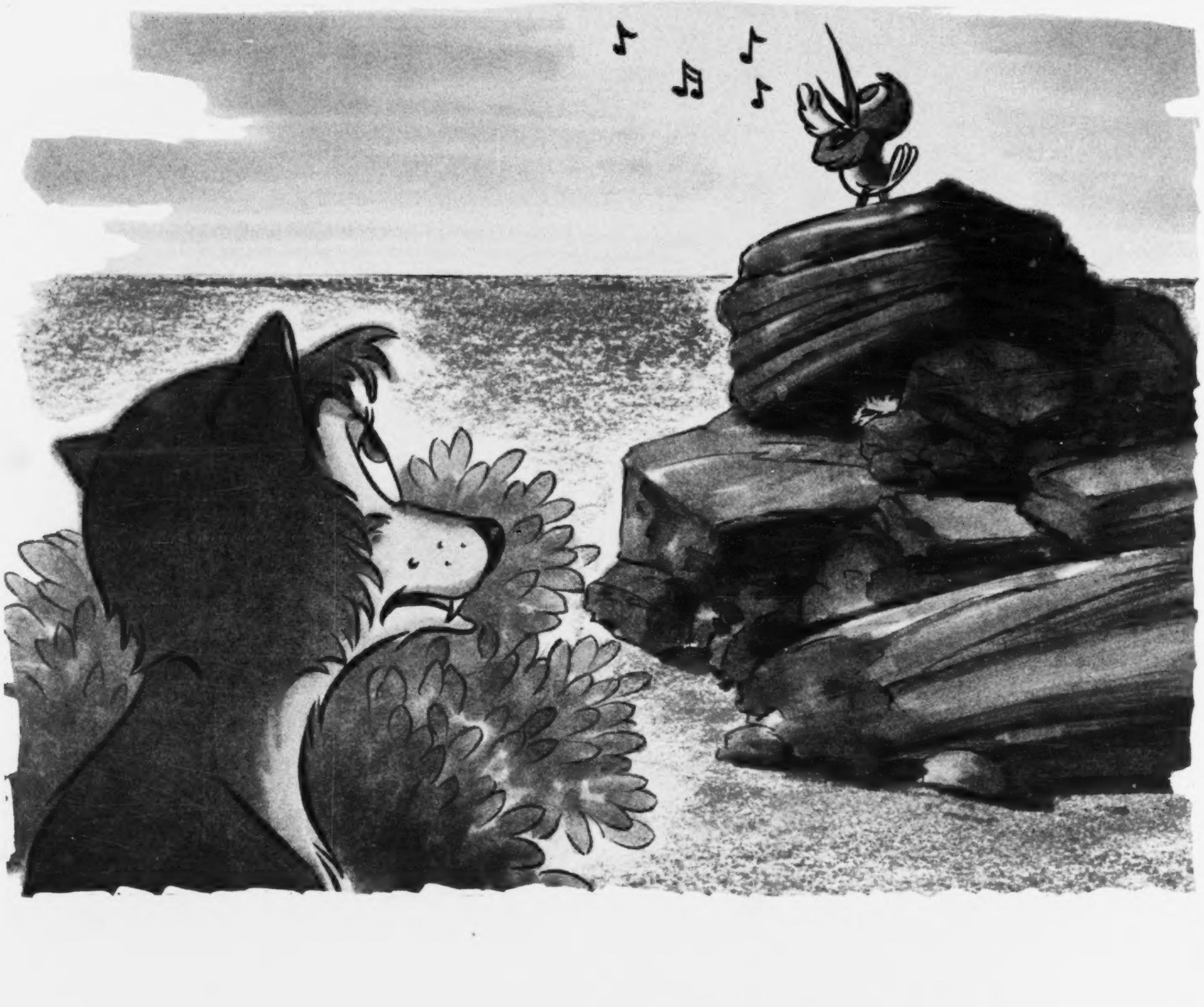
On some days she would take her two babies to the trash piles of Old Oraibi to gather greasy old shoes and bones for the family to eat.



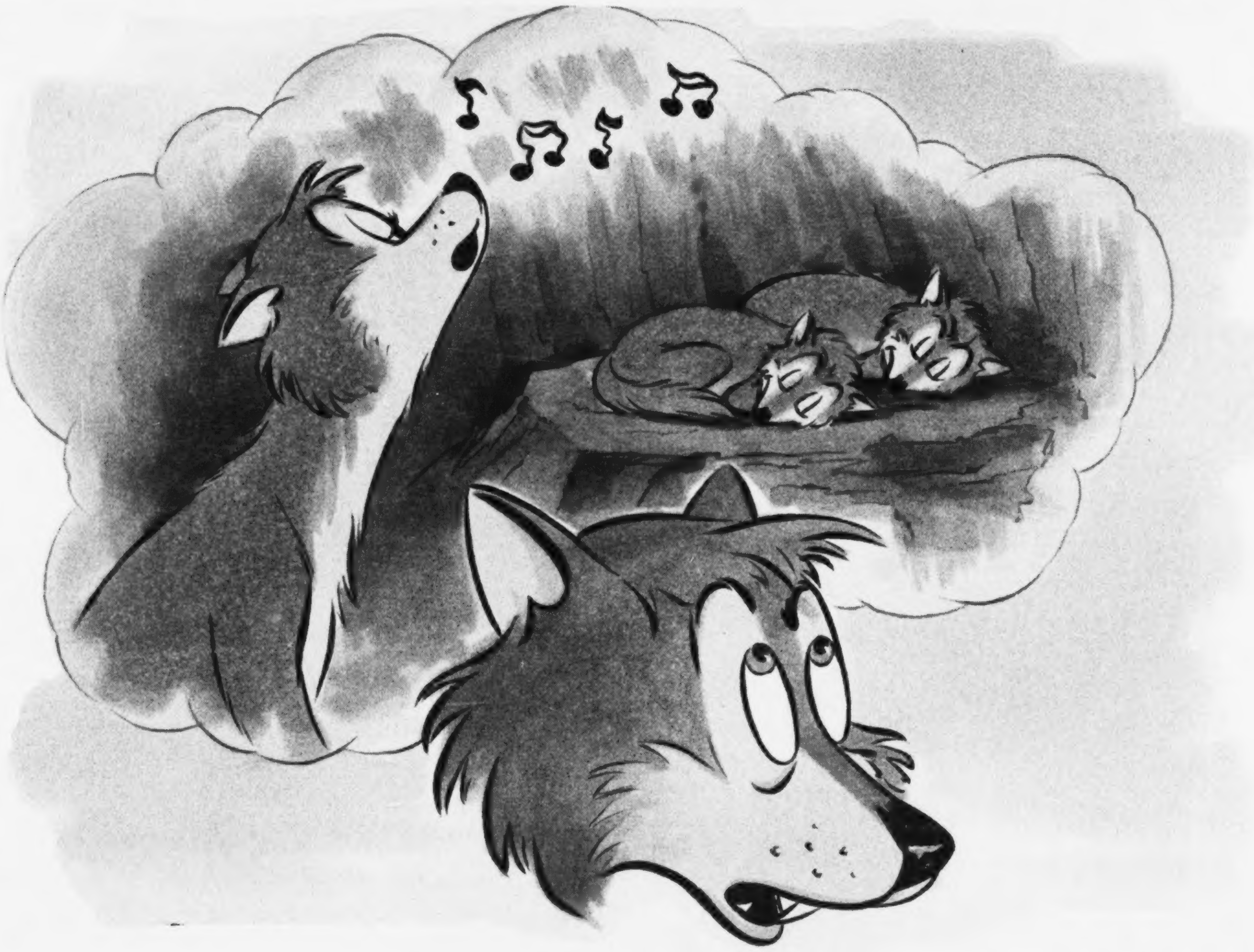
Near the village there also lived a wren. Her nest was in a big pile of rocks. The wren also had little ones of her own. Each day the wren would go out to find food for her little ones.



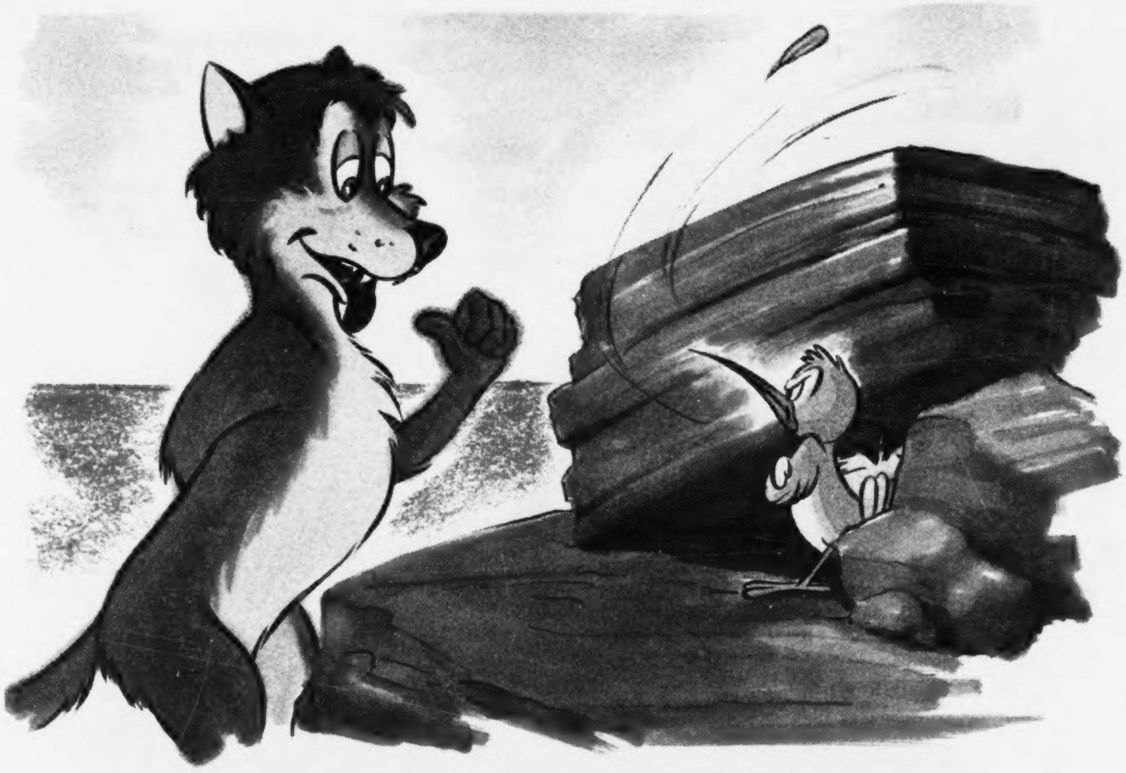
After the wren had fed her little ones, she would sing to them.



One day when the coyote was looking for food, she heard the wren singing. The coyote came to listen to the singing.



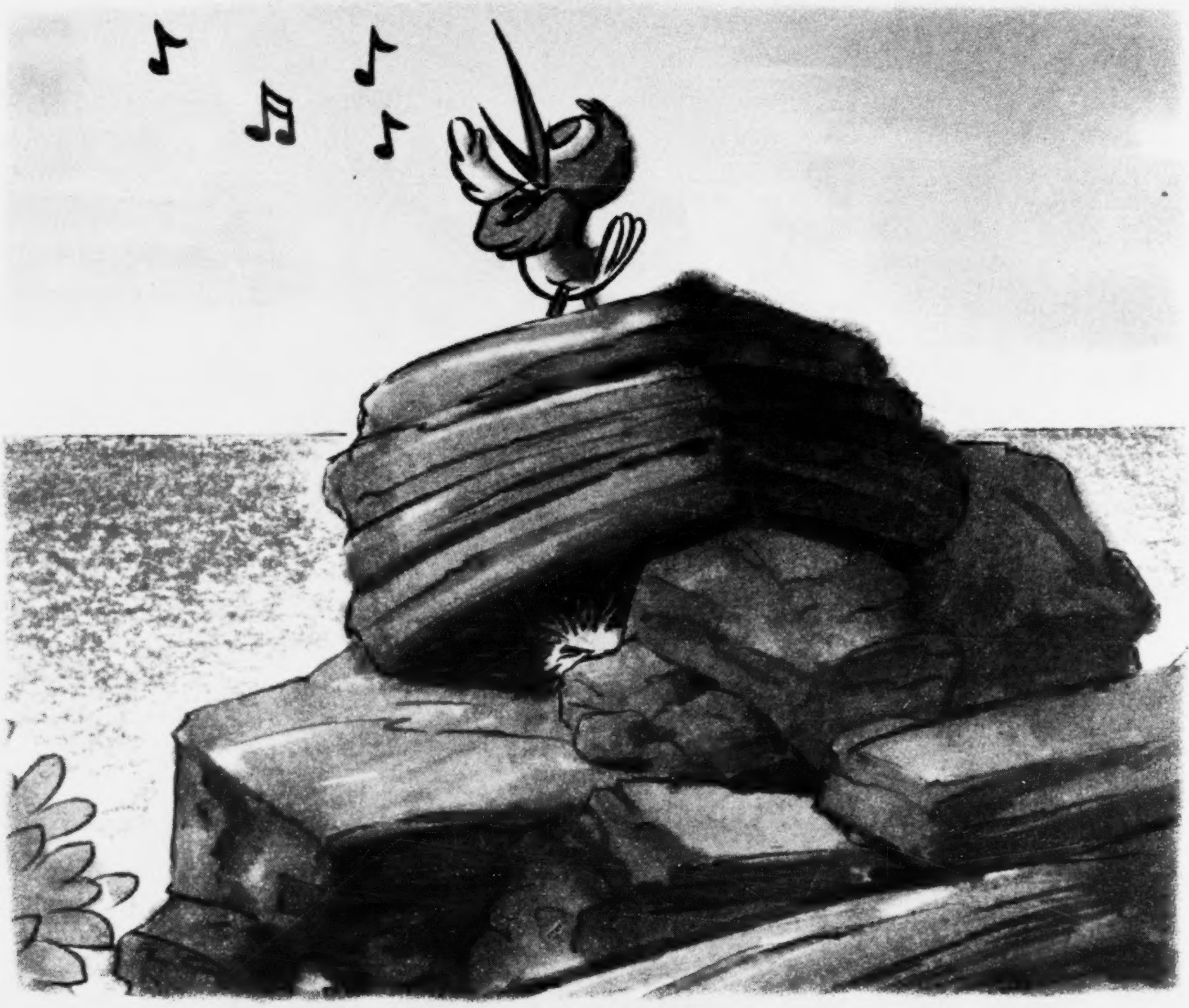
"Oh, how I would like to learn that song!" the coyote said to herself. "I could sing it as a lullaby to my little ones."



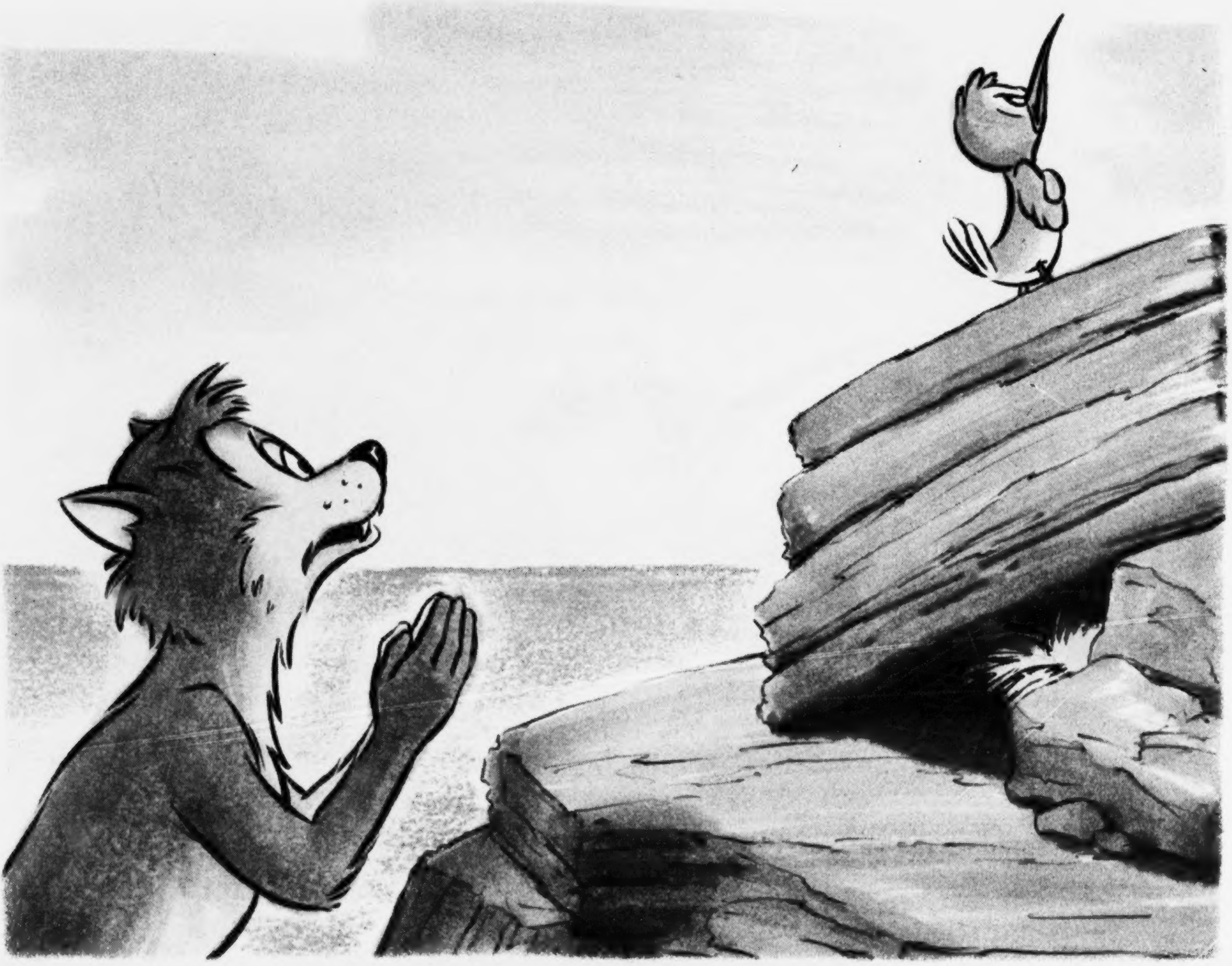
When the wren finished her song, she started back to her nest.

"Wait," called the coyote. "Sing your song once again so I can learn it. I would like to sing it to my little ones."

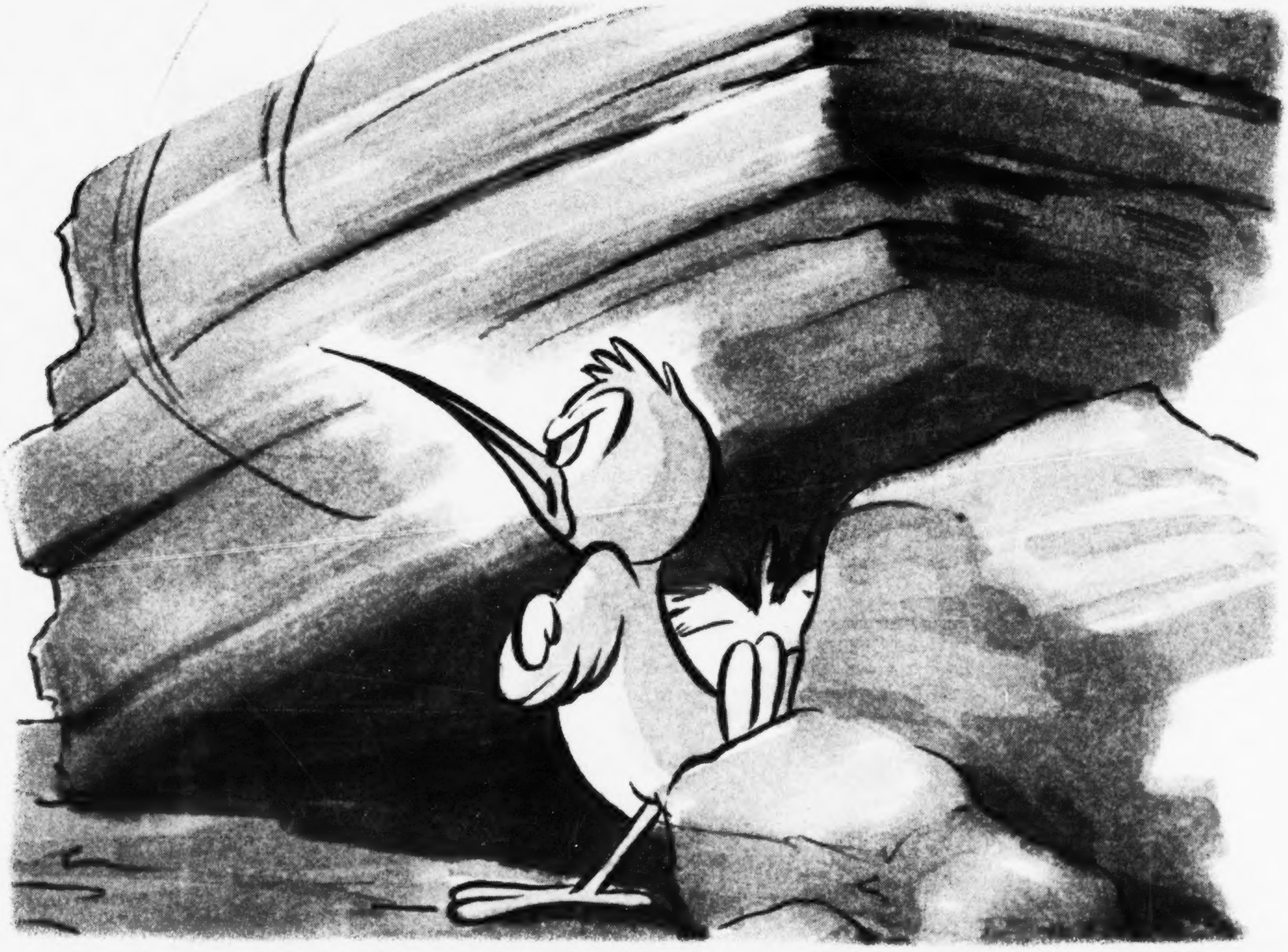
"All right," said the wren, "I will sing it once more, but I don't think you can learn it."



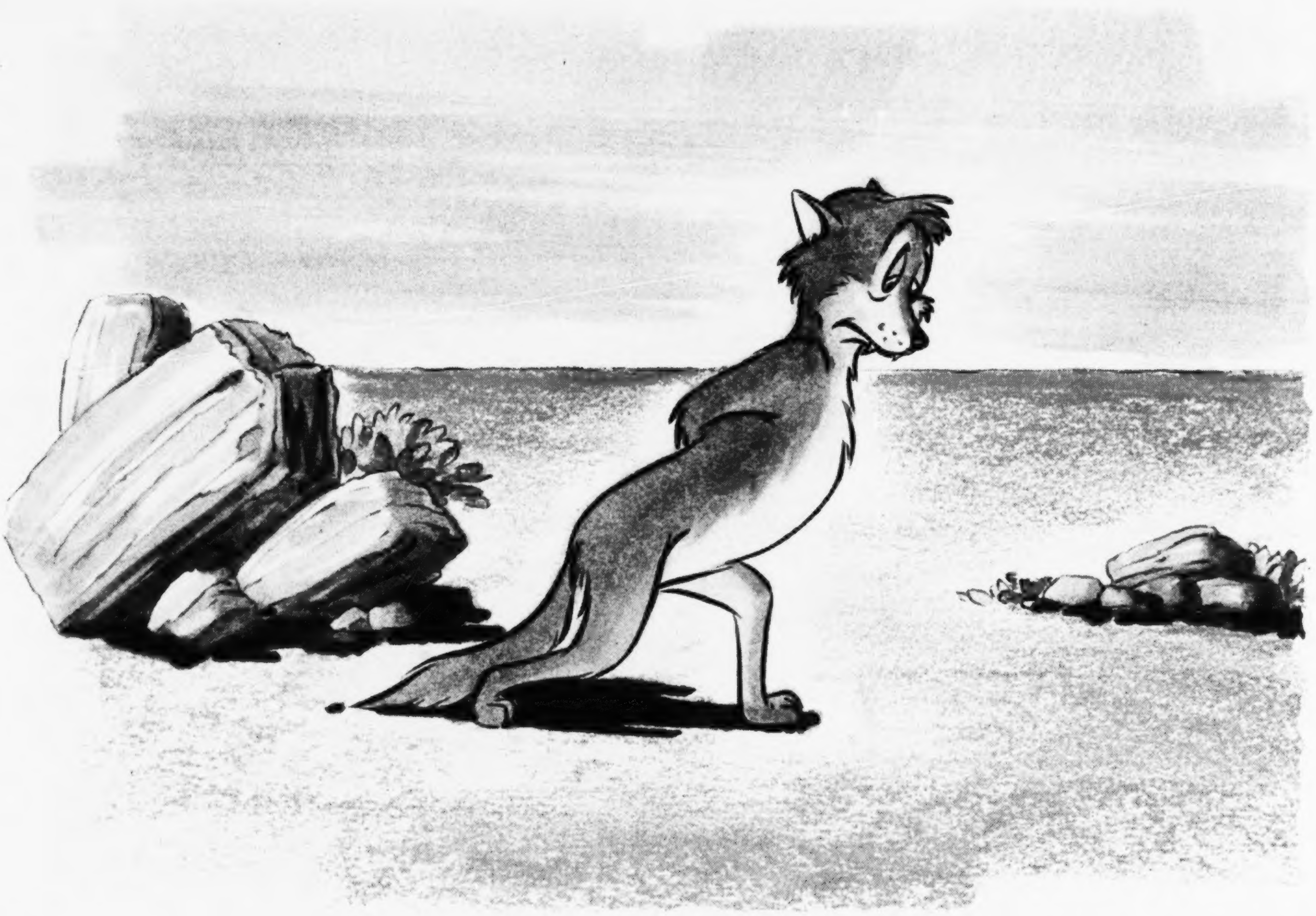
The wren sang again.



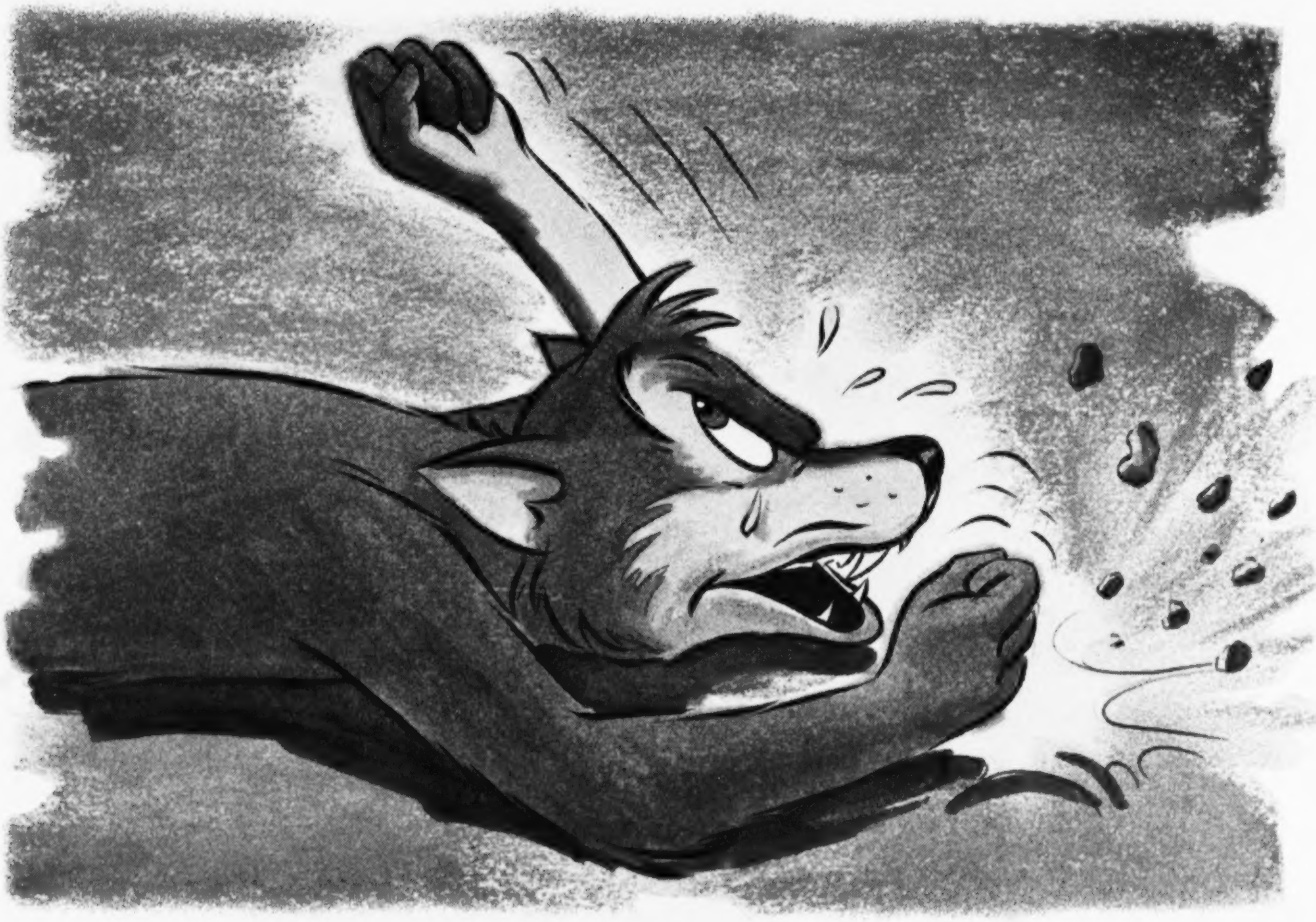
"I think I know it now," said the coyote. "Please, please sing it just once more."



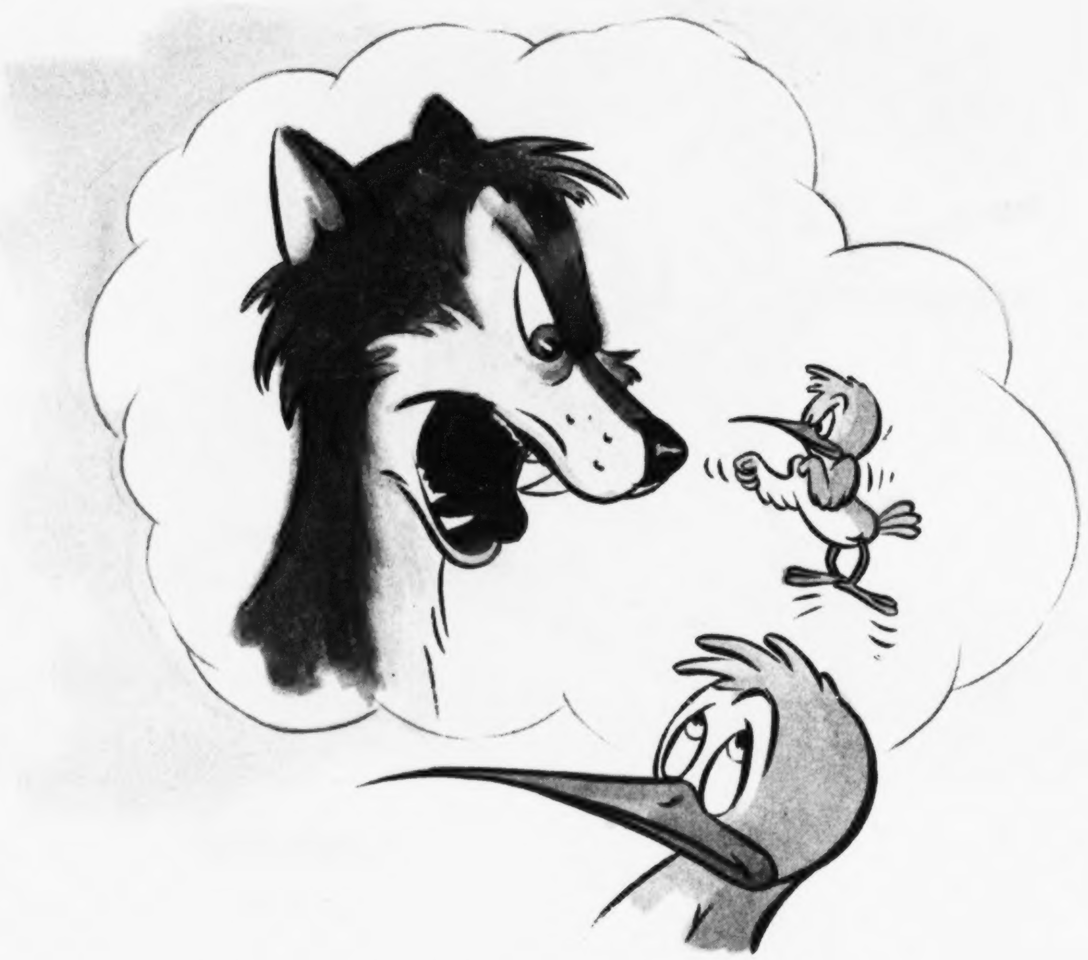
But the wren refused and hopped back to her nest. "I am tired of singing," said the wren. "I will not sing again!"



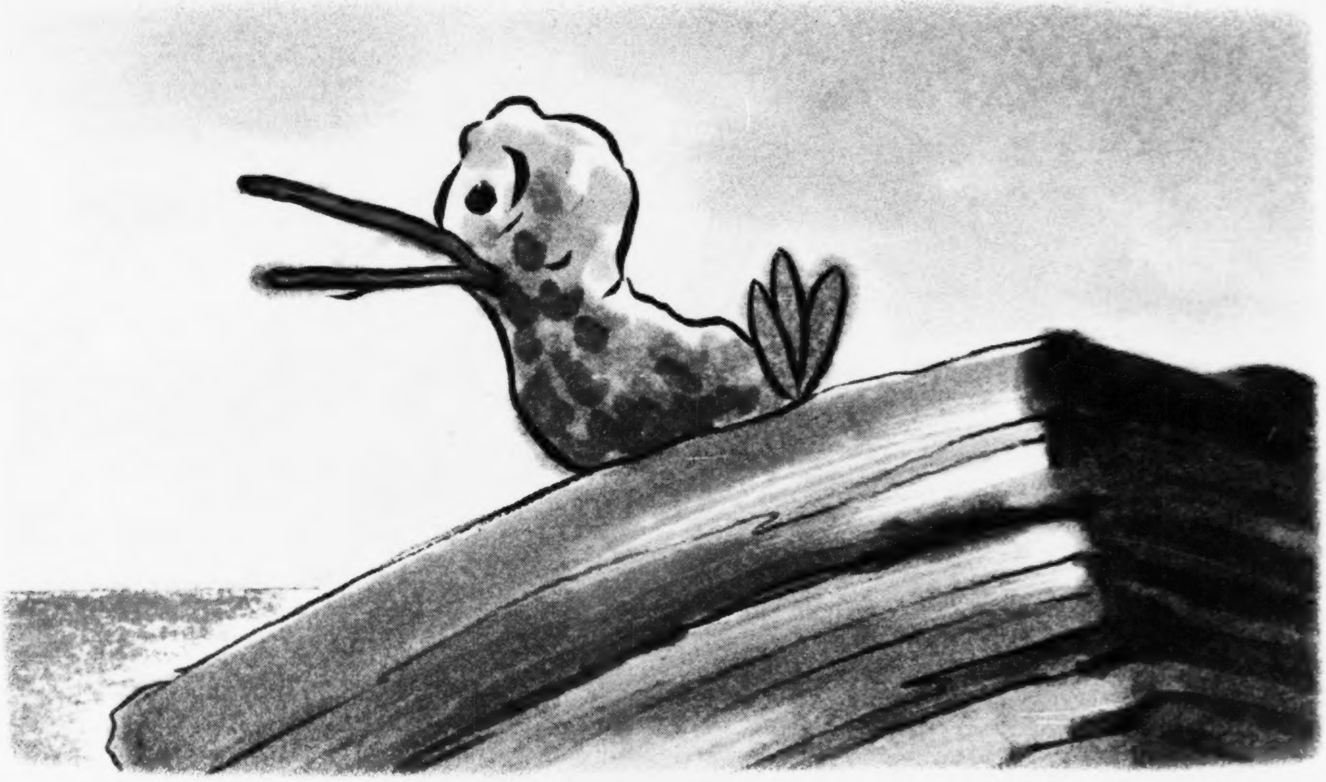
The coyote waited and waited, but the wren did not come out again. When the coyote knew that the wren was not going to sing again, she started to go home.



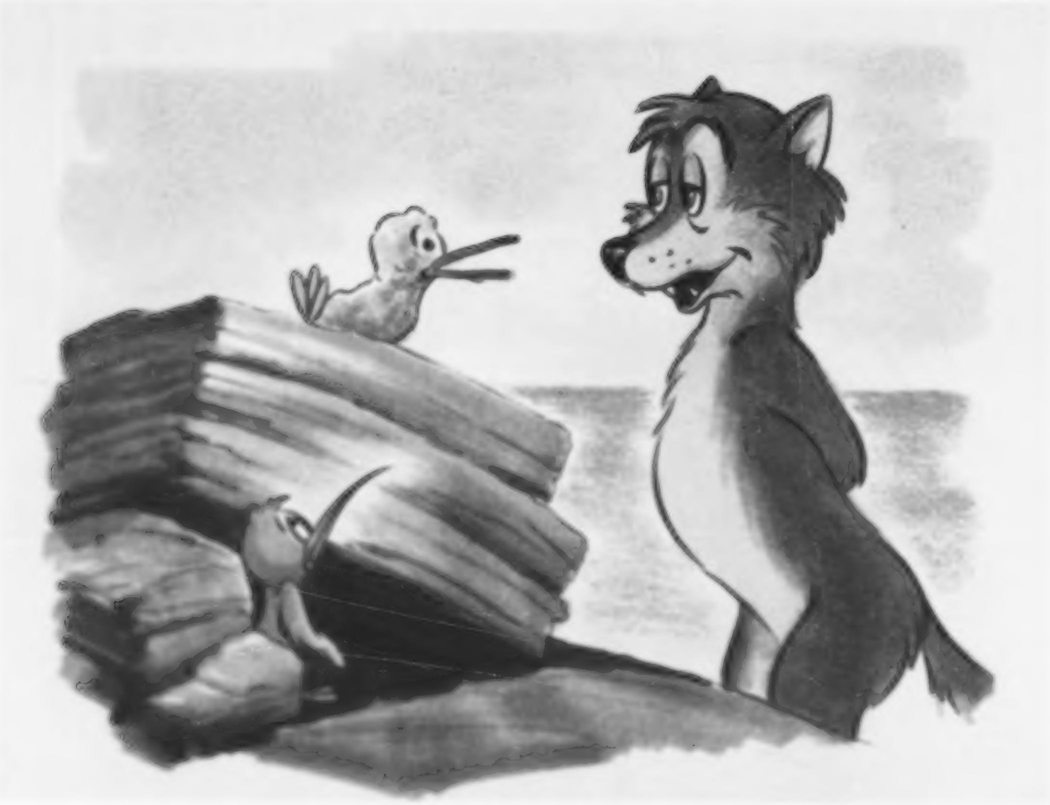
On the way home the coyote thought about the wren singing. The more the coyote thought about the wren refusing to sing for her, the angrier she became.



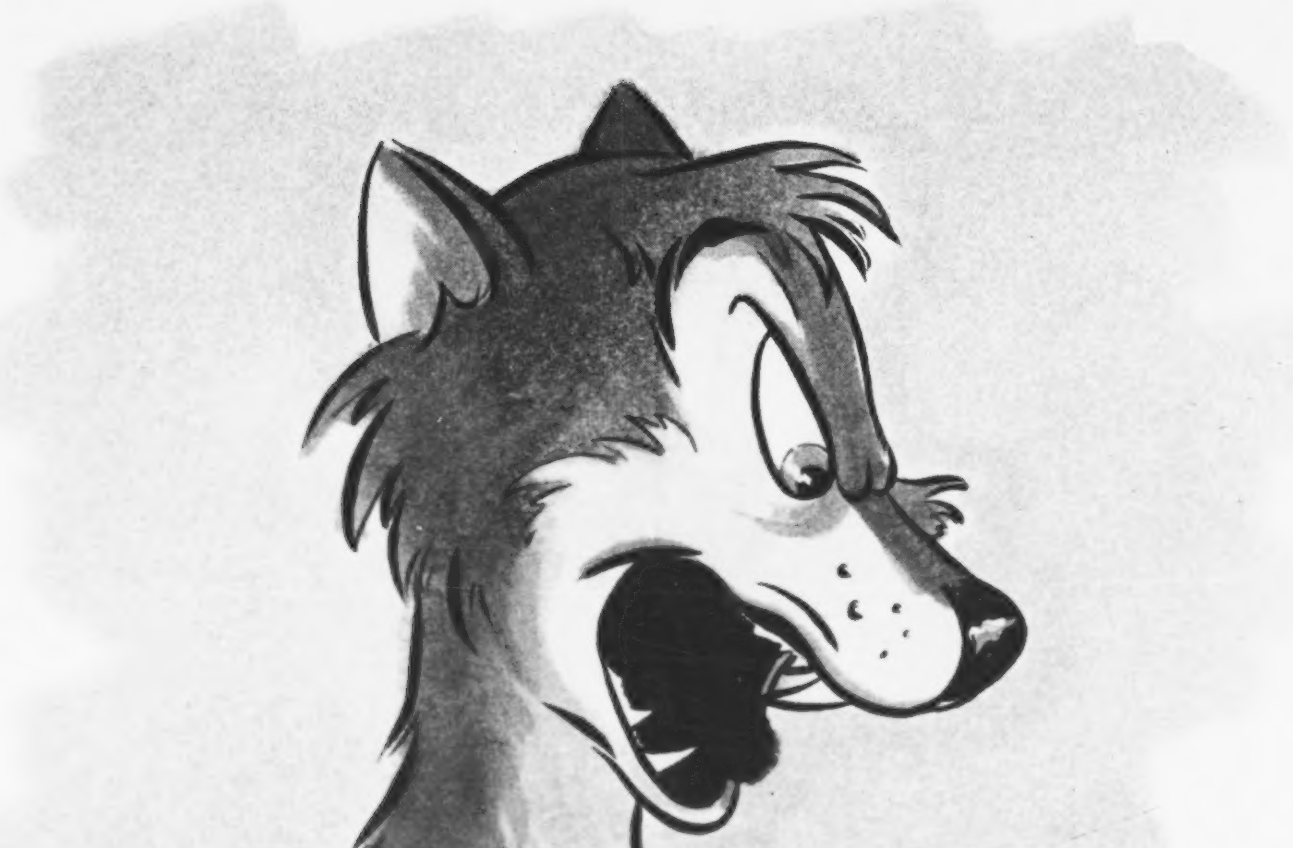
Back in her nest the wren had also been thinking. She knew the coyote was very angry. "I am sure," she thought, "the coyote will never learn my song and she will probably eat me."



The wren found an old skin, shaped it like herself, and filled it with pebbles. She found two sticks and used them as a beak, and put some leaves where the tail should be. When she was finished, the wren put it on the rock where she usually sang.

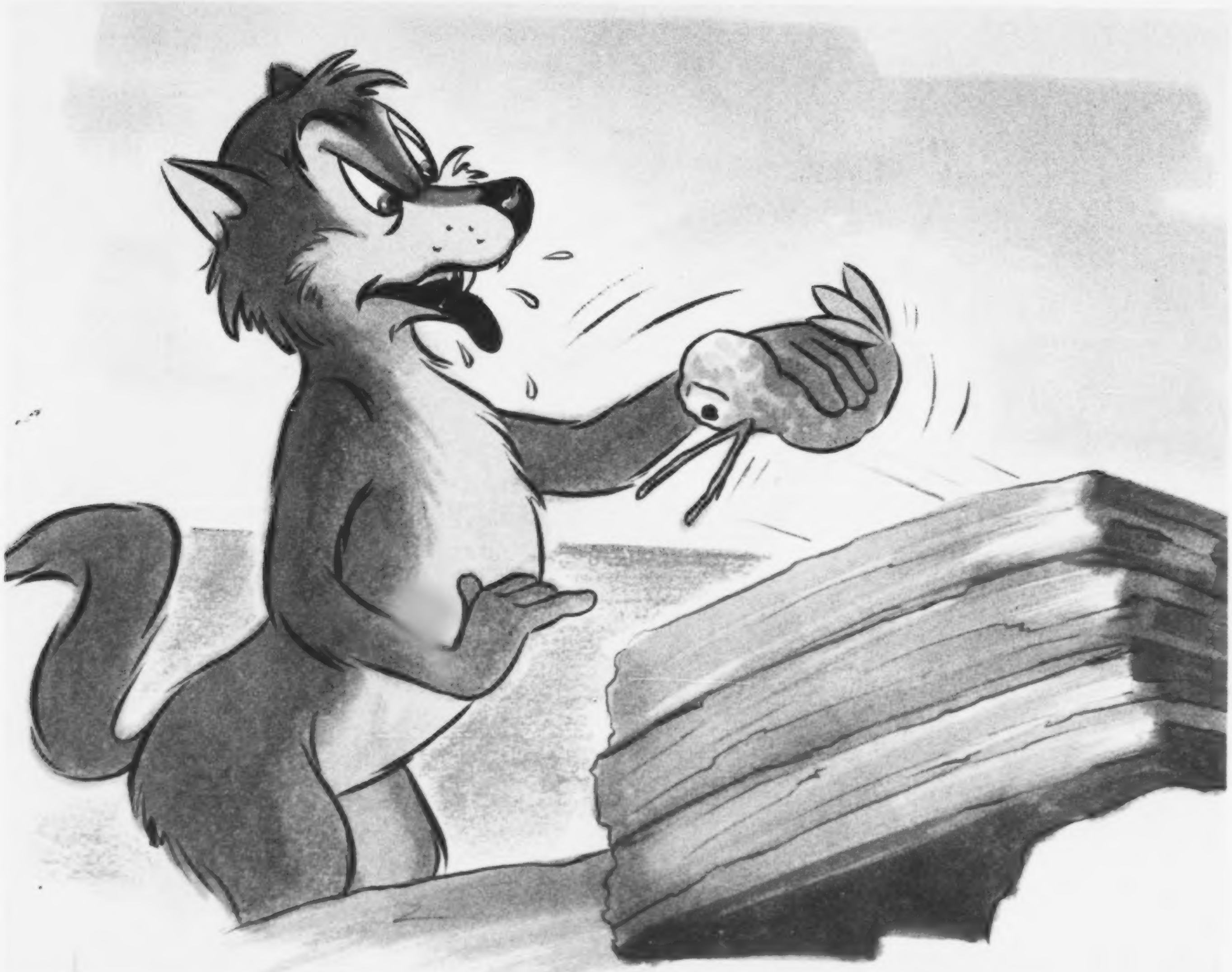


Early the next morning the coyote came to the nest and found the wren made of skin and pebbles. Thinking it was the real wren, she spoke to it. "I see you are here already," said the coyote. "Sing your song for me. I am going to learn it today."

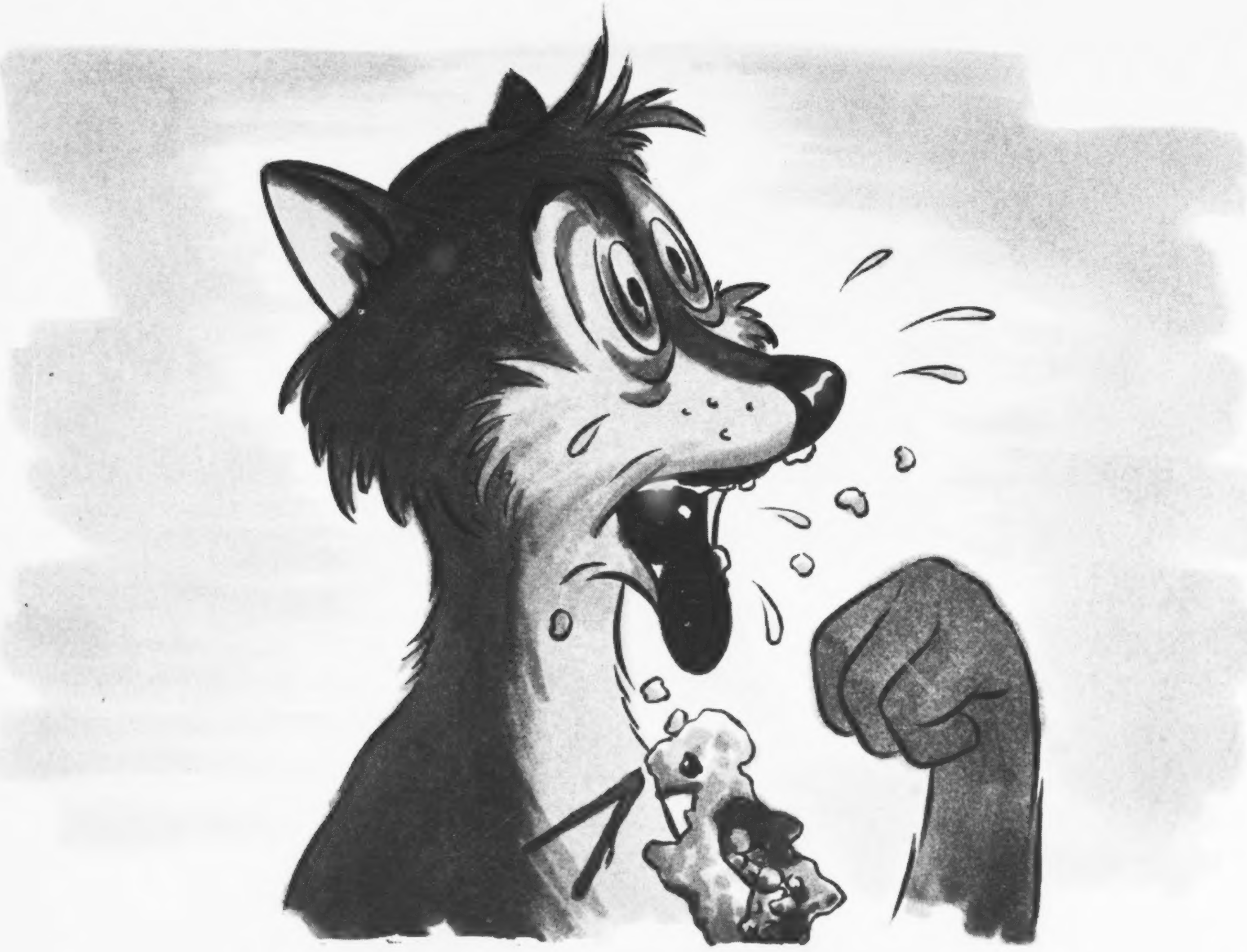


The wren did not answer, and the coyote became very angry.

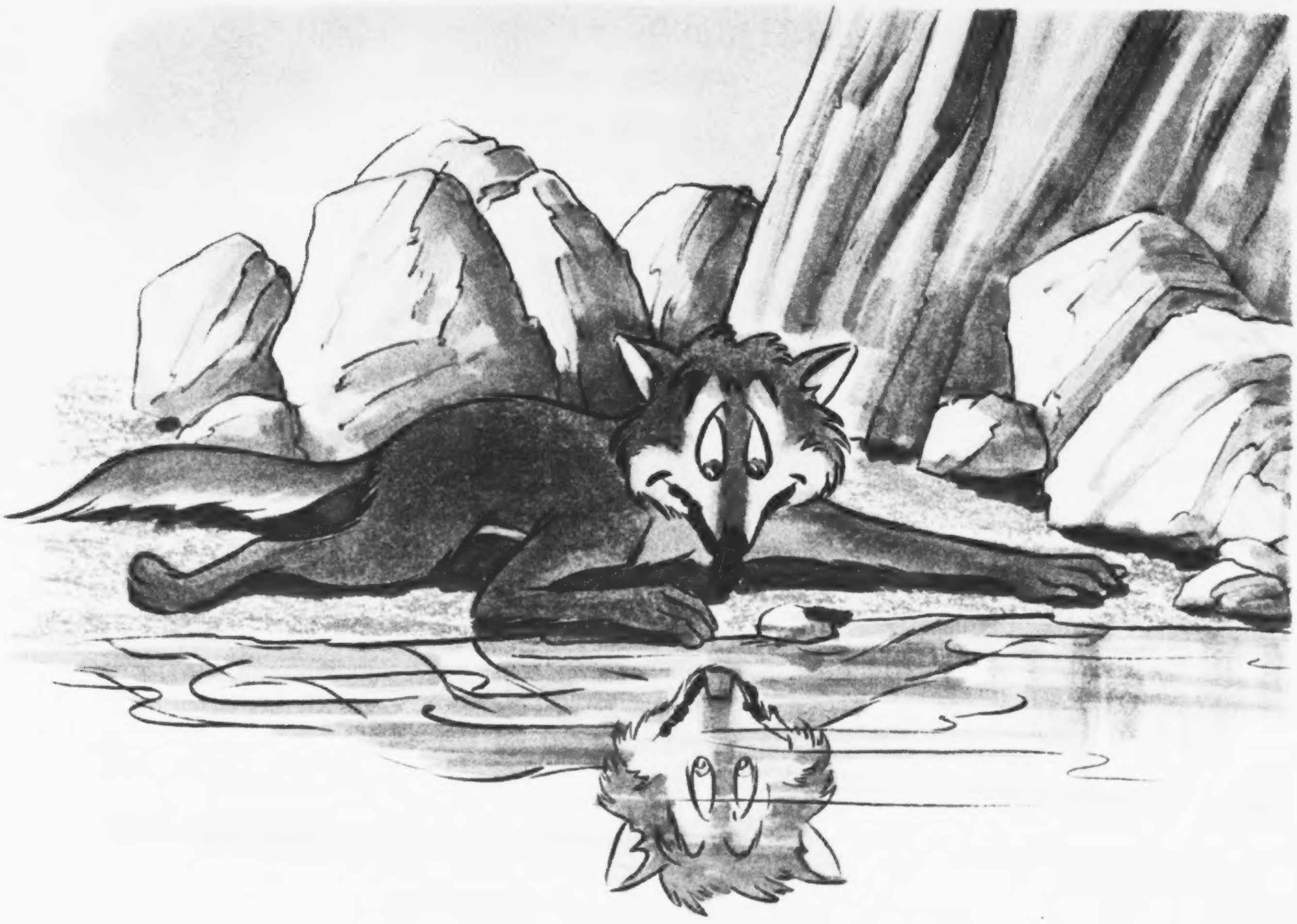
"All right," said the coyote. "I am not going to be nice to you any longer."



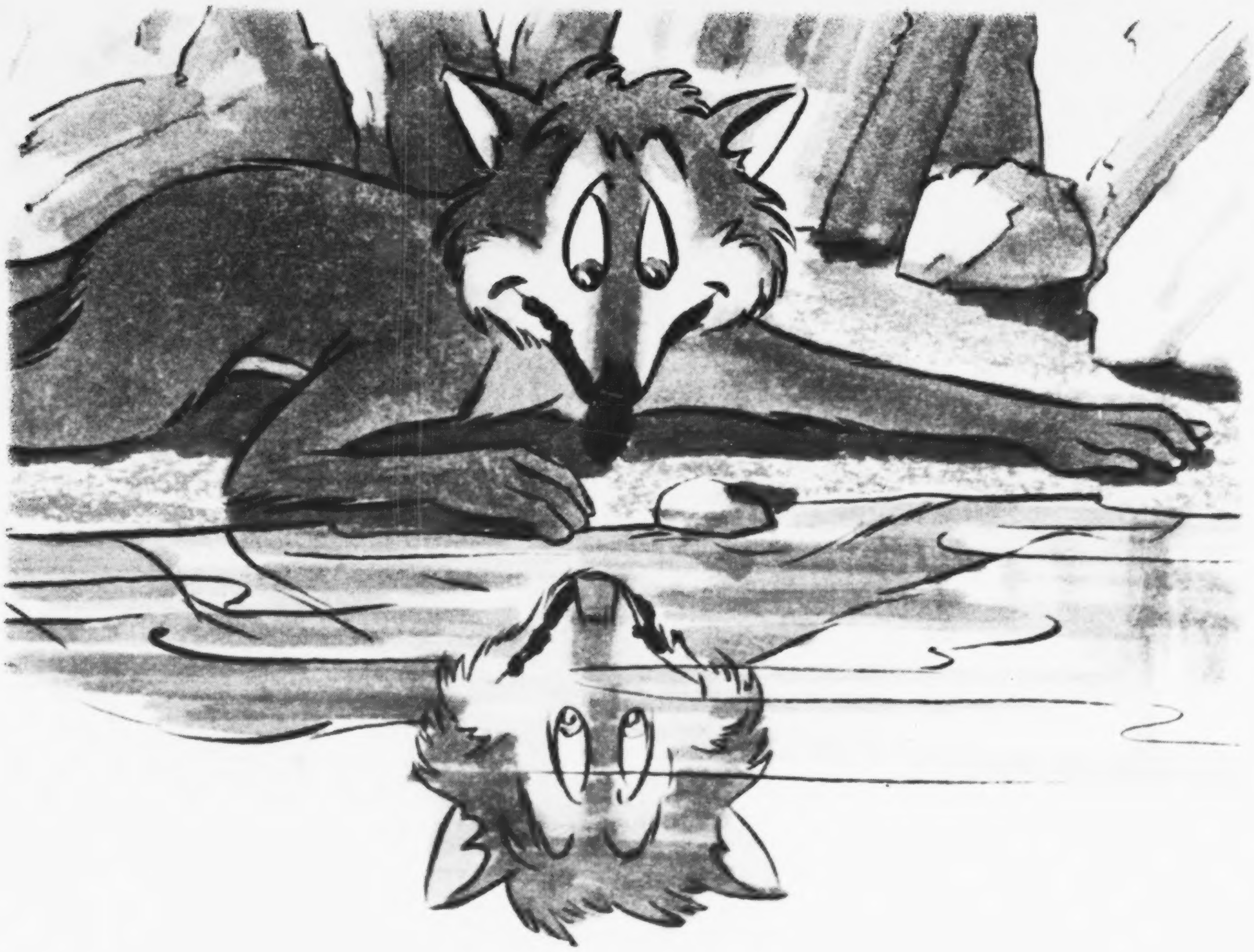
And with that the coyote grabbed the wren of skin and pebbles and began to eat it.



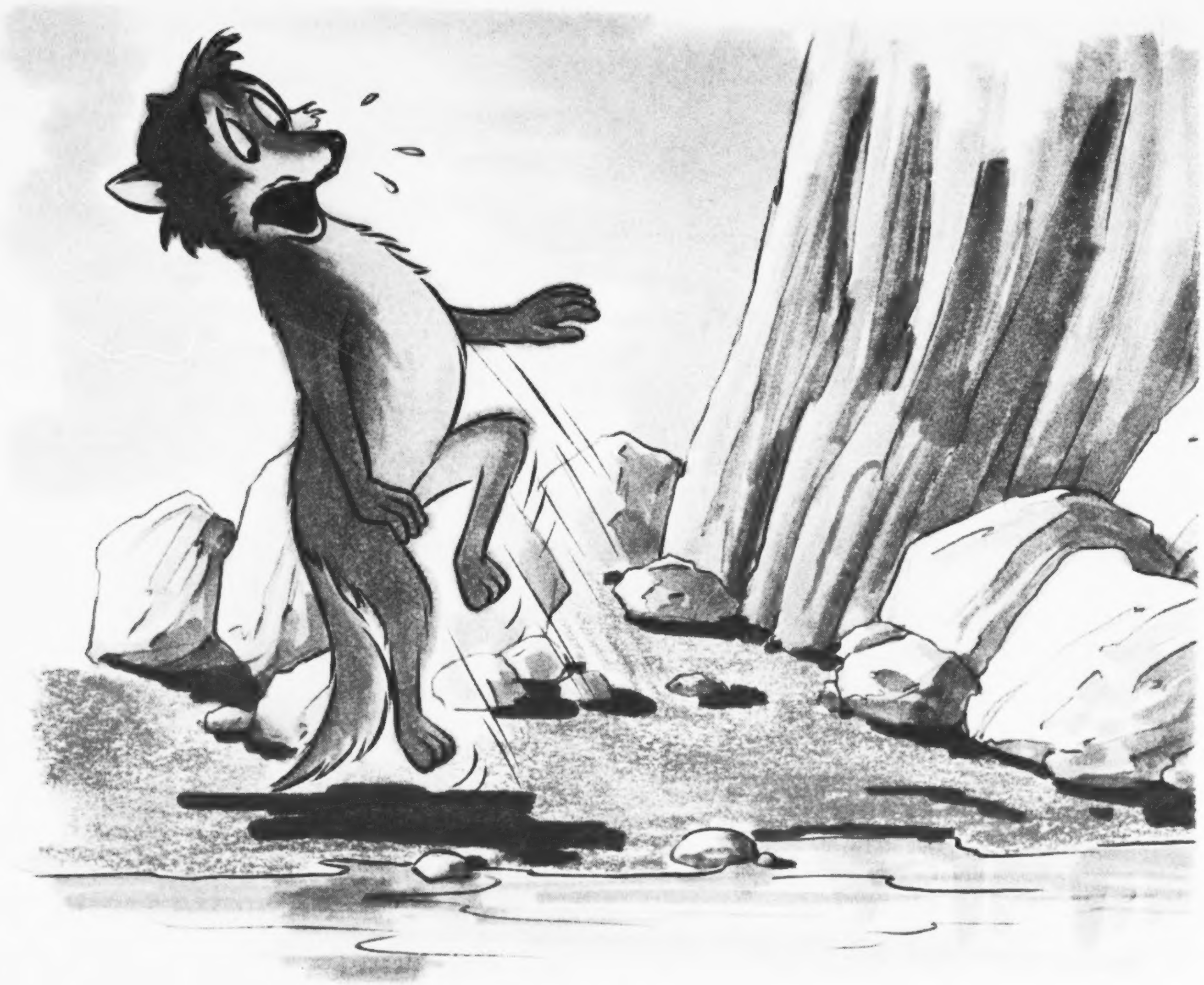
"Oh dear! Oh dear!" said the coyote as her teeth began to crack. "Why did you do this to me, wren?" And she ran away crying.



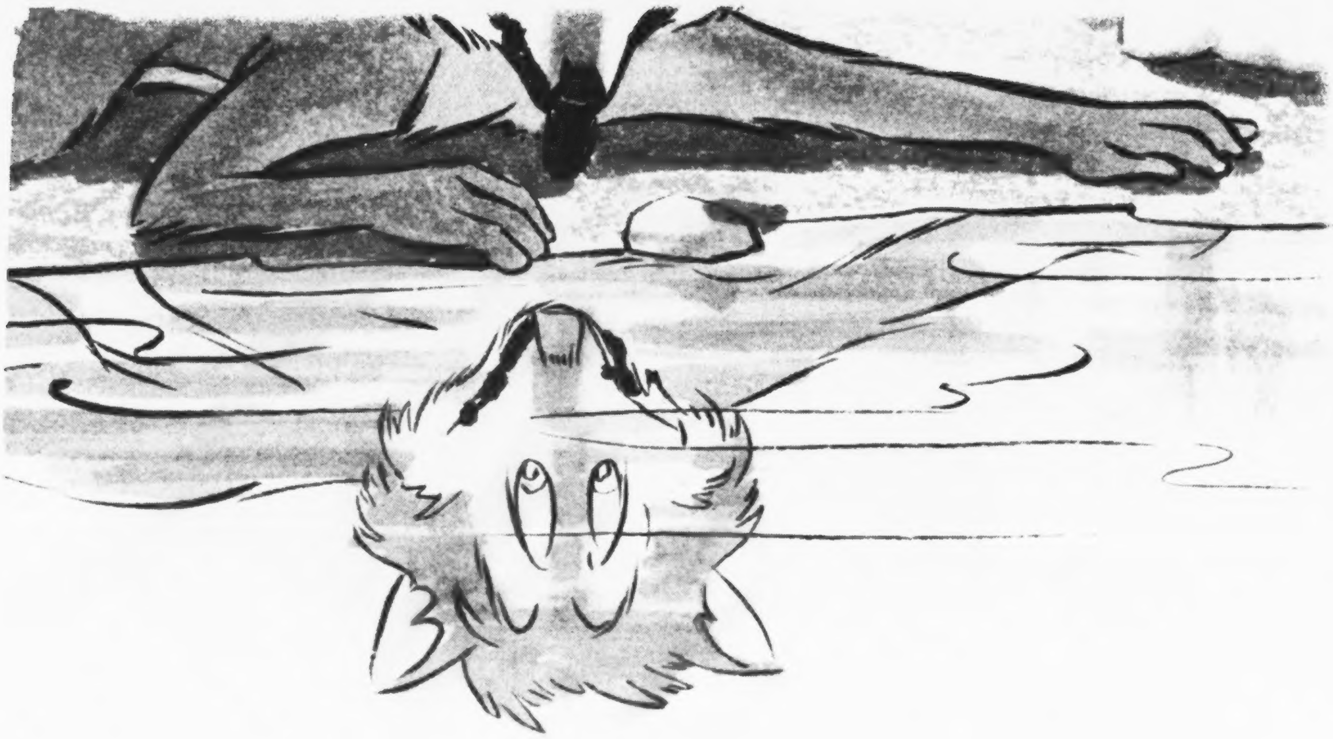
On her way home the coyote stopped by a spring to get a drink and to wash her mouth out. When she put her mouth to the water, she saw her reflection and became very frightened.



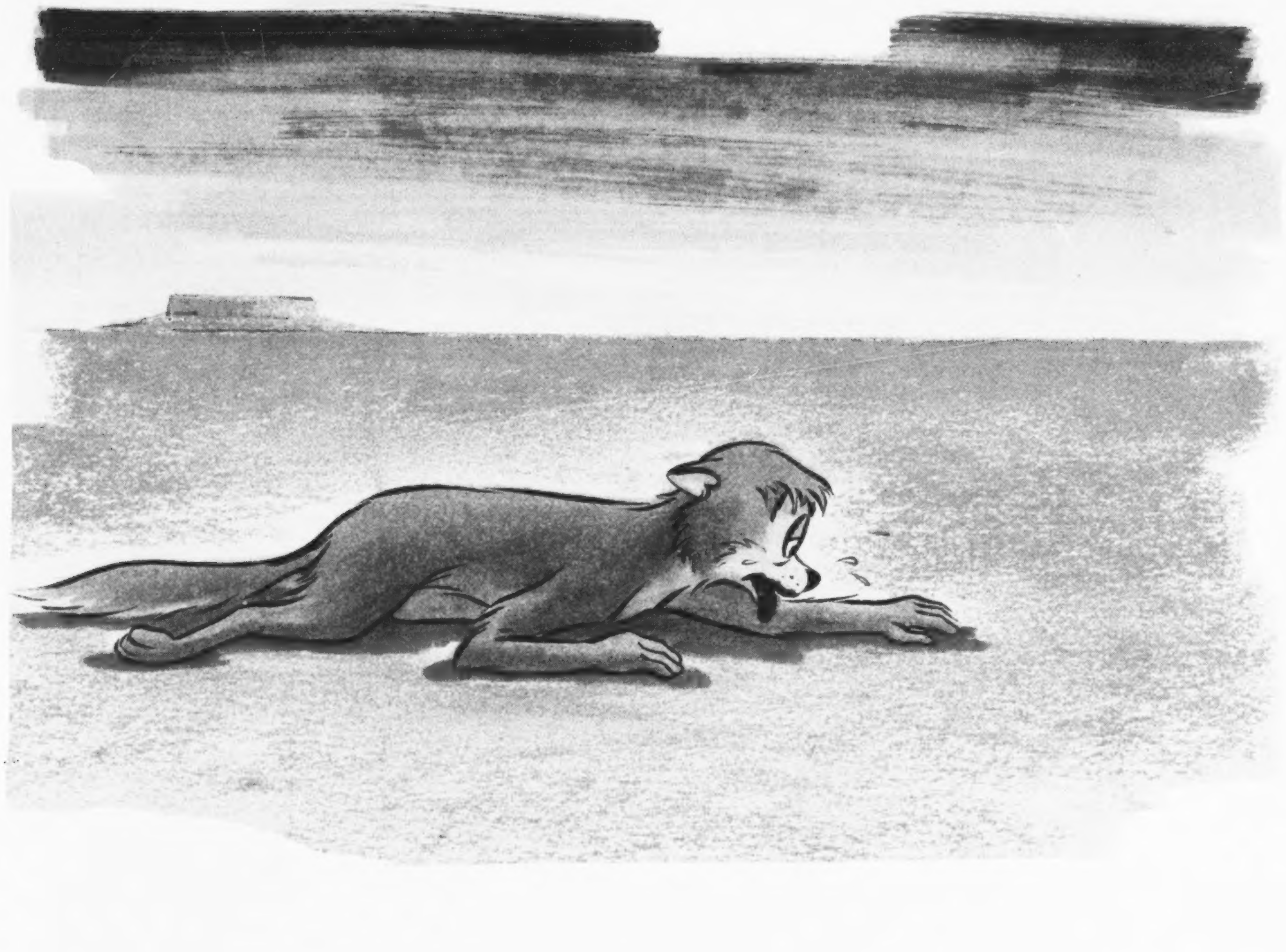
She saw a strange face with broken teeth and a bloody mouth and did not know it was her own reflection.



She jumped up from the spring and ran away as fast as she could go.



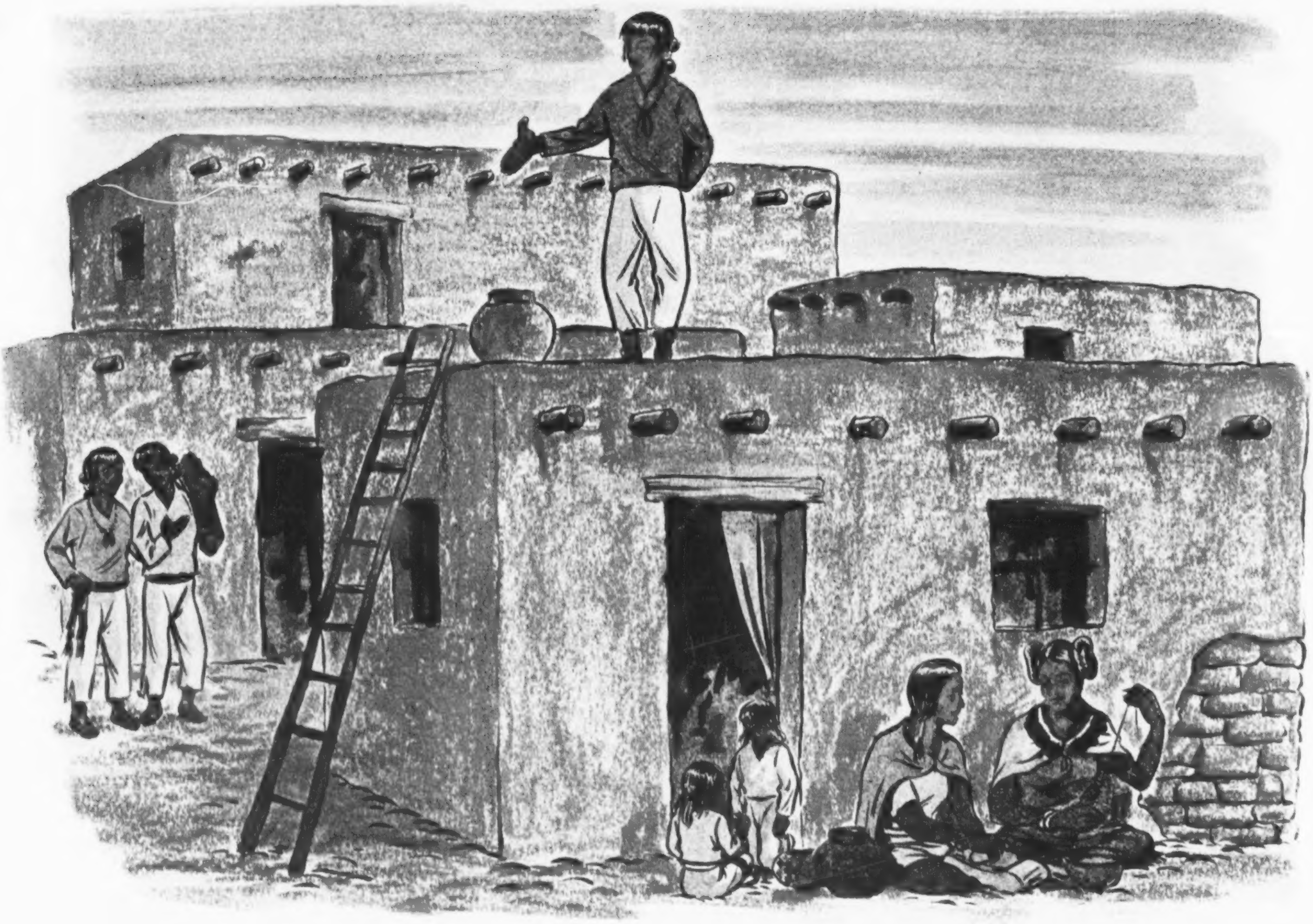
The coyote went from one spring to another. At each spring she saw the reflection and was frightened away. At one spring she said to the reflection, "Who are you? Do you live here to frighten thirsty animals like me? Please go away and let me drink." But the reflection would not go away.



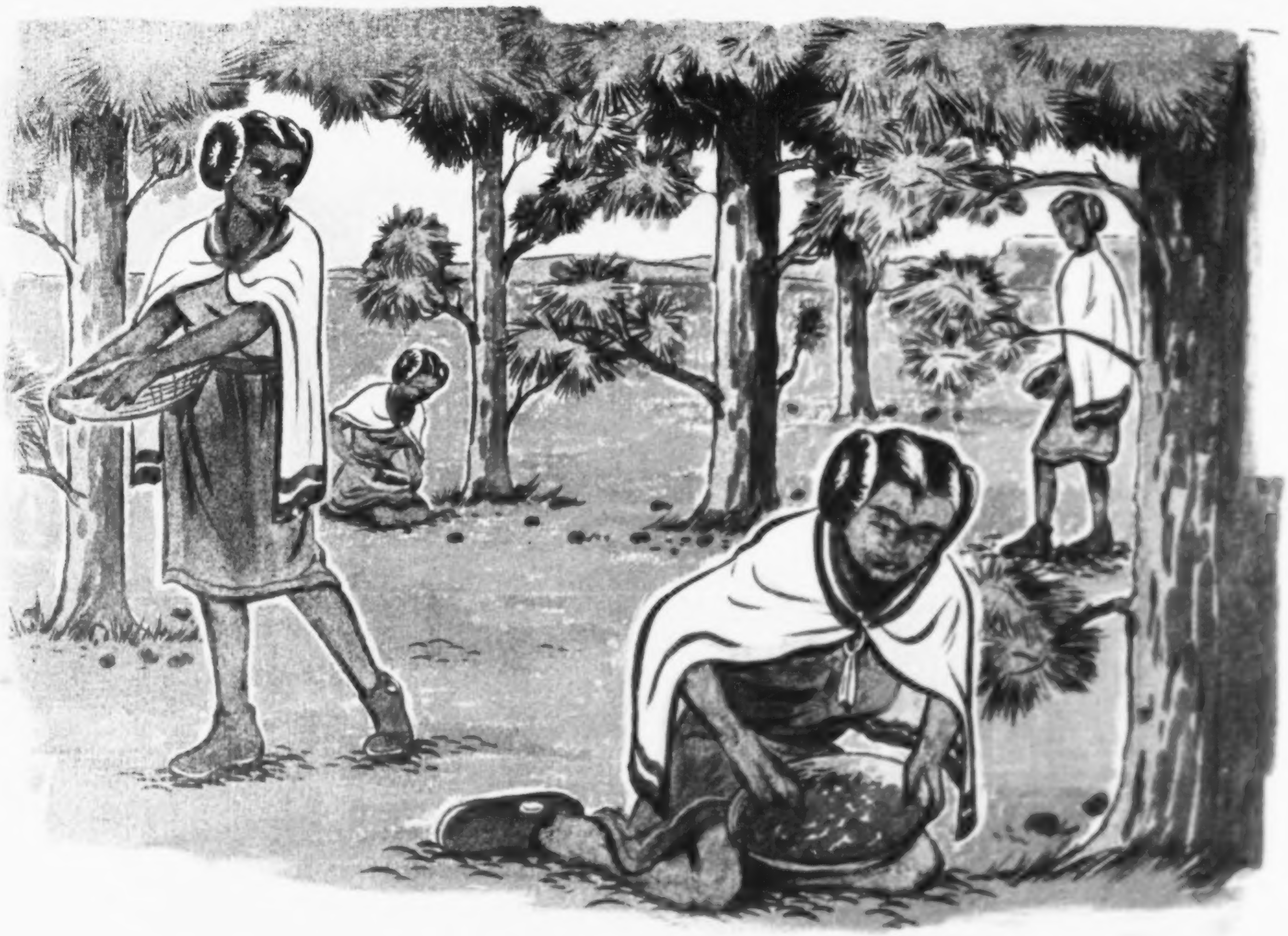
From spring to spring she went, but at each one she saw the same reflection. The last the coyote was seen, she was looking for another spring.

the girls and the squirrel

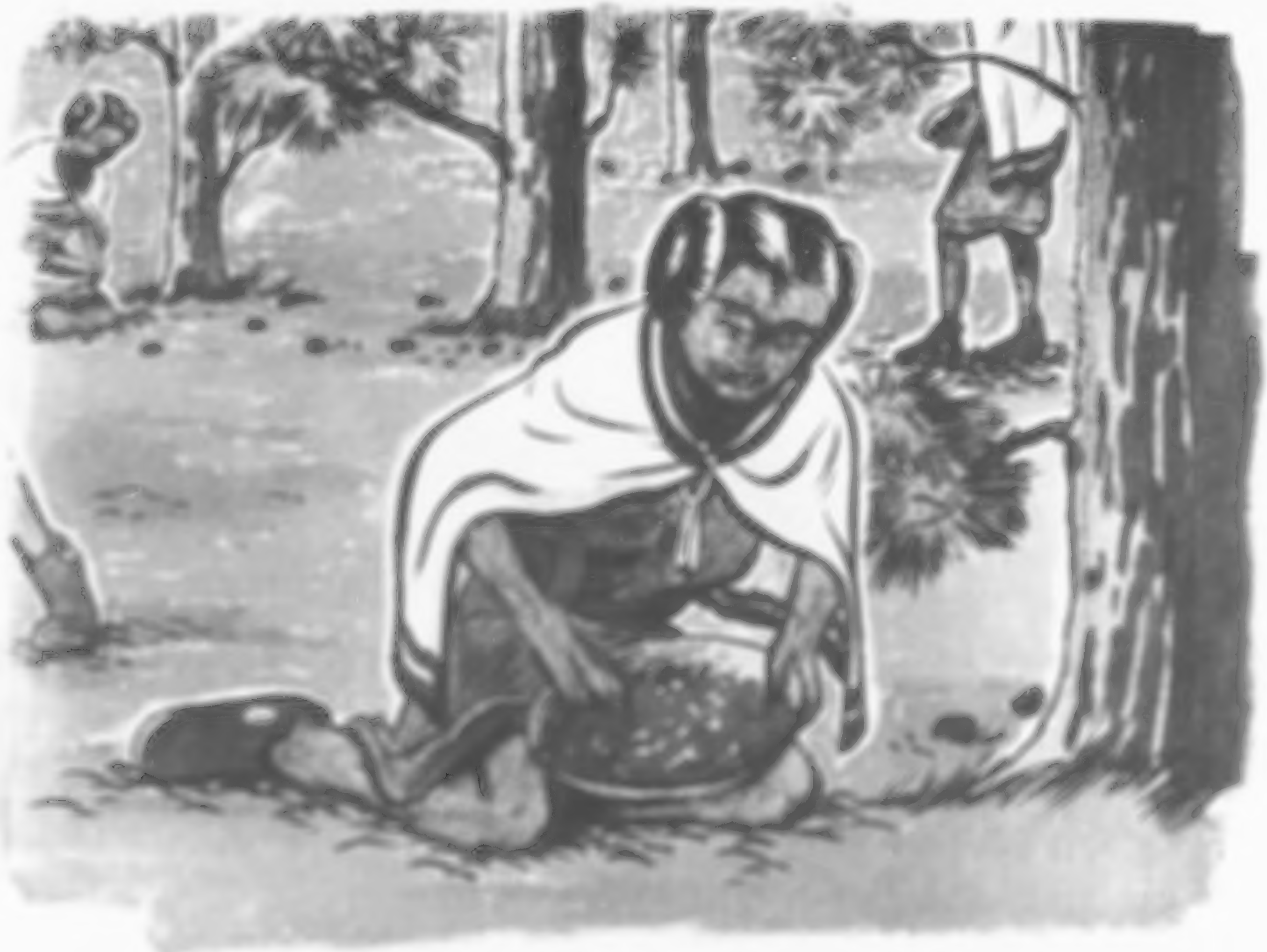
A HOPI TALE AS TOLD BY CHARLIE TALAWEPI
ILLUSTRATED BY DR. DON DOUGLASS



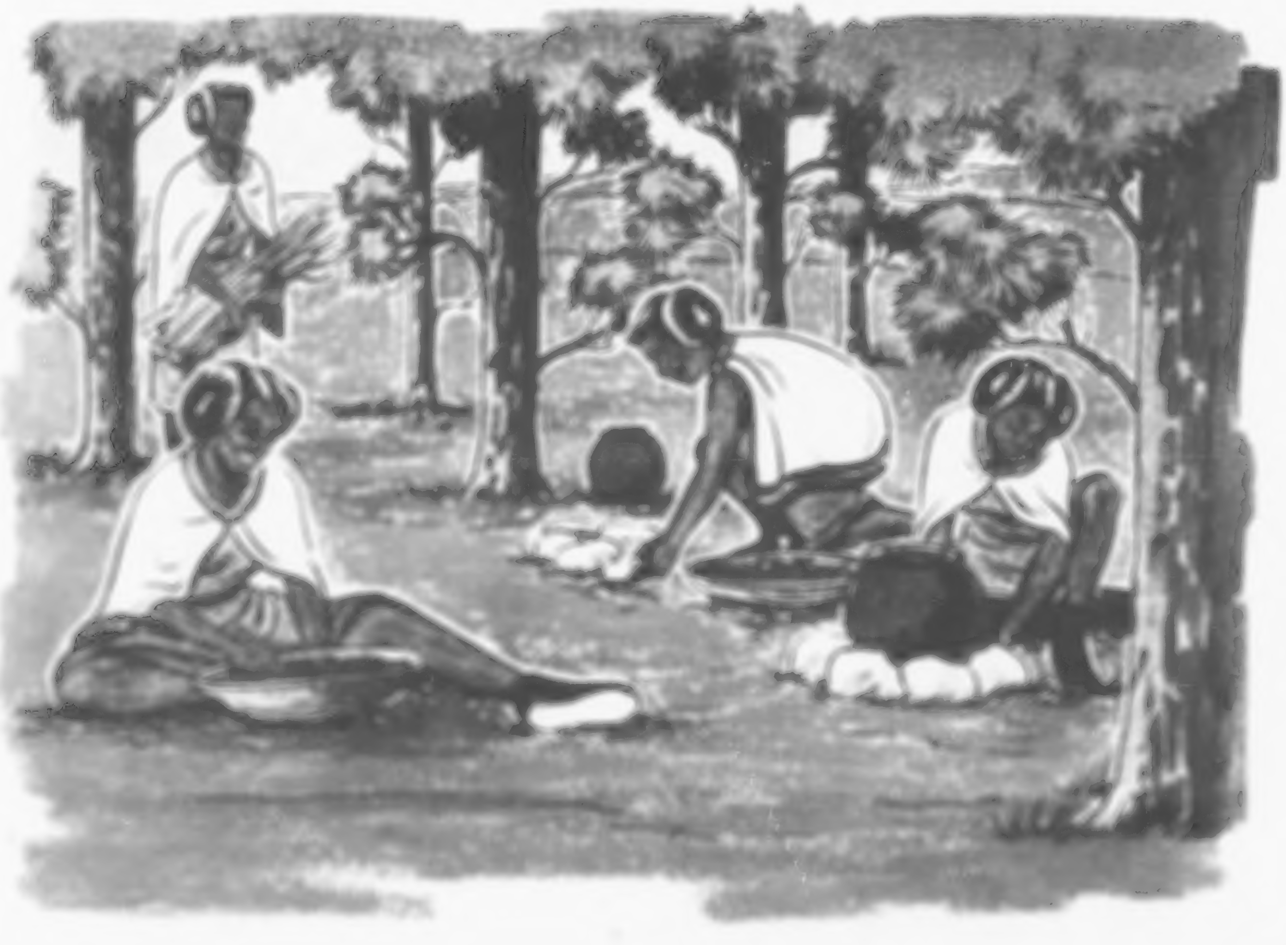
Once upon a time many people lived in the villages. One summer the piñon trees near the villages bore a lot of piñon nuts.



Not far to the west of Hotevilla was a place where many piñon trees grew. One day several girls from Oraibi went to pick the piñon nuts that had fallen to the ground.

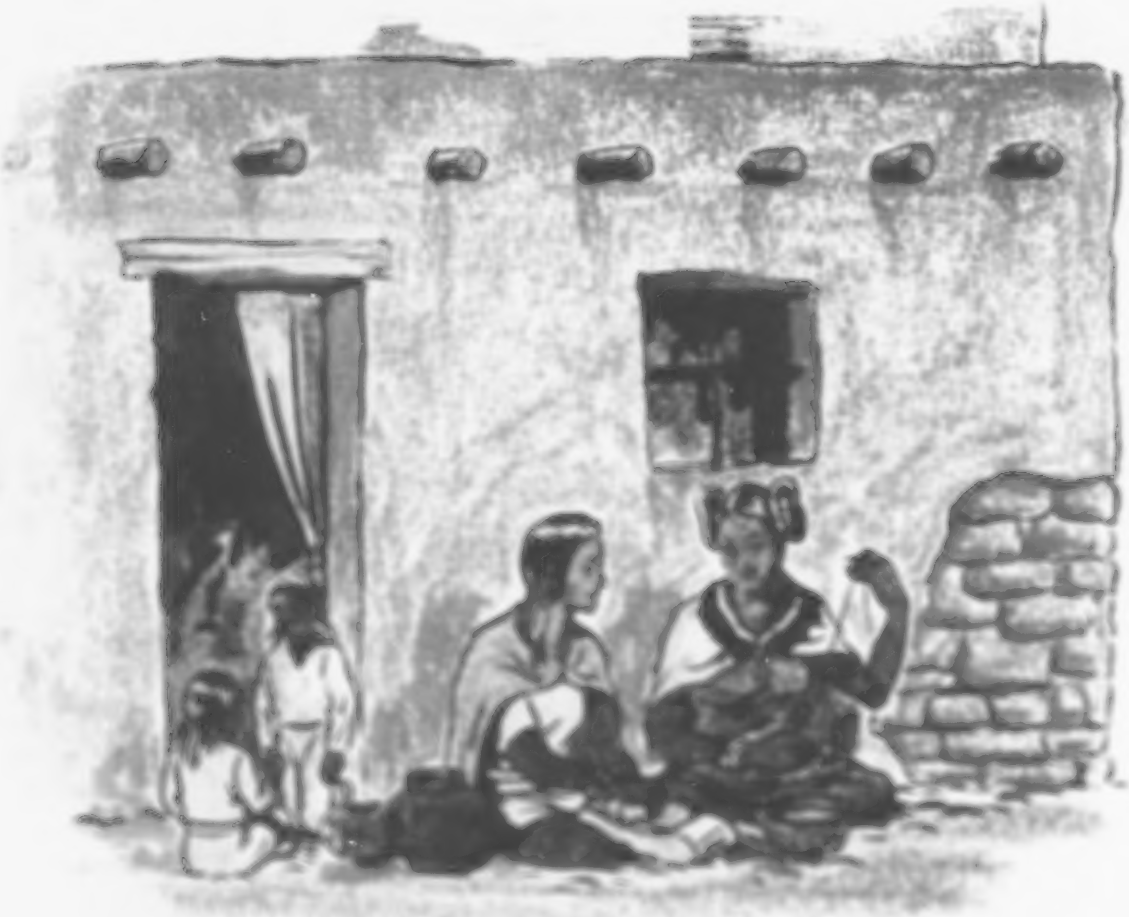


When the girls got to the place where the piñon trees grew they began picking the piñon nuts off the ground. After a while the girls had picked a lot of piñon nuts.

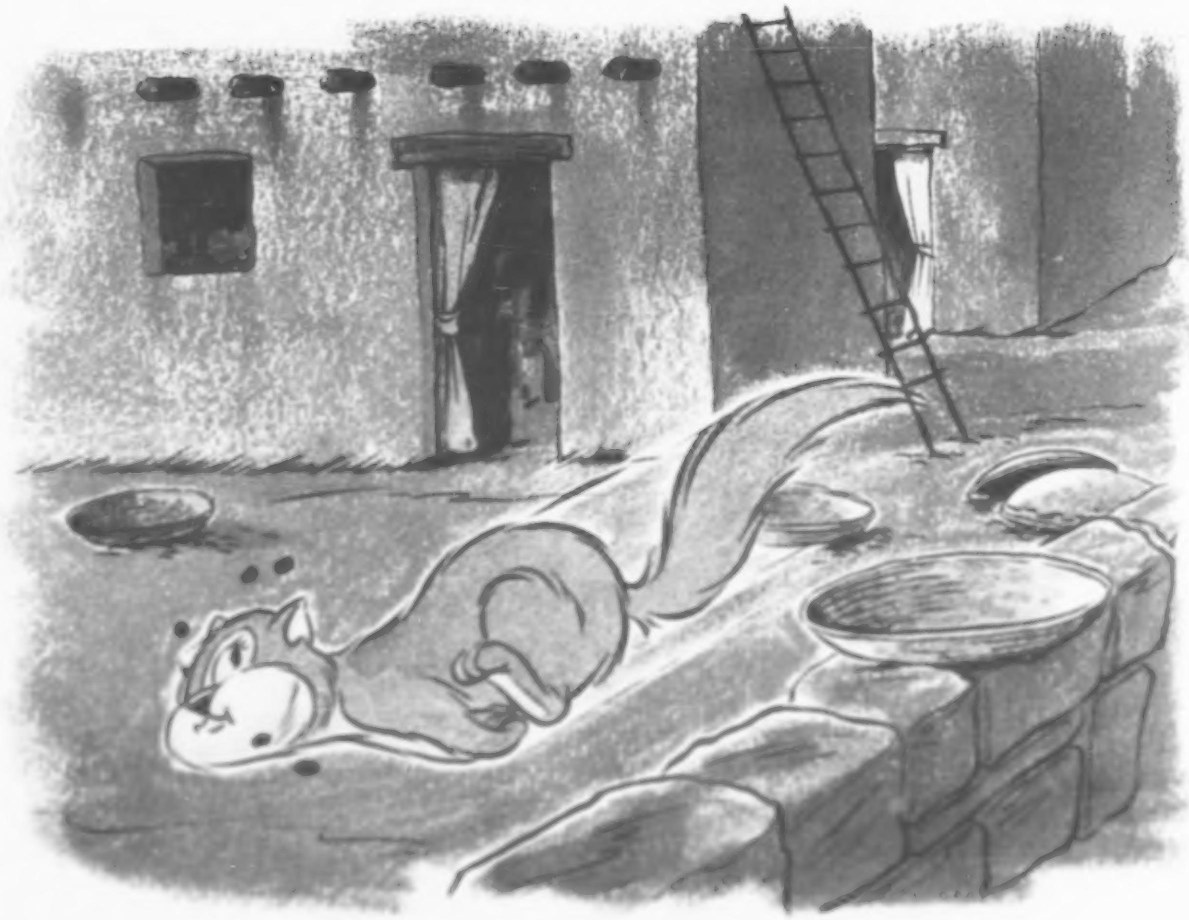


Then the girls gathered up some dry twigs and built fires. They roasted the piñon nuts over the fires in pottery bowls that they had brought with them.

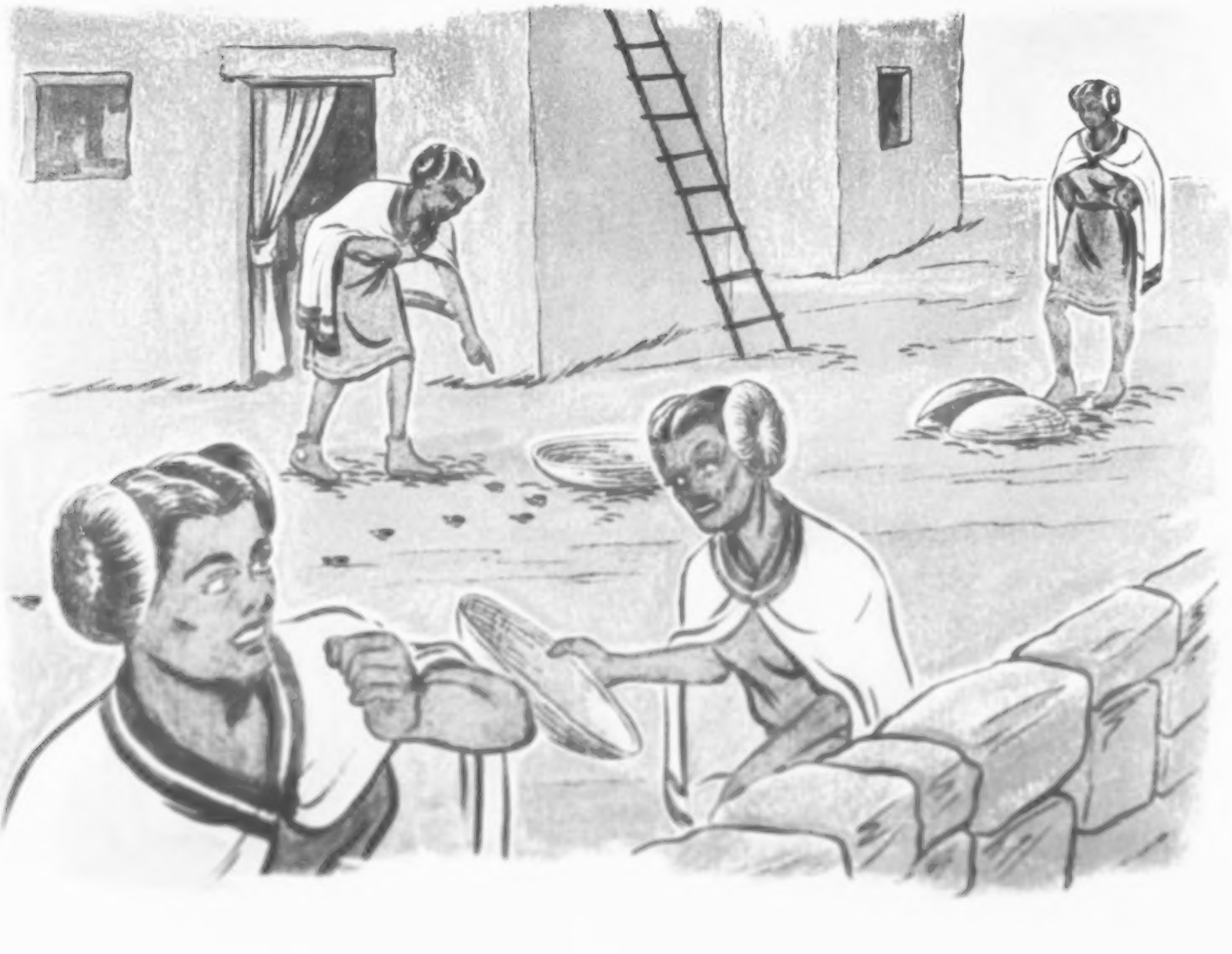
When evening came the girls brought out some food from their baskets and ate. After they had eaten they went back to Oraibi with the piñon nuts.



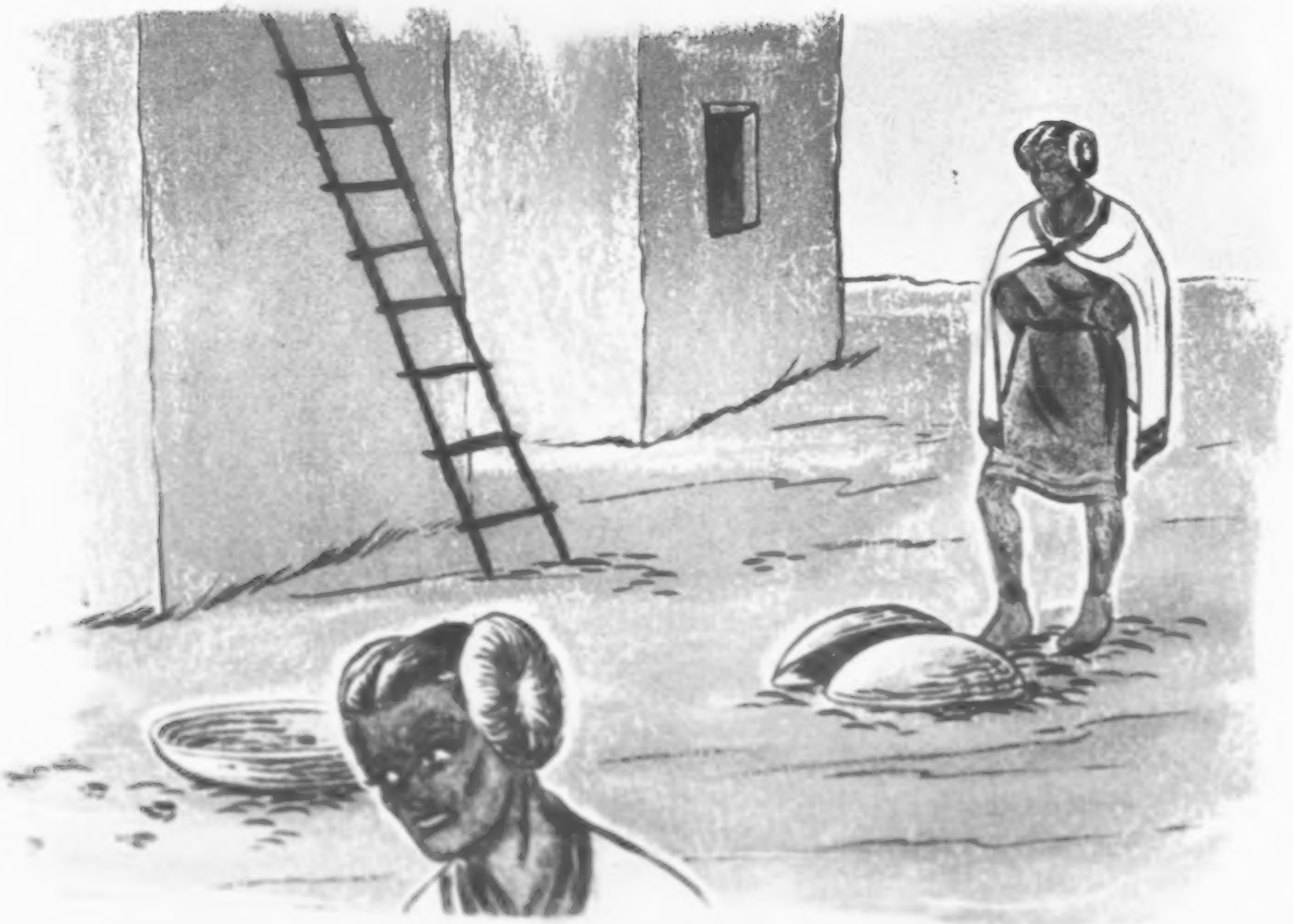
Once back in Oraibi, the girls sprinkled the piñon nuts with salt water. They then set the baskets of piñon nuts out in the sun to dry.



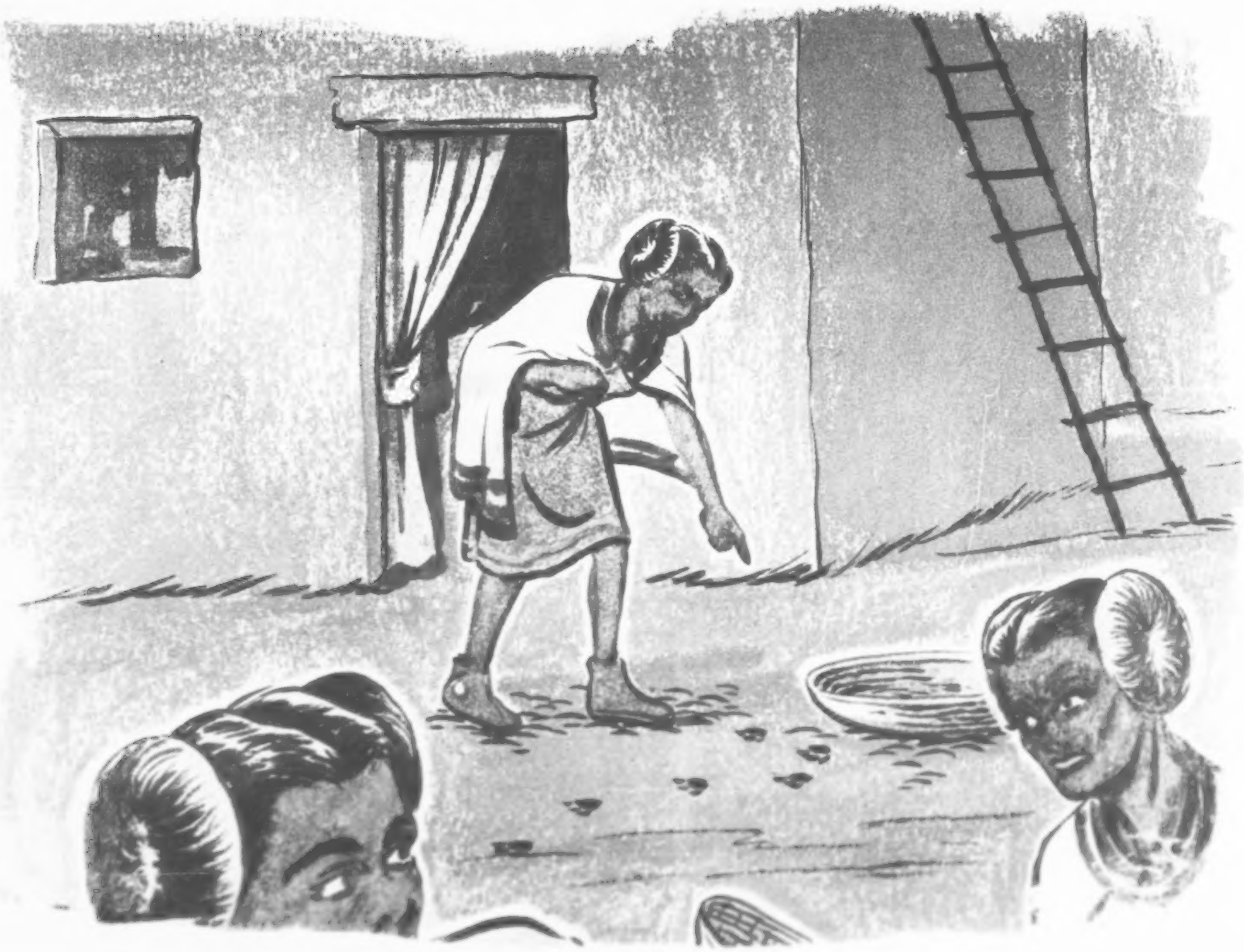
Meanwhile, unknown to the girls, a ground squirrel lived not far from the village. One day the squirrel was out looking for something to eat. He came upon the piñon nuts the girls had set out to dry. Right away the squirrel began to take mouthfuls of piñon nuts to his home.



One girl, while checking her basket of piñon nuts, found that someone had taken many of the piñon nuts from the baskets. She told the other girls of her discovery.

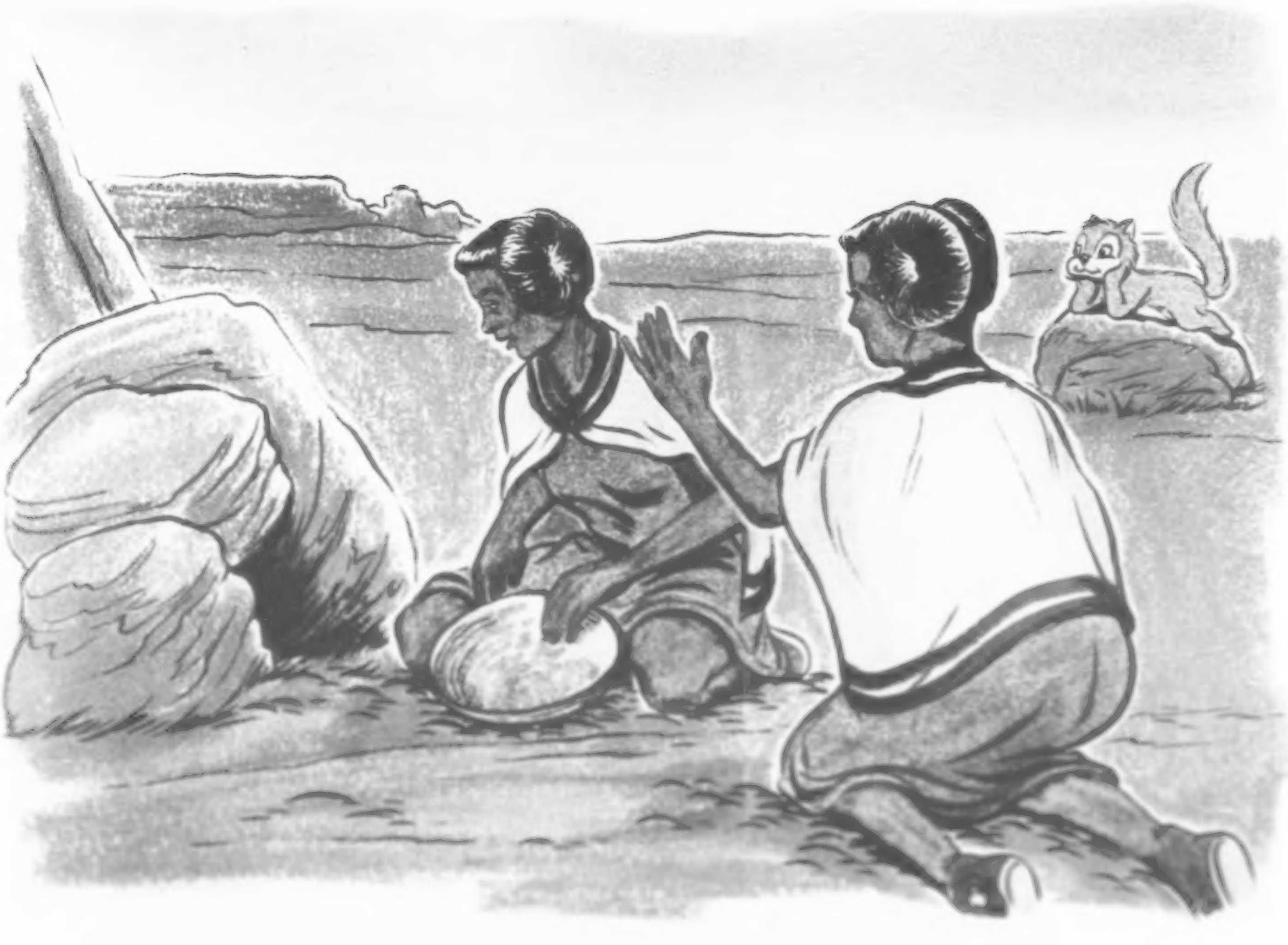


The girls ran to their baskets. To their dismay they found a lot of piñon nuts gone from their baskets. The girls were unhappy and angry at the same time. "Who would do such a thing?" said one girl. "We must find this person," said another girl.

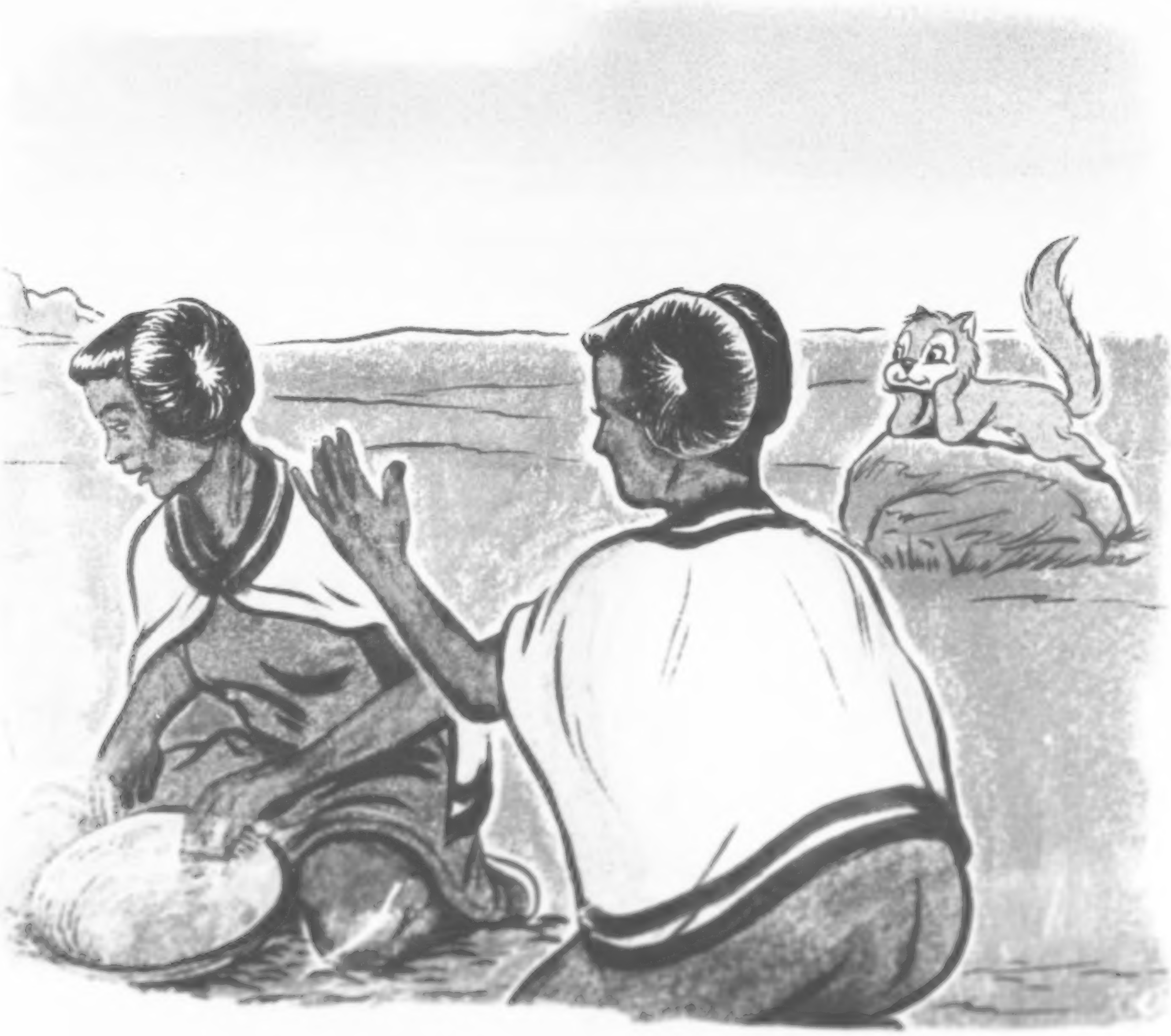


Then one girl noticed some tracks around the baskets. The tracks also led away from the baskets. The girls followed the tracks. A little later they came upon a large hole in a rock.

The girls looked inside the hole in the rock. To their surprise they found a large pile of piñon nuts inside the hole. Someone had taken their piñon nuts and stored them inside the hole in the rock.

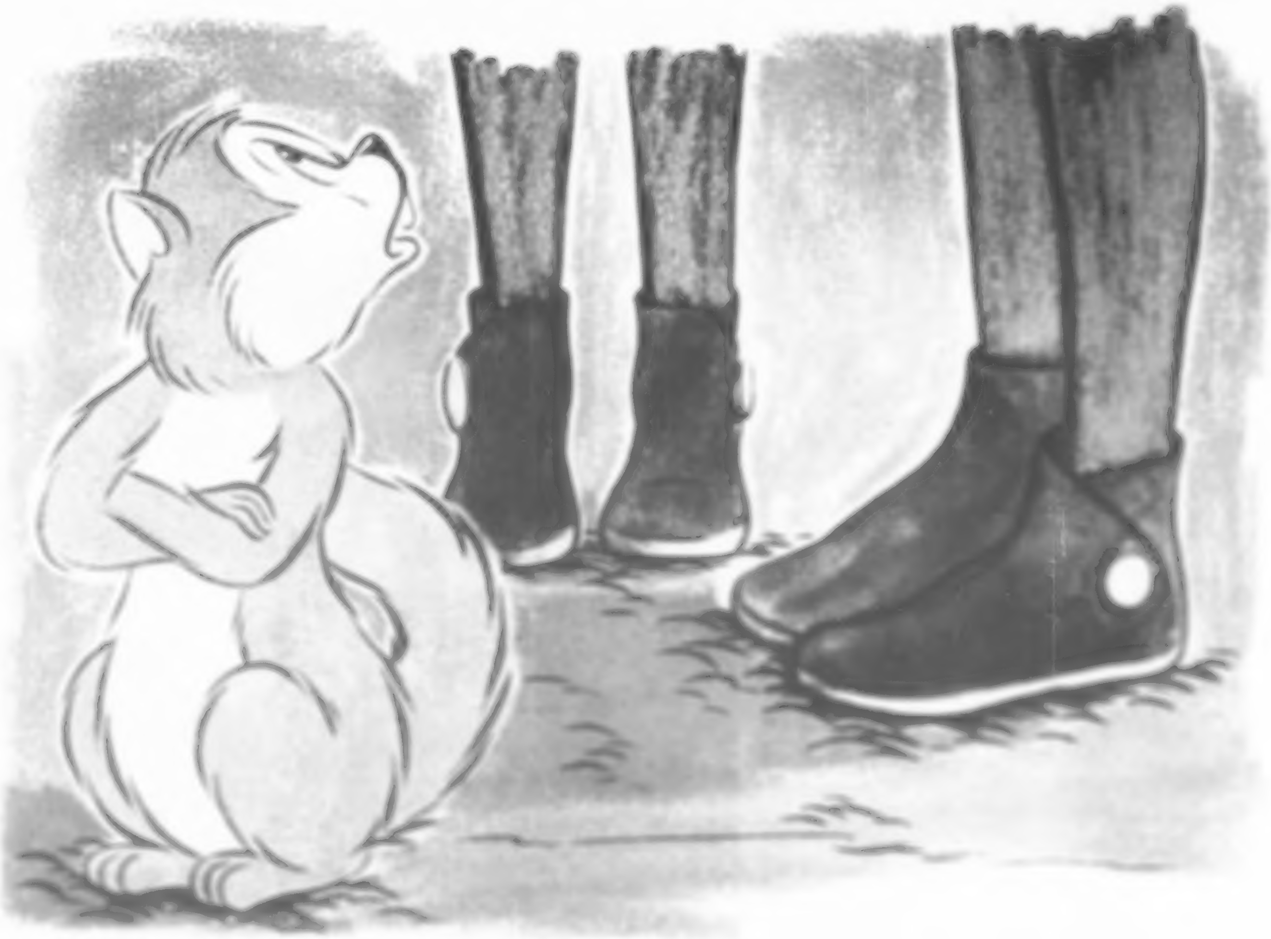


Meanwhile, not far away, the squirrel sat on the top of a rock. He watched the girls as they were looking inside his home.



"Why are you taking the piñon nuts from my house?" said the squirrel to the girls.

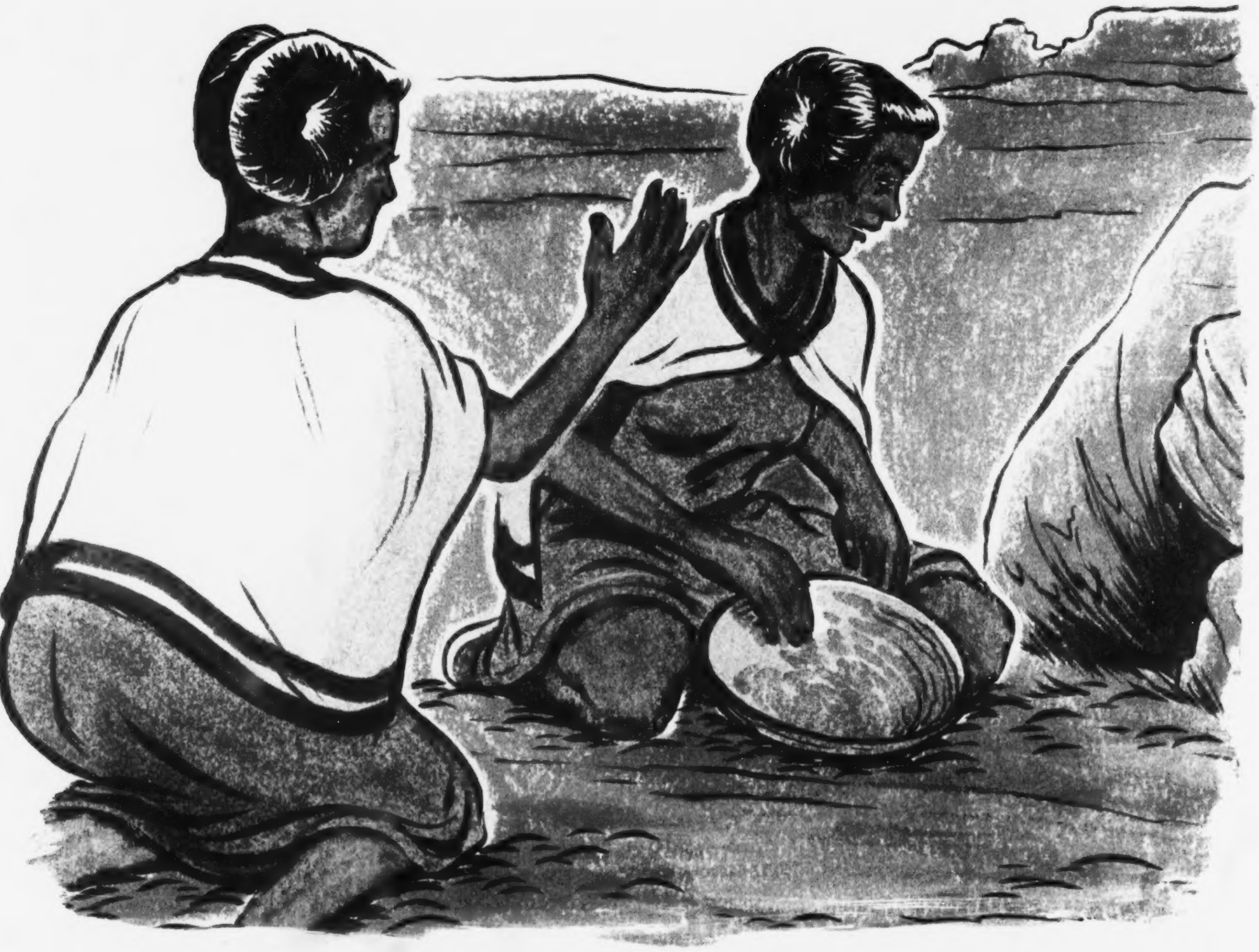
"Because the piñon nuts belong to us. You took them from our baskets and brought them here," said the girls.



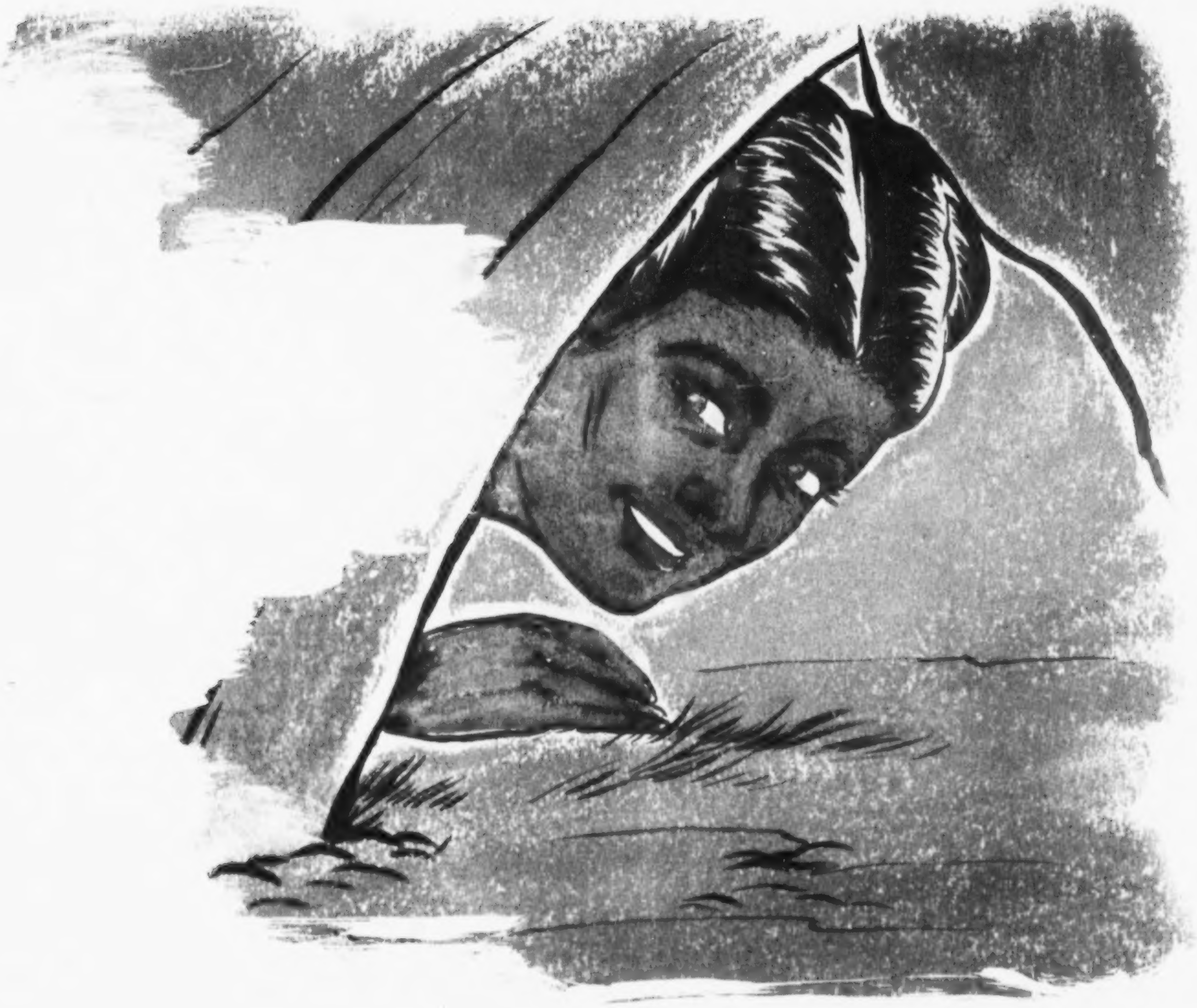
"Then you must pay me," said the squirrel to the girls.

"We could not pay you anything," answered the girls.

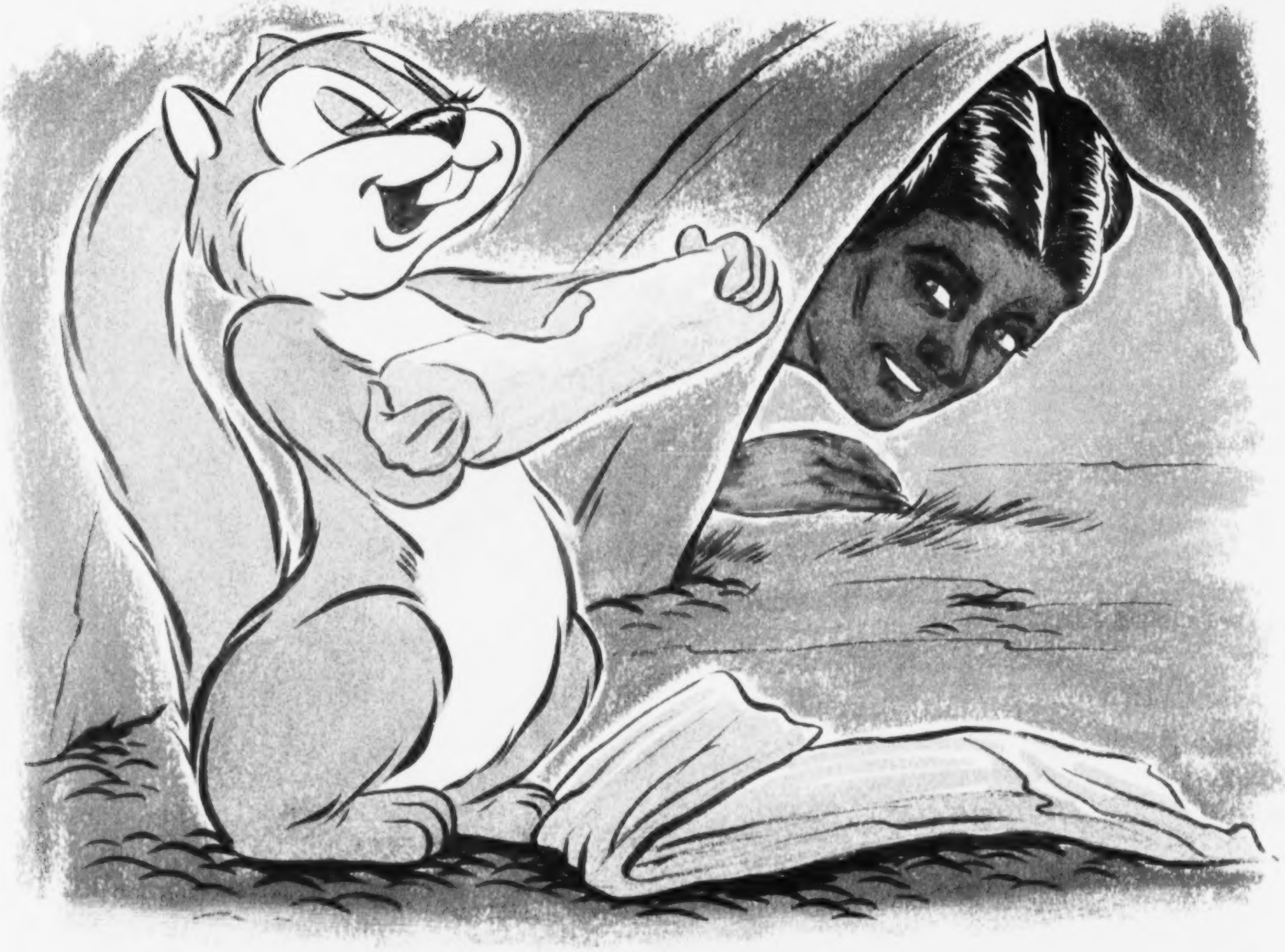
"Yes you can," said the squirrel. "You can make me some small blue corn bread. I like that very much."



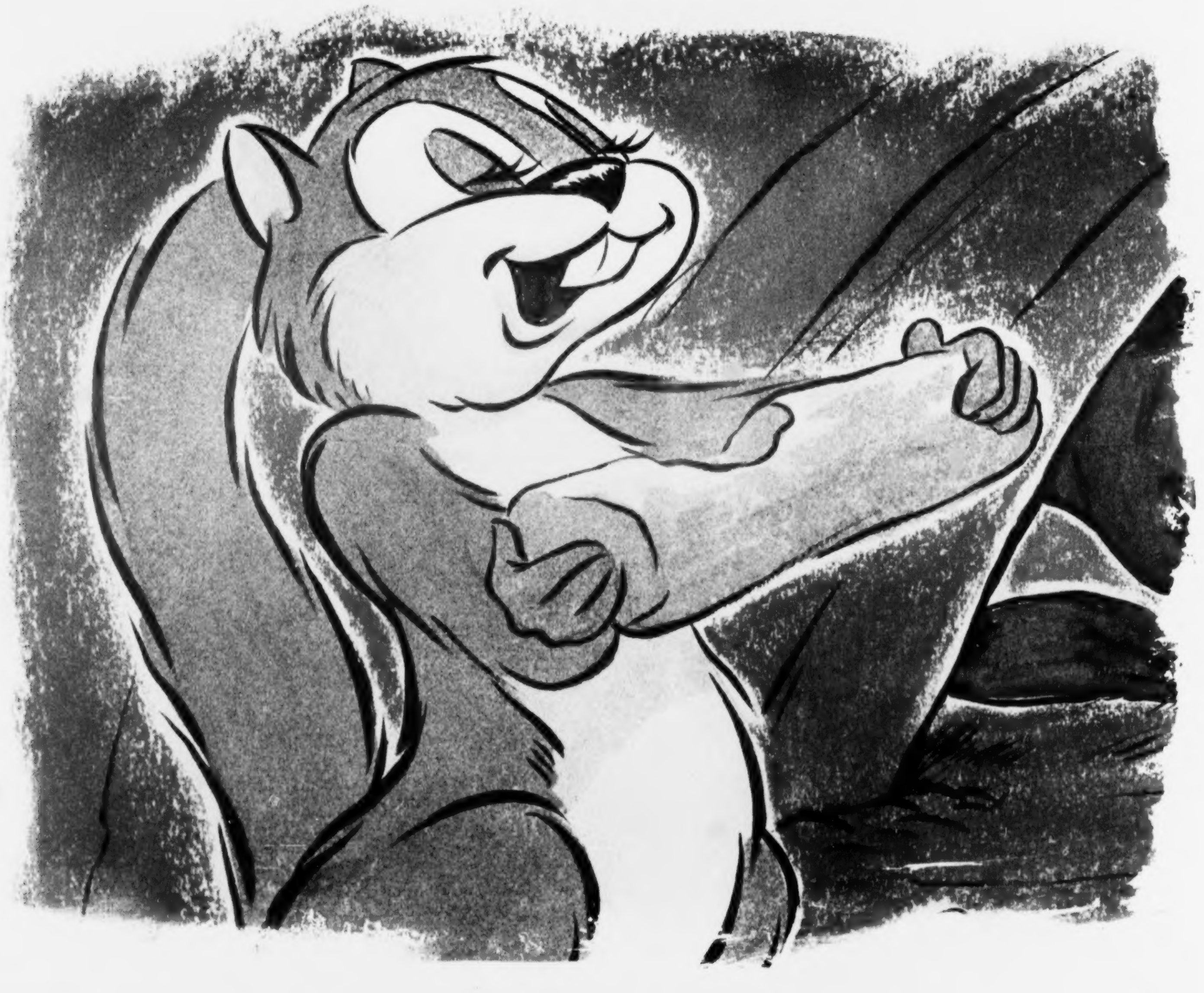
"All right," said the girls. They then took the piñon nuts back with them. When the girls reached their home they made some blue corn bread. When the bread was made they took it over to the squirrel.



The girls put the bread in the hole in the rock where the squirrel lived. "Hear us. We have brought your blue corn bread," said the girls.

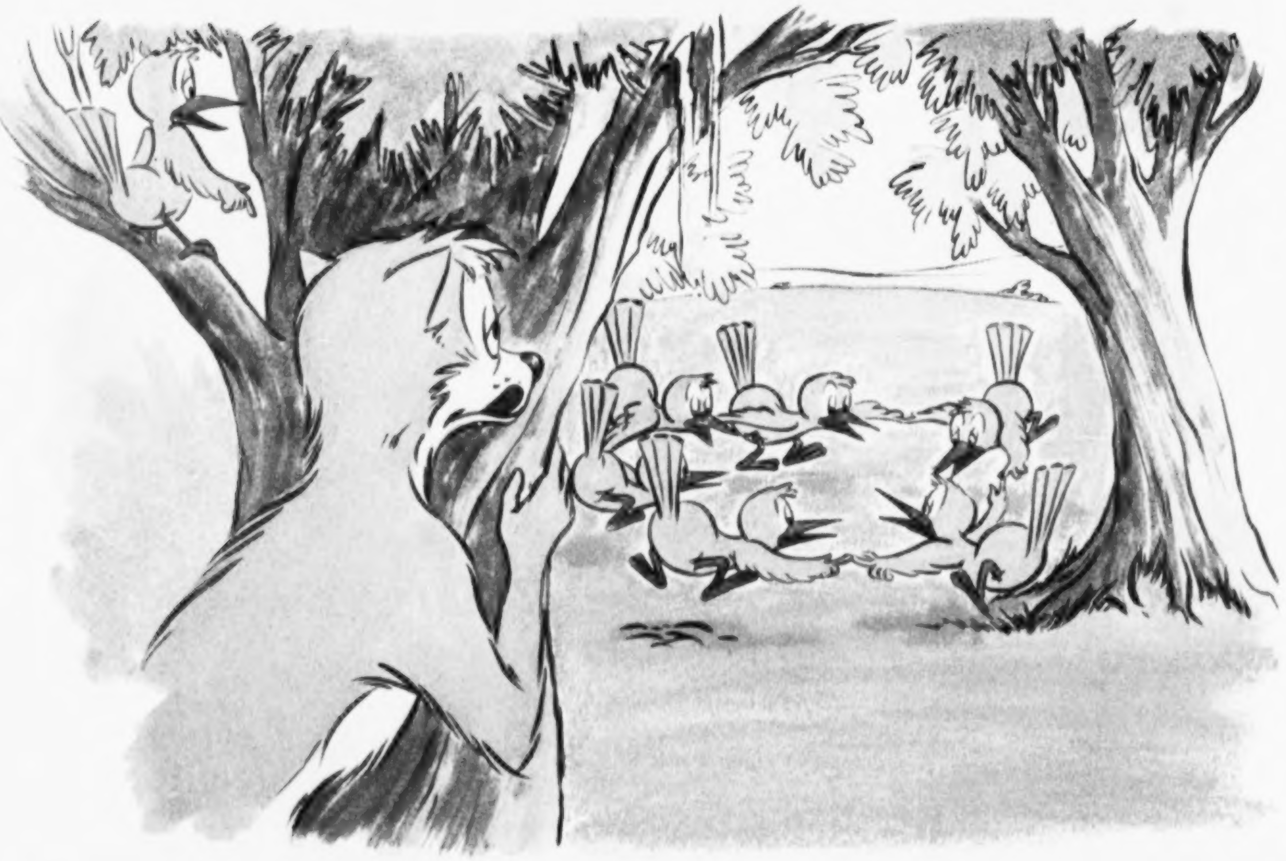


The squirrel jumped from the top of a rock where he was sitting and ran to the girls. The squirrel picked up one piece of the blue corn bread. He quickly unwrapped it and began to eat it.

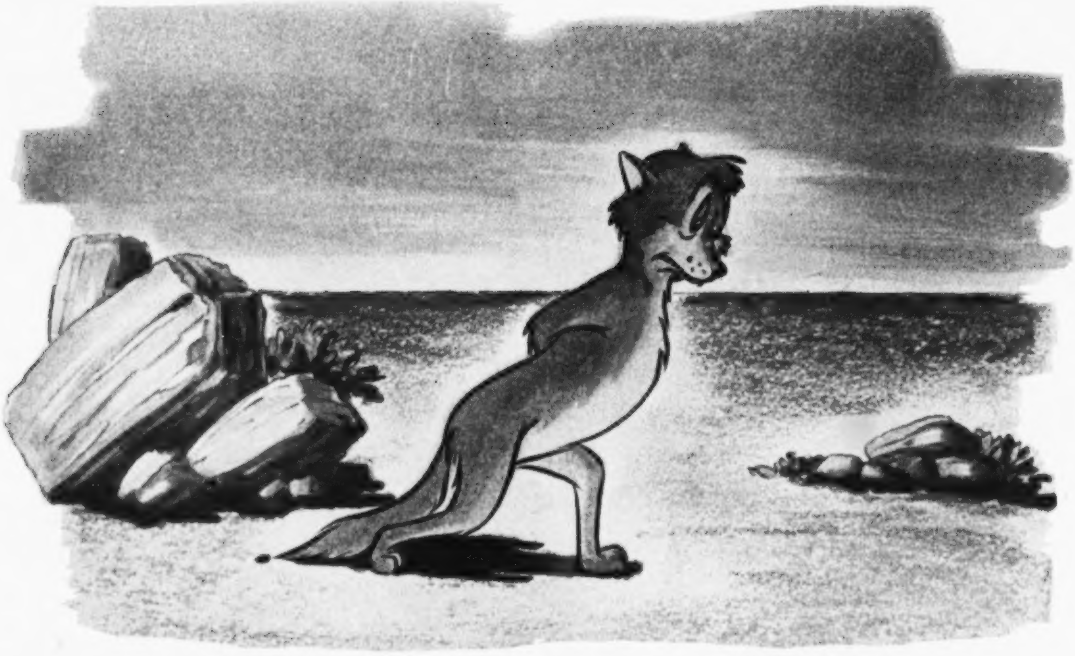


The girls then went home. In this way they got their piñon nuts back and paid the squirrel. Perhaps the squirrel is still busy eating the blue corn bread.

the coyote and the pinon jays



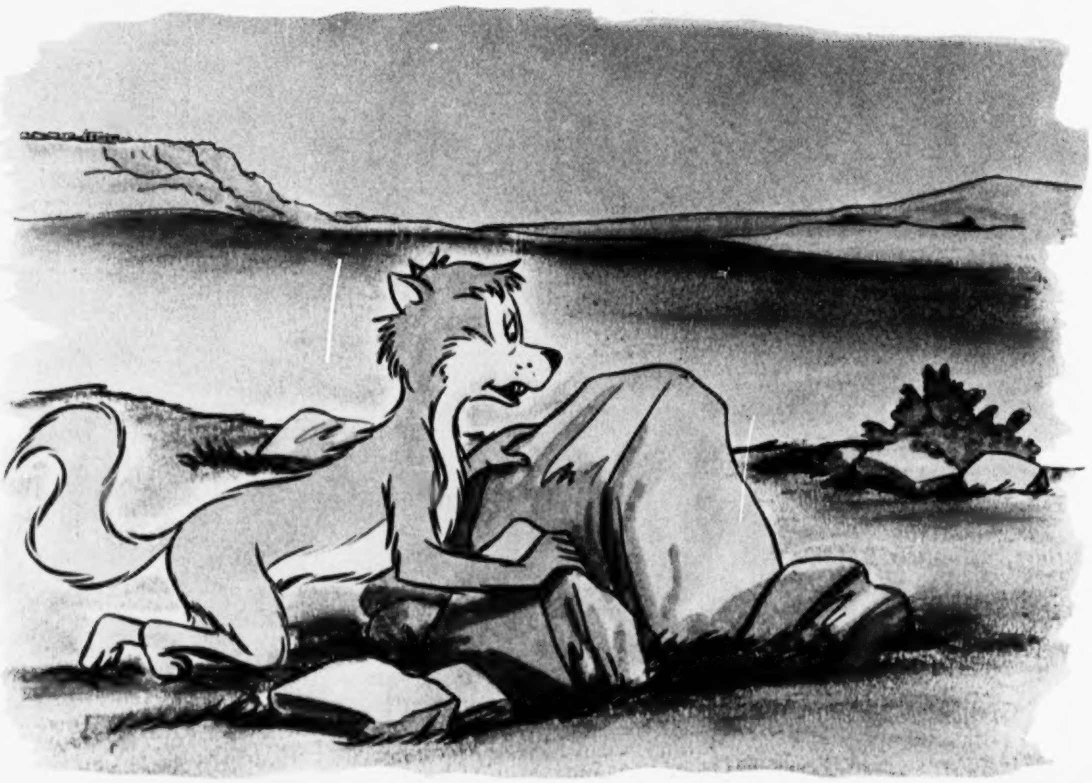
A HOPI TALE AS TOLD BY CHARLIE TALAWEPI
ILLUSTRATED BY DR. DON DOUGLASS



Long ago, many people lived at Oraibi. People still live there today.

Just west of Oraibi, at Coyote Hill, a coyote also lived. On warm days in spring and summer the coyote would hunt. He hunted in canyons and other places around Oraibi.

The coyote had favorite hunting grounds. He liked the places best where he could find many rabbits and other small animals. These were easy to catch.

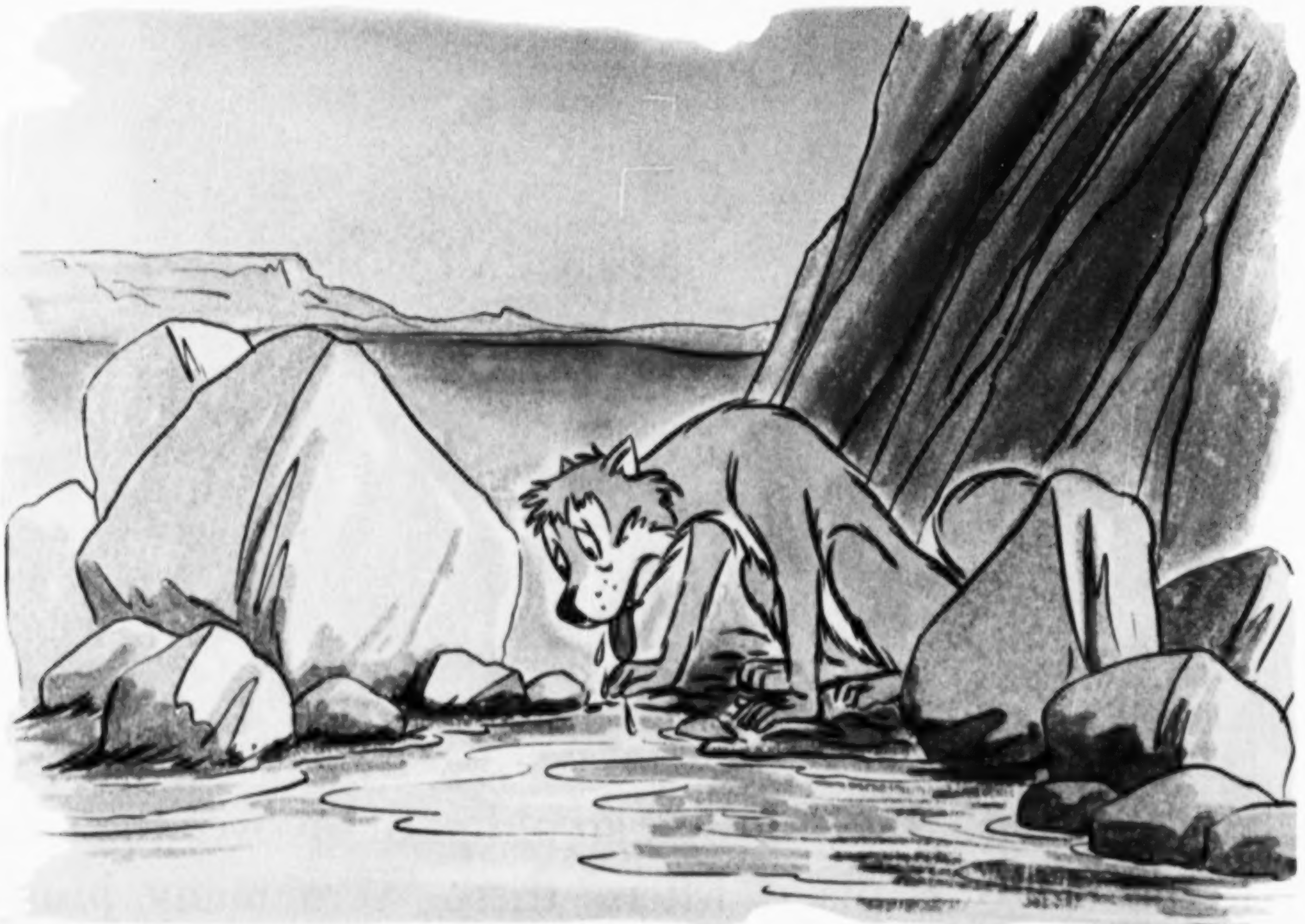


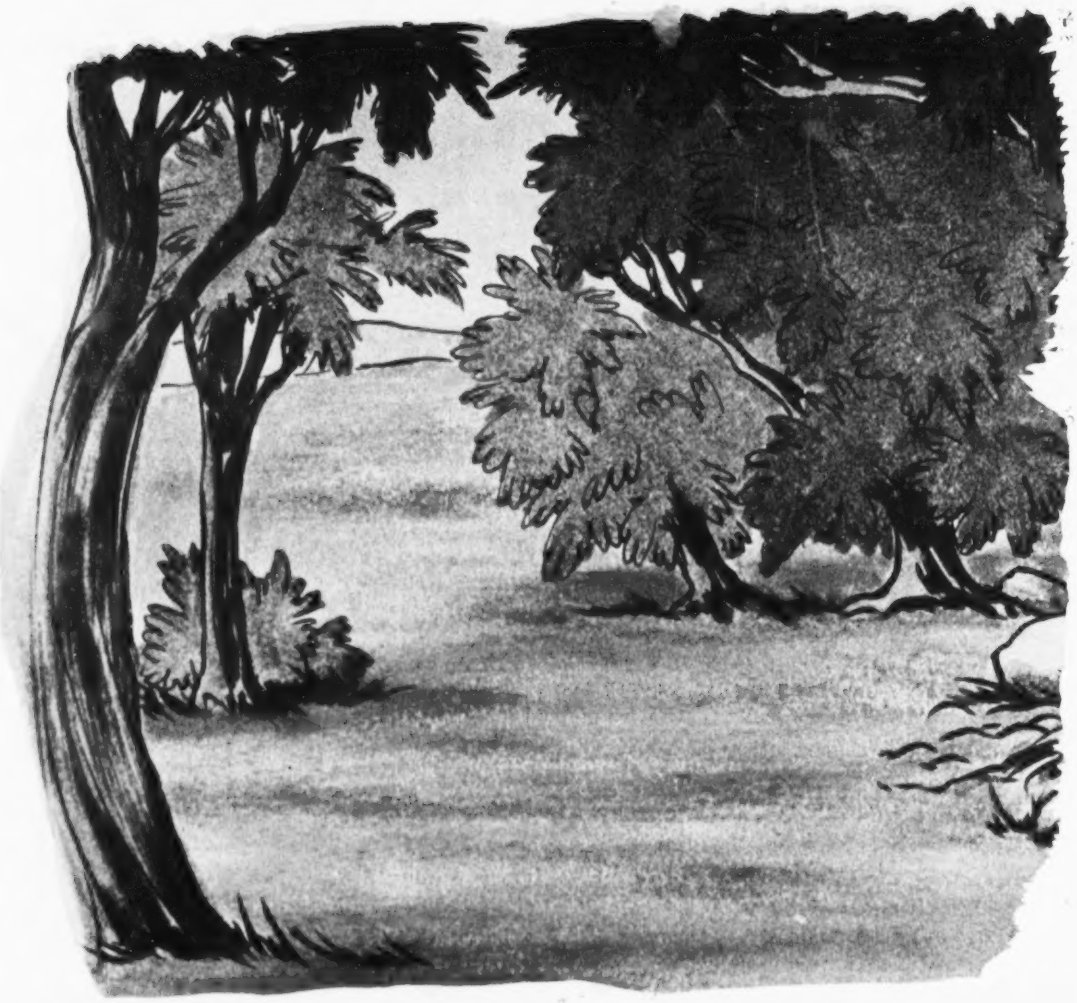
One particular day he hunted near a ridge north of Oraibi. He trotted along until he reached a place near the top of the ridge. Then he became thirsty.

The coyote started to Sand Springs to drink. He went below Windy Mesa. There, also, people once lived. No one lives there now. The coyote found a dry wash. He followed it up to Sand Springs.

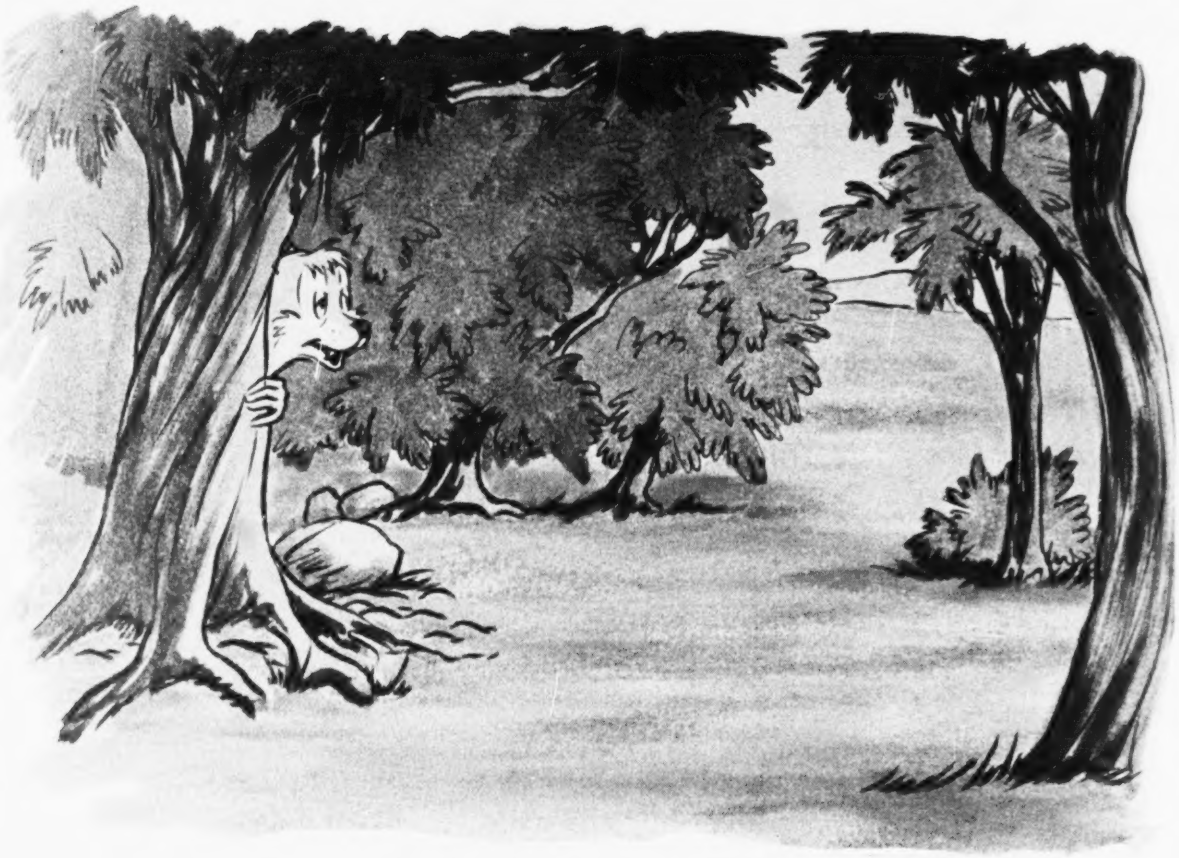
When the coyote reached Sand Springs he drank for a long time. He was very hot and very thirsty.

He drank the cool water. Then he found a shady place near the water. There he rested for a while.

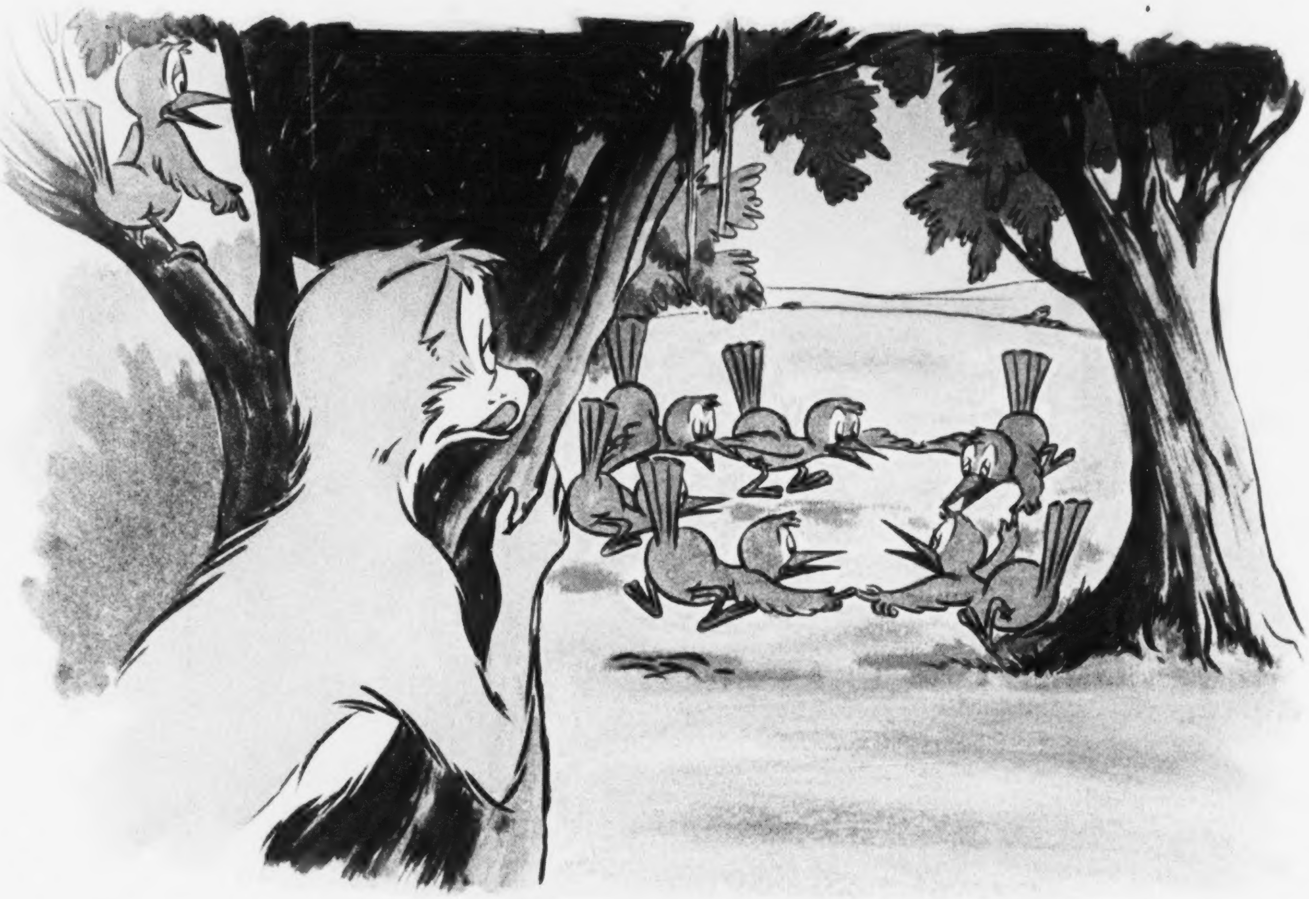




When he was through resting he went east from Sand Springs. He followed an old path up over the ridge. He came to a place where there were many juniper trees.

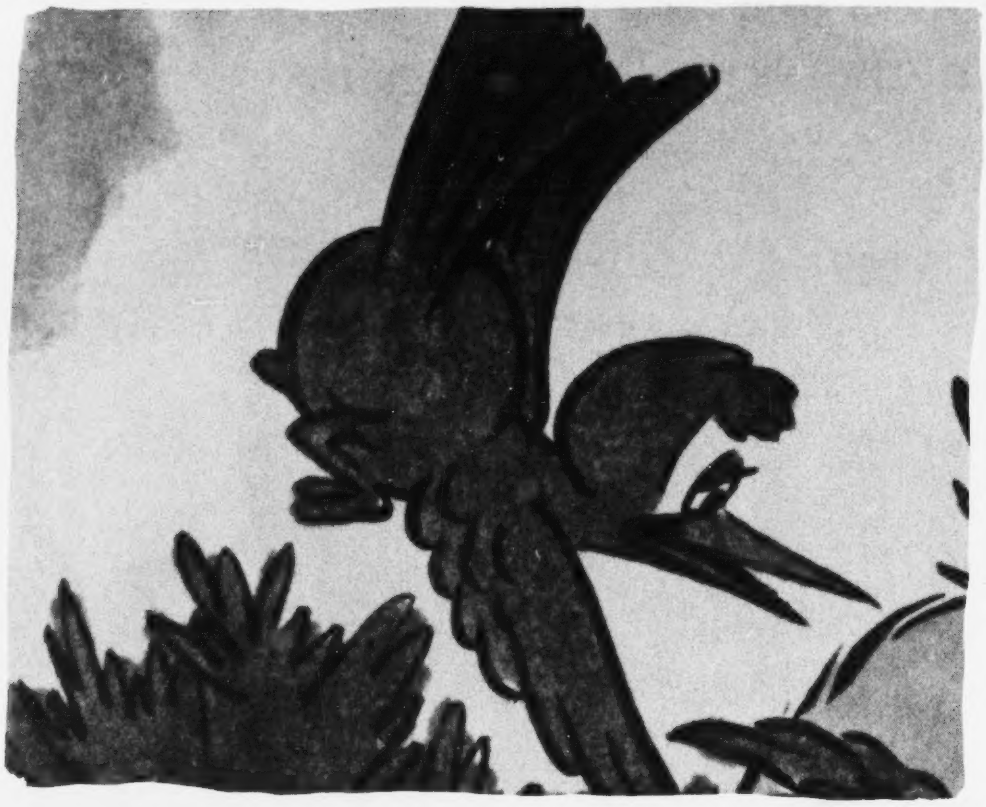


All at once he heard laughing and singing. The sounds came from somewhere to the north. He stopped and listened. "Yes," the coyote thought. "There is laughing and singing somewhere. I shall find where it comes from." So the coyote went to look for the place where the laughing and singing was coming from.



The coyote went up a small sandy ridge. At the top he sat down under a tree.

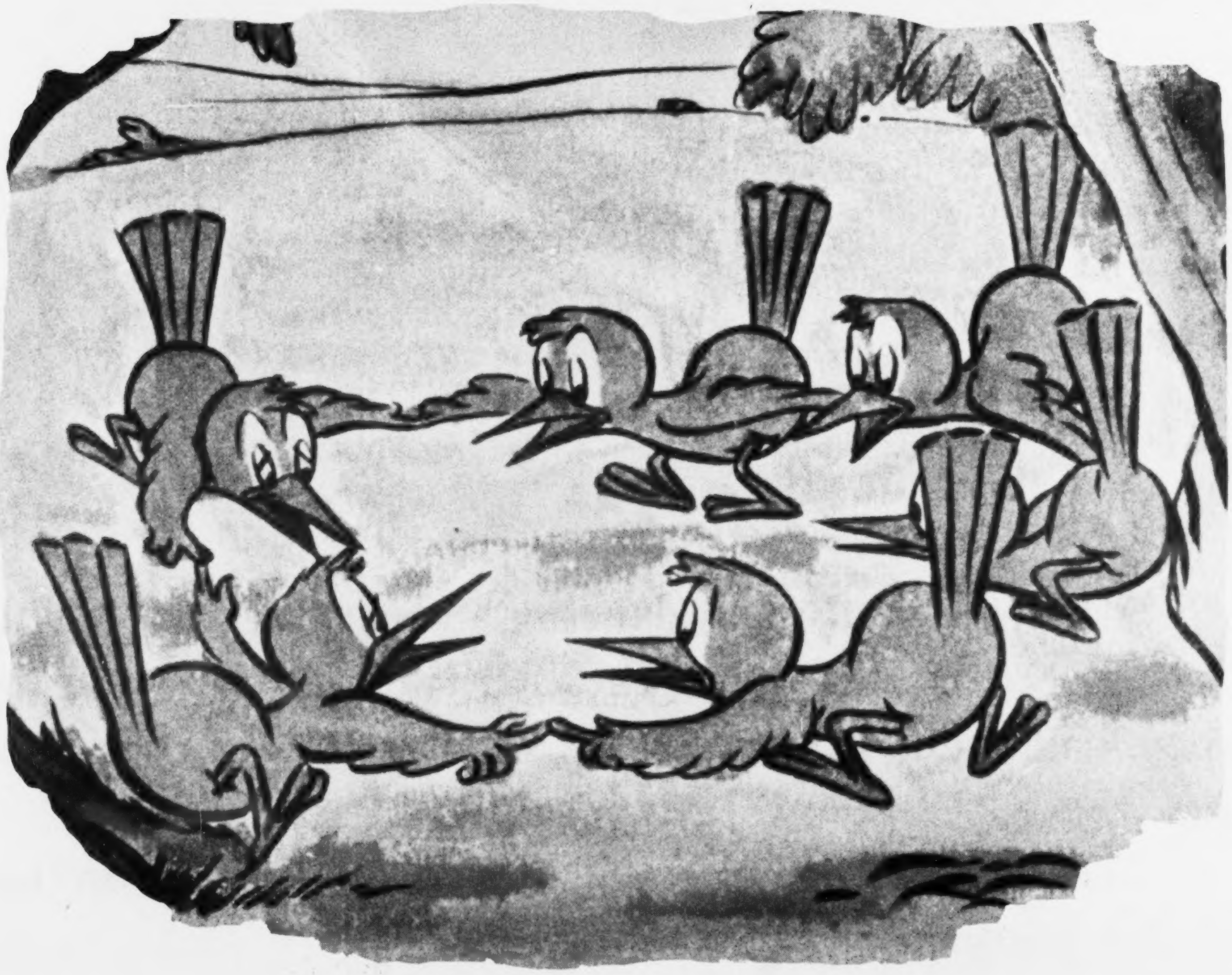
Then he saw some little Piñon Jays. They were dancing and singing near a big juniper tree. As they sang and danced they went round and round in a circle. Their wings were spread out and touched one another.

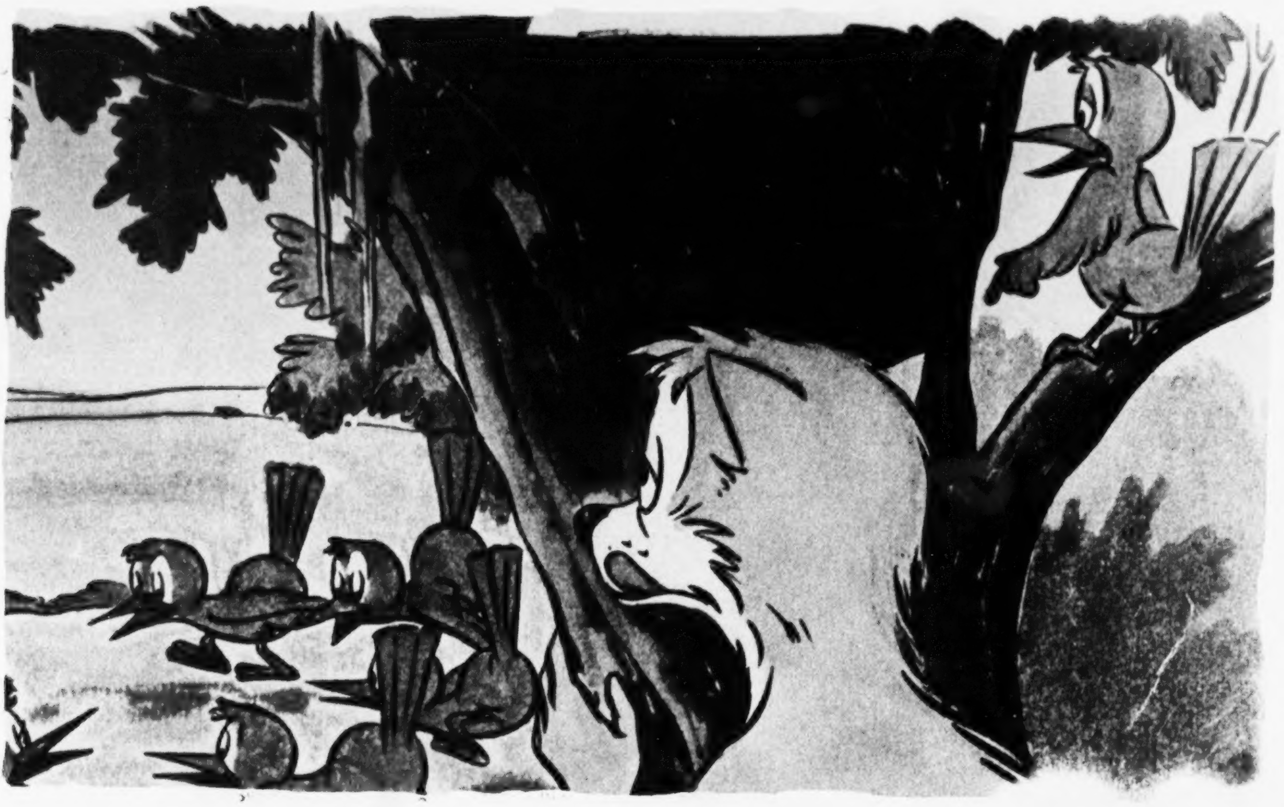


When they stopped dancing and singing they would fly high in the air. Soon they would come down again. They came down very fast. To the coyote it seemed that the little Piñon Jays just fell to the ground.

When they came back they would light on top of the junipers.

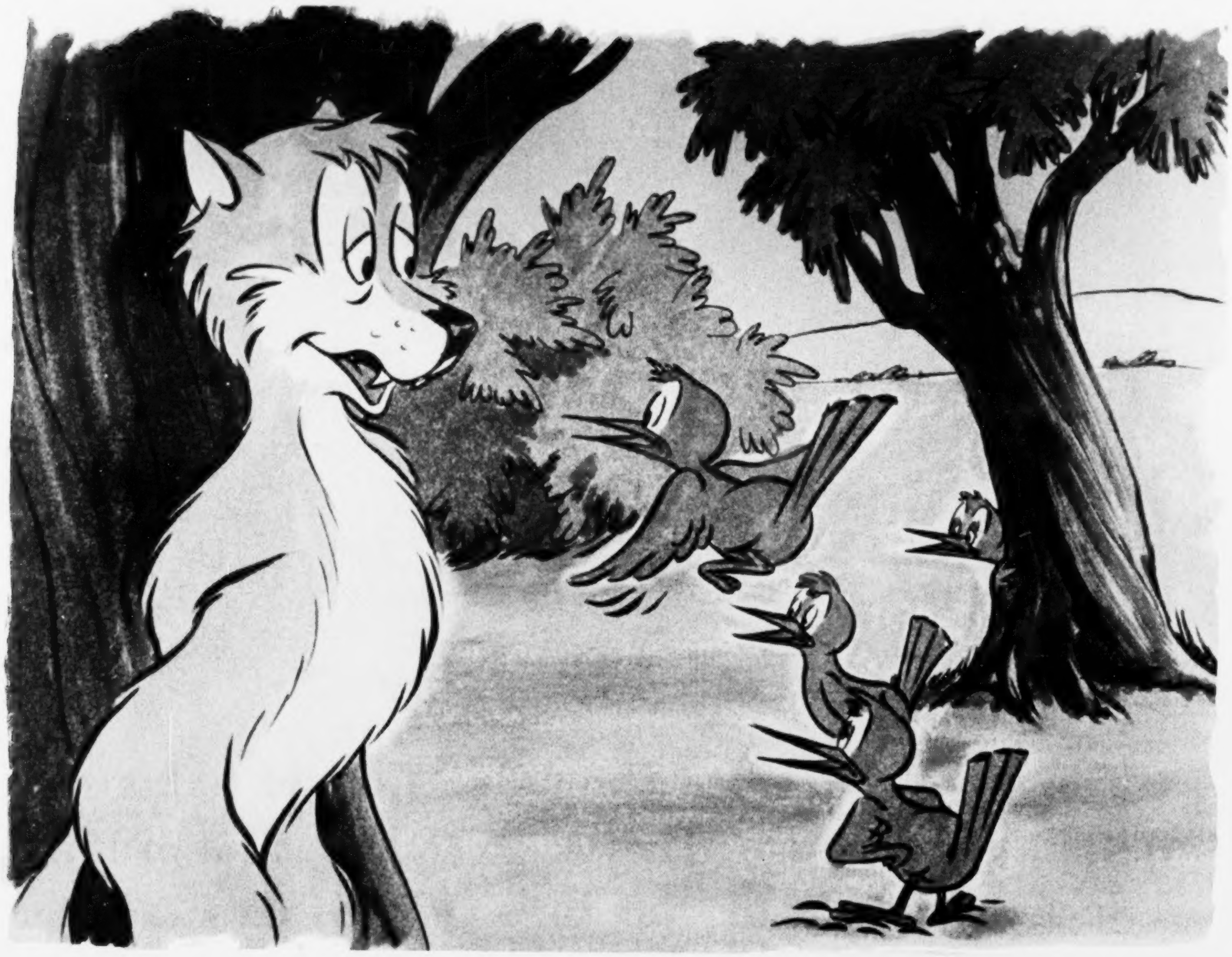
By and by they would jump down off the trees. They would sing and dance and then they would fly high into the sky all over again.



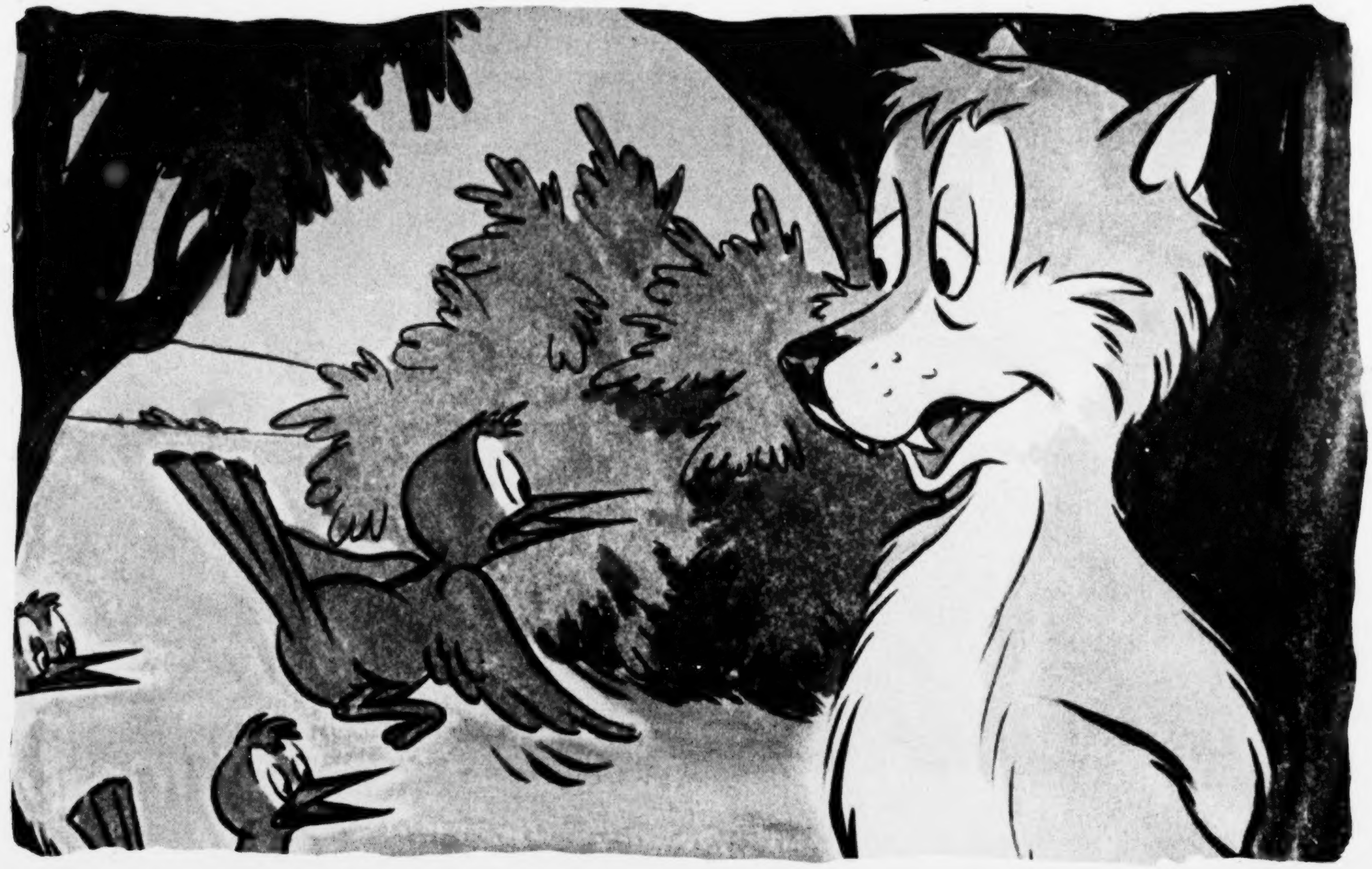


The coyote watched carefully. He said to himself, "What are they doing? They seem to have a lot of fun."

Just then one of the little Piñon Jays saw the coyote. The little Piñon Jay said, "Look. A coyote is watching us." The other little Piñon Jays asked, "Where is he?" Another little Piñon Jay said, "Over there. He is hiding under that tree."

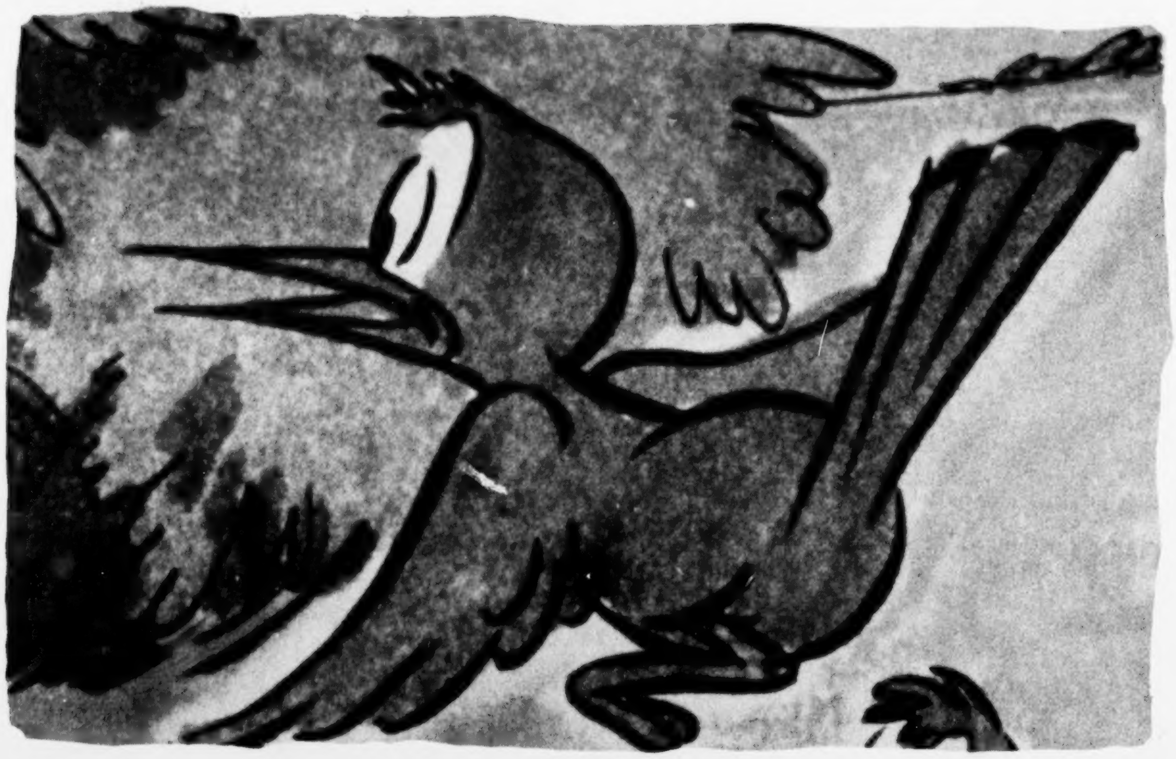


The little Piñon Jays asked the coyote to come on over. The coyote did not come right away. He waited a little while. Then he went over to the little Piñon Jays.



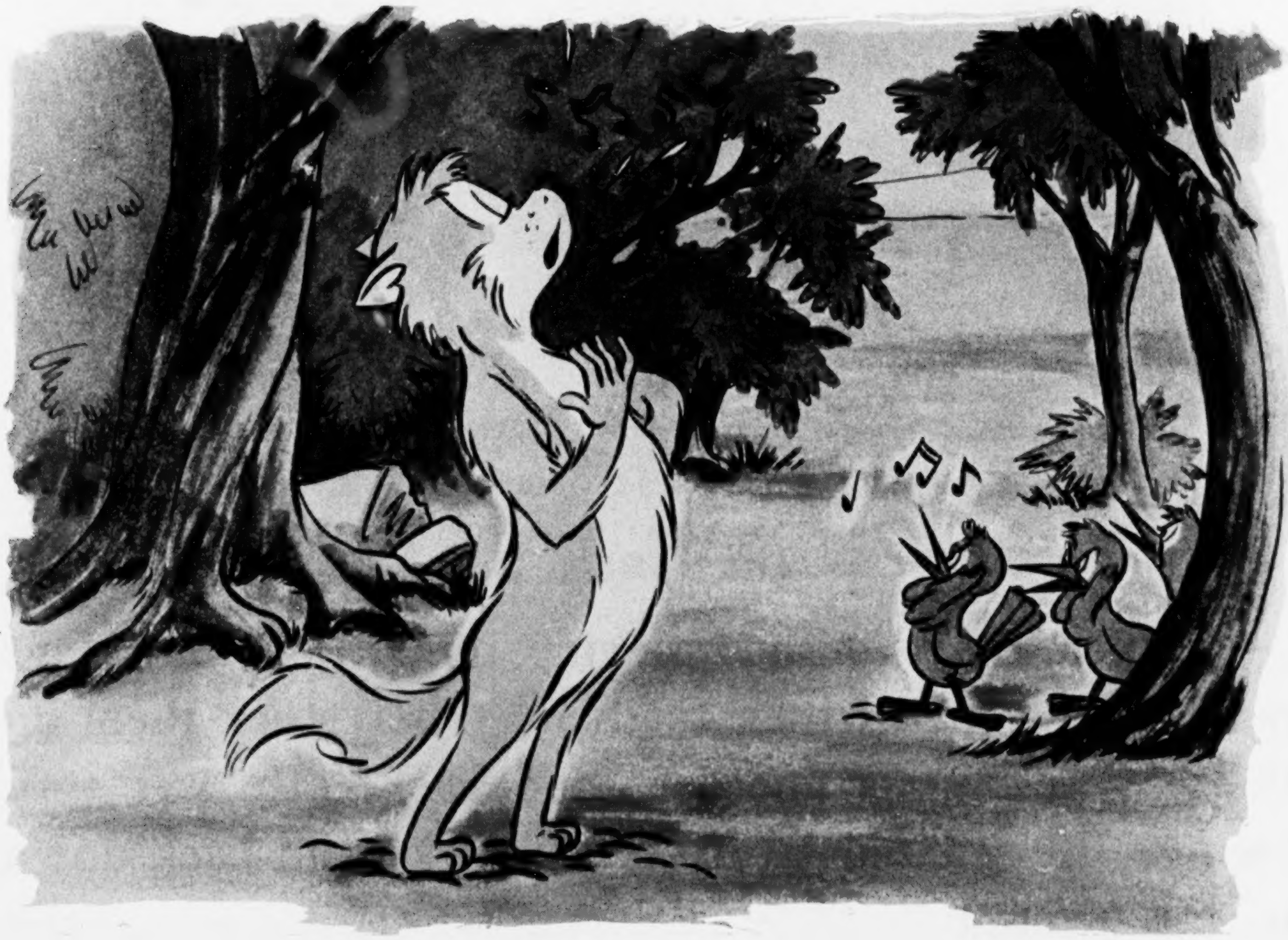
The little Piñon Jays told the coyote, "You must play with us. We will teach you our song. Listen carefully. We will sing it through once. Sing with us when we start again the second time."

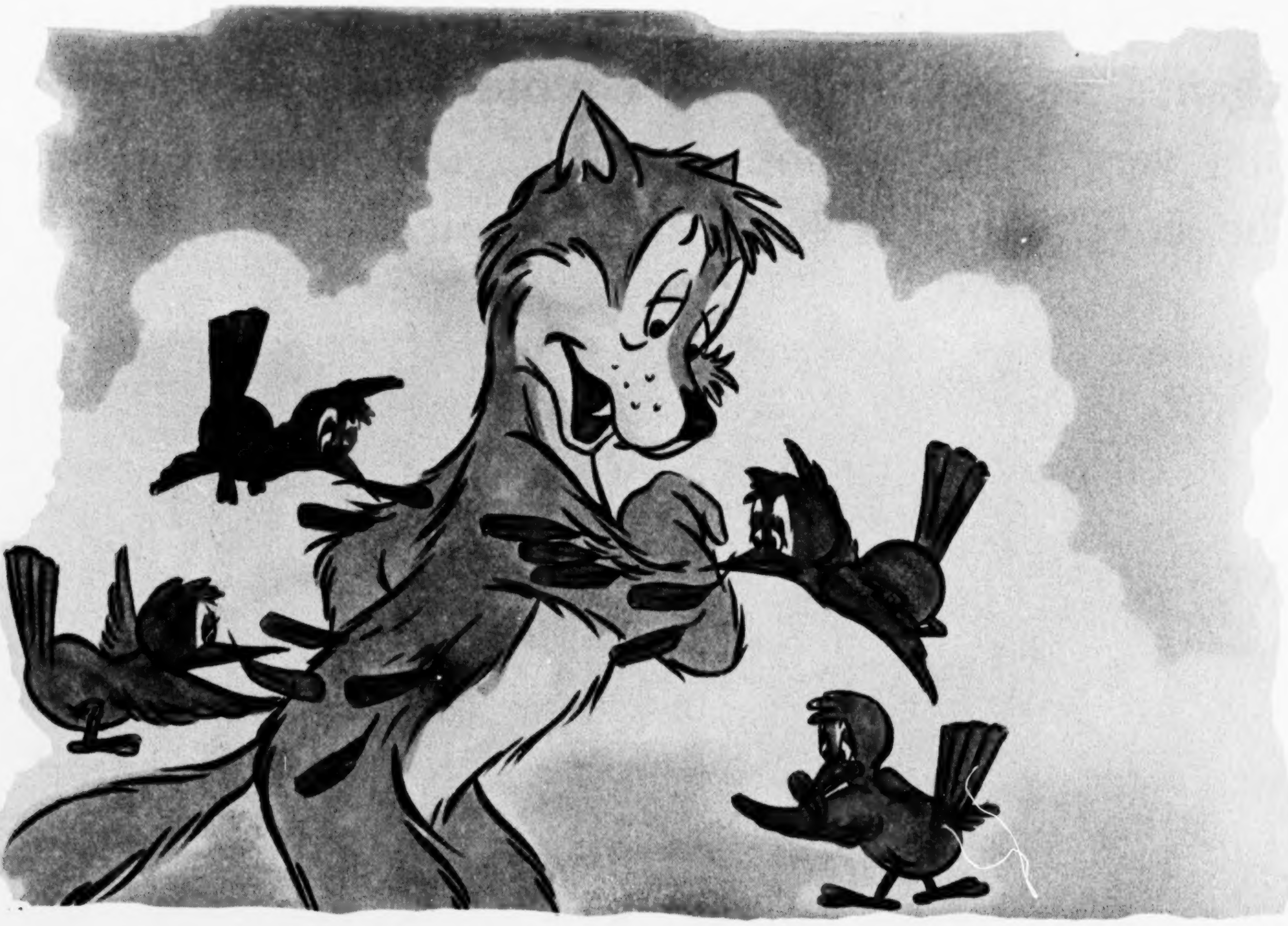
The coyote said, "I will listen carefully. It should not be hard to learn."



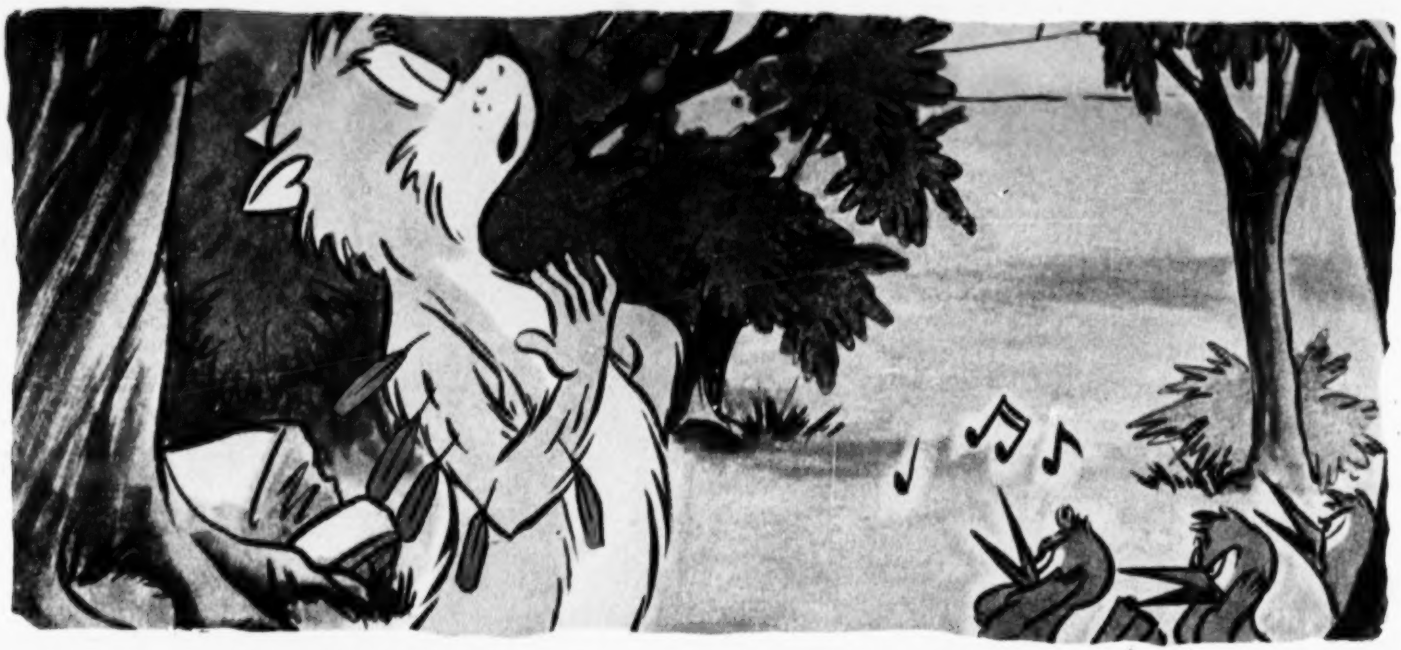
One little Piñon Jay told the coyote, "Learn our song. Then we will give you some of our feathers. We will stick them to your arms and legs. You can go high into the sky with us. When we let you go you will fly back down to the ground just as we do. It is fun. You will see."

The little Piñon Jays sang their song. Then they began a second time. The coyote sang with them. He sang very loud. Soon only his voice could be heard. The coyote had a loud strong voice.



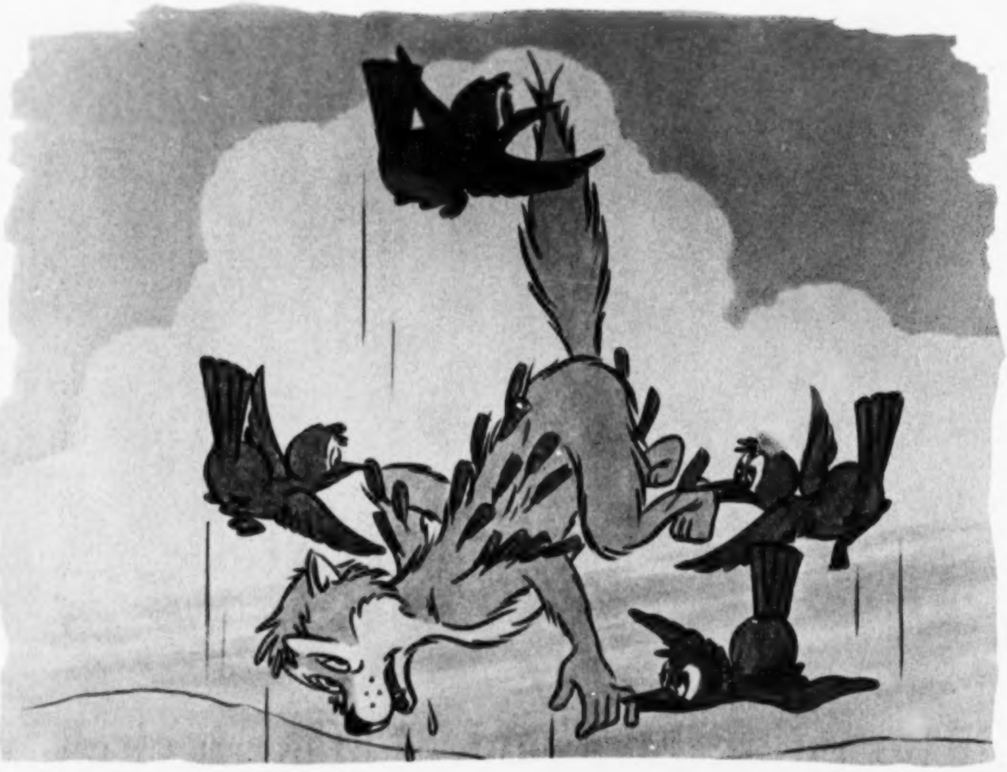


When they finished singing the little Piñon Jays pulled out some of their feathers. They stuck them on the coyote's arms and legs and back. He was very happy. He wanted to fly into the sky and back down to the ground.



The little Piñon Jays said, "Make a circle with us. We will hold on to each other. Sing for us while we dance round and round. Then we will take you high into the sky with us. You will fly down by yourself. It will be easy."

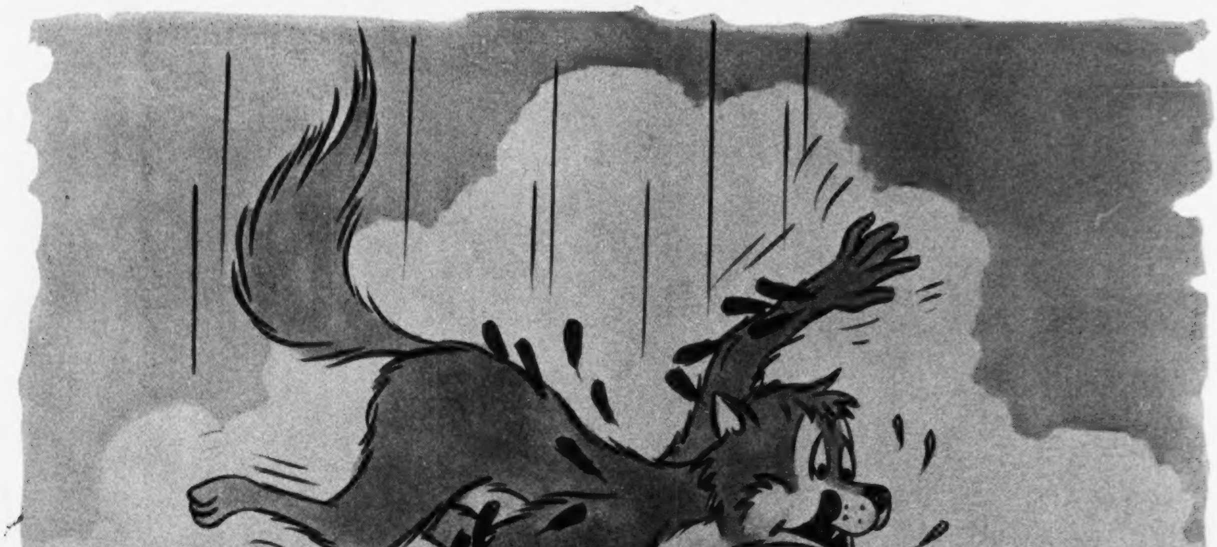
The coyote began singing. All of them danced. They danced round and round in a circle. The coyote looked funny with feathers on his arms and legs and back.

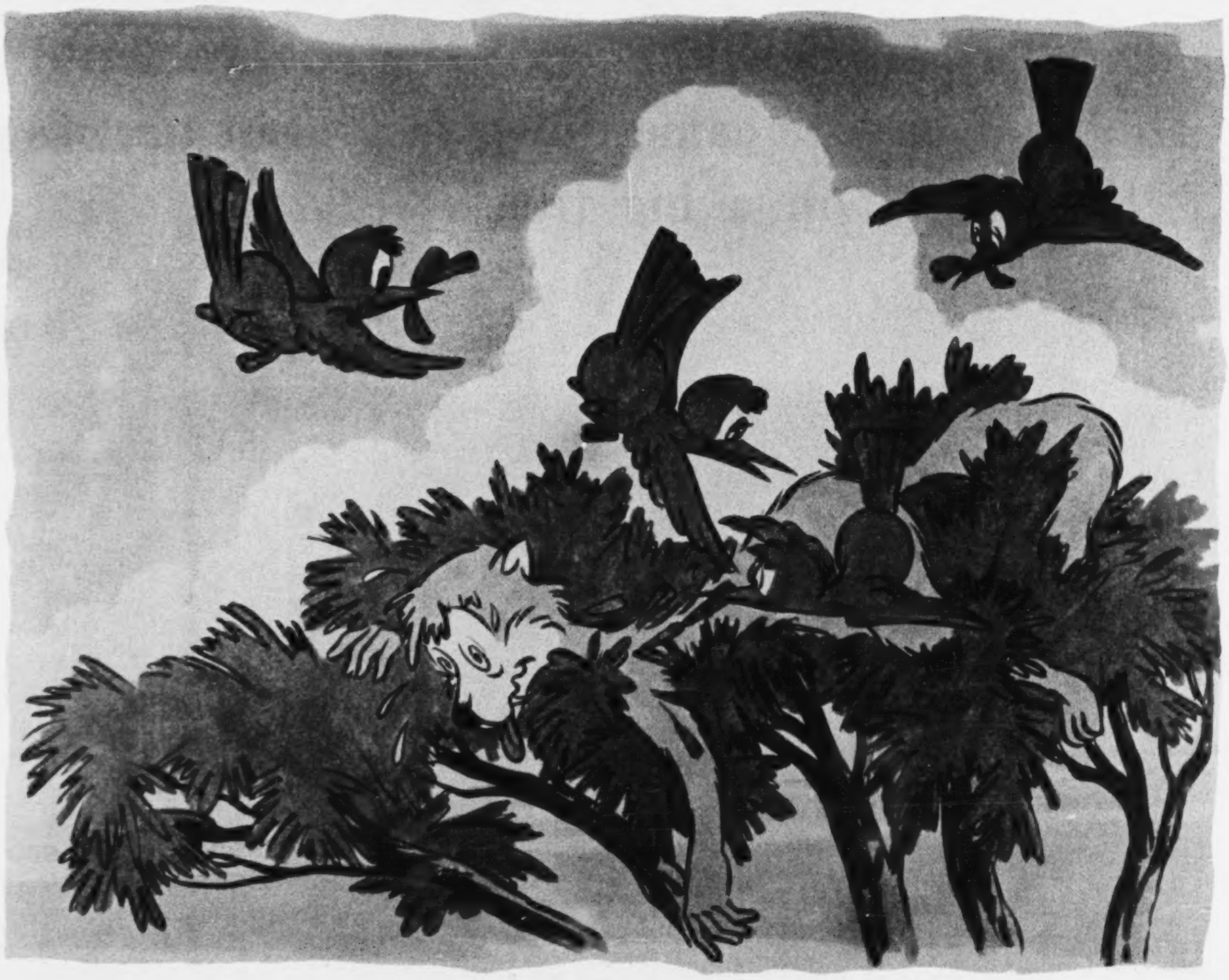


After a while the coyote stopped singing. They all stopped dancing. The little Piñon Jays grabbed the coyote. Up and up they went. They flew high into the sky.

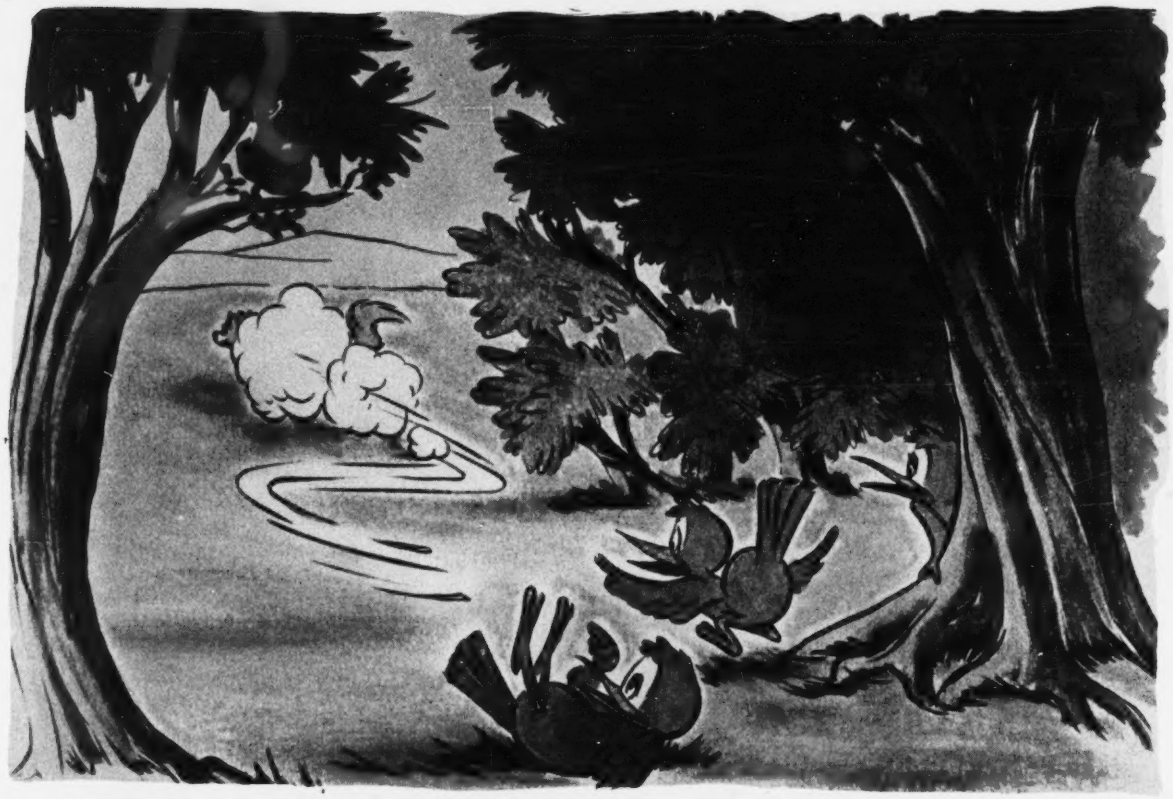
When they were up high in the sky they let go of the coyote. The little Piñon Jays came down very fast.

The little Piñon Jays watched the coyote. He flapped his arms as he fell. But the coyote could not fly. The poor coyote came down fast. But he was not hurt. He landed on a big tree.





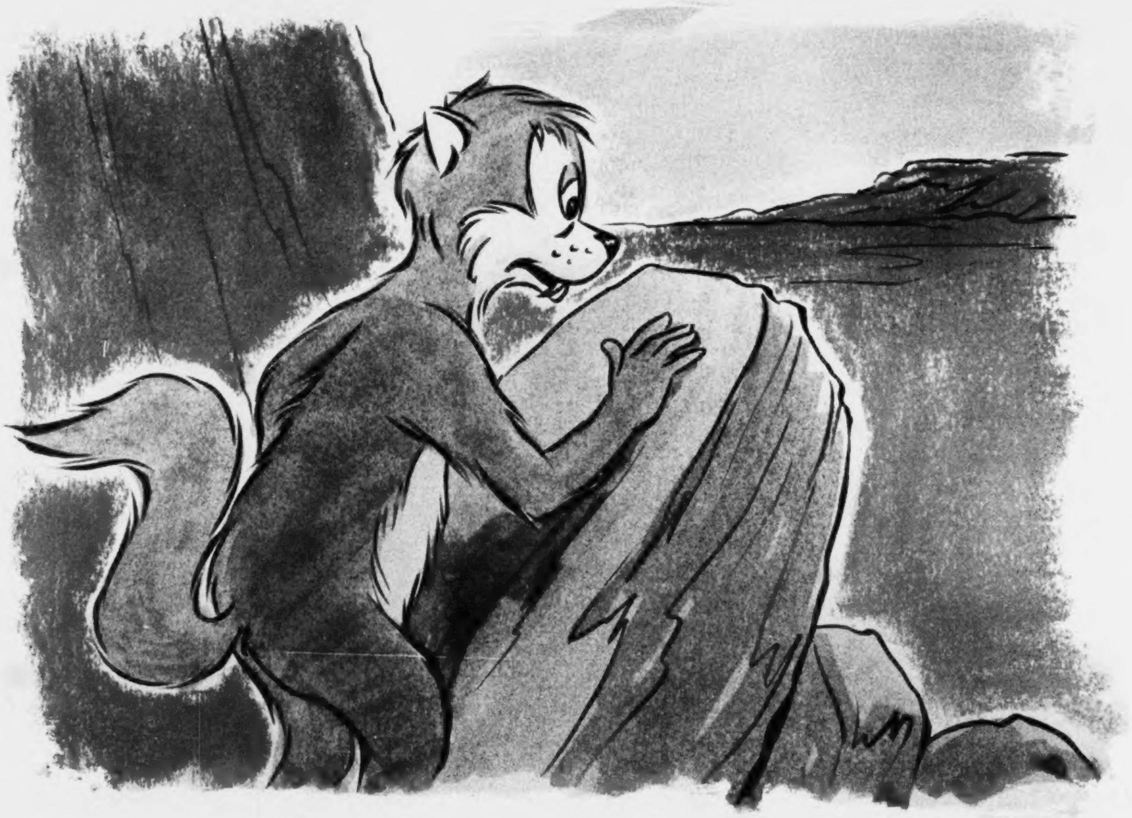
The little Piñon Jays flew over to the coyote. They took away their feathers from his arms and legs and back. Each one would say, "This is mine. That is mine." They would take several feathers at a time.



The poor coyote jumped off the tree. He ran as fast as he could for Coyote Hill.

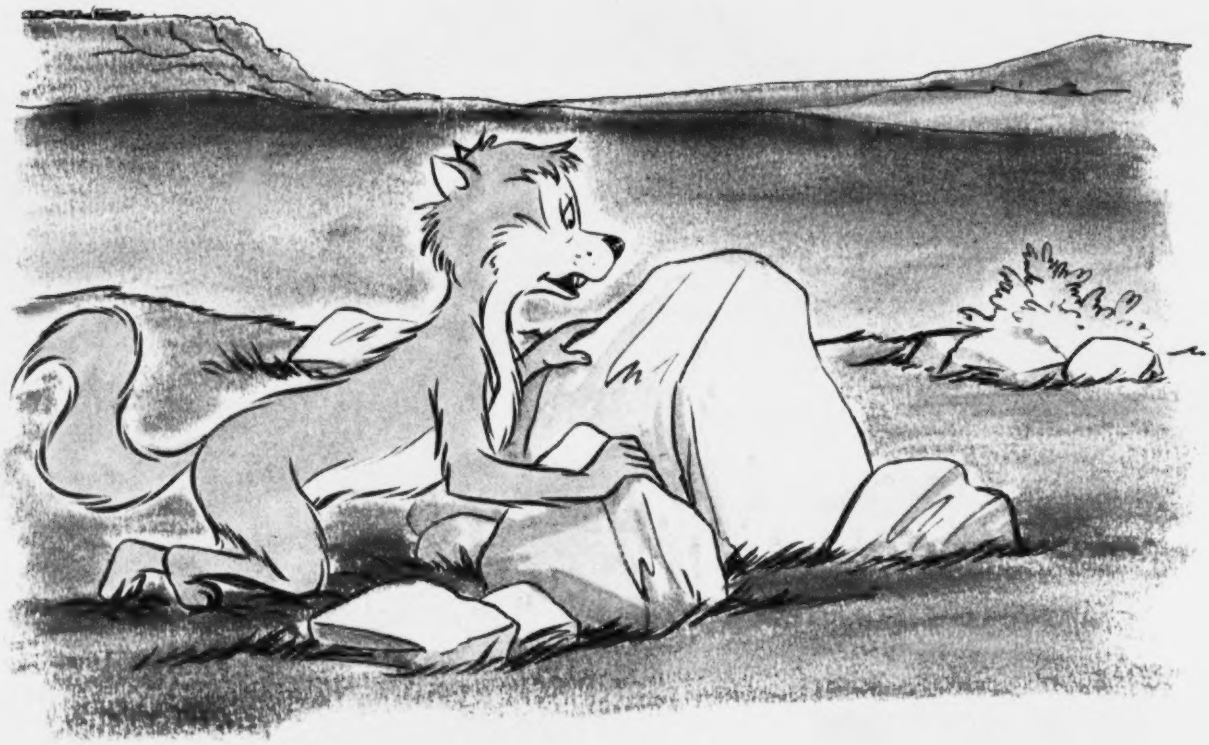
The little Pinon Jays had played a trick on the coyote. They had tricked him into playing games with them. The coyote could not fly with feathers stuck to him. The coyote played with the little Pinon Jays because he was very foolish.

the coyote and the butterfly

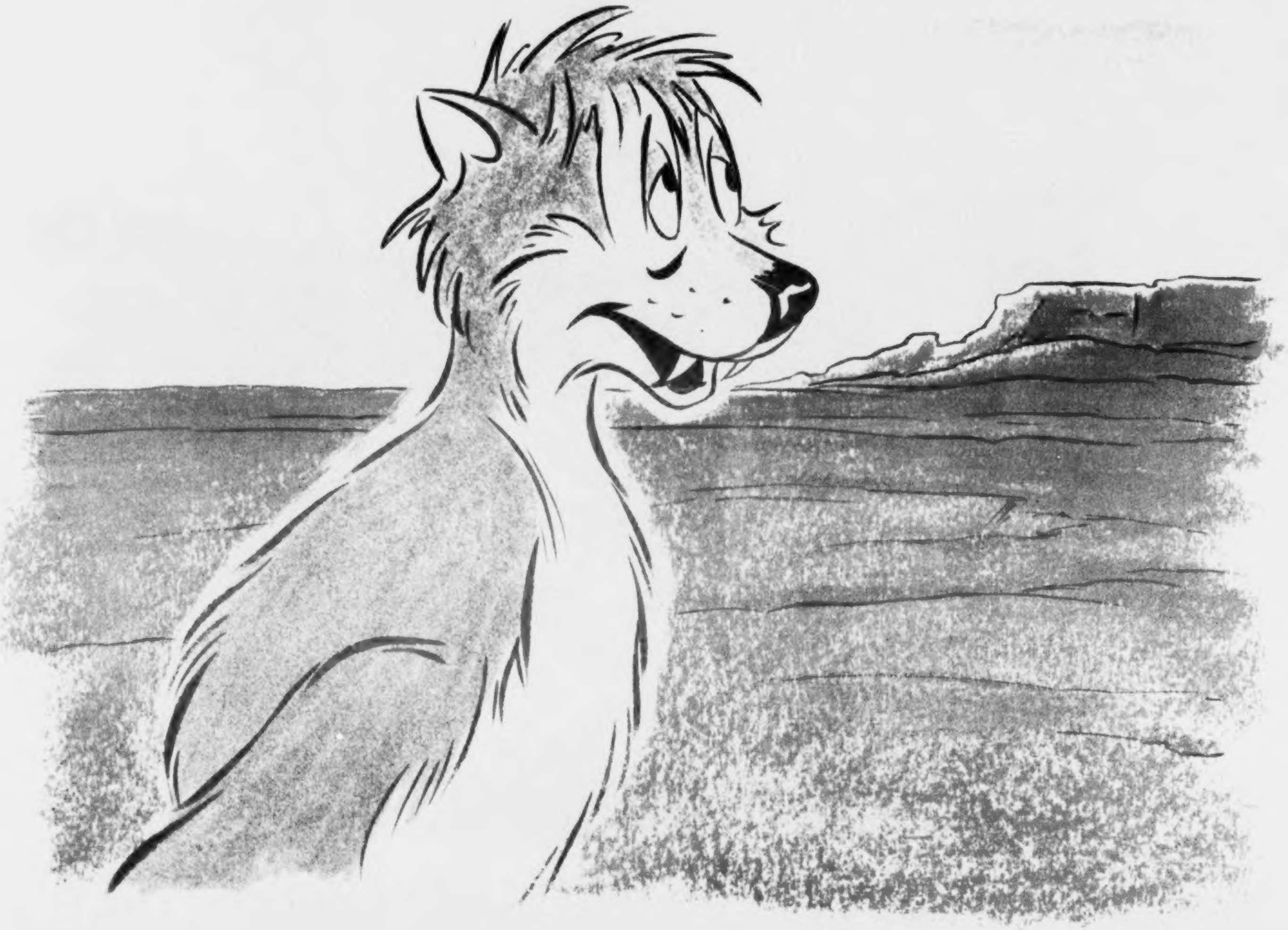


A HOPI TALE AS TOLD BY CHARLIE TALAWEPI

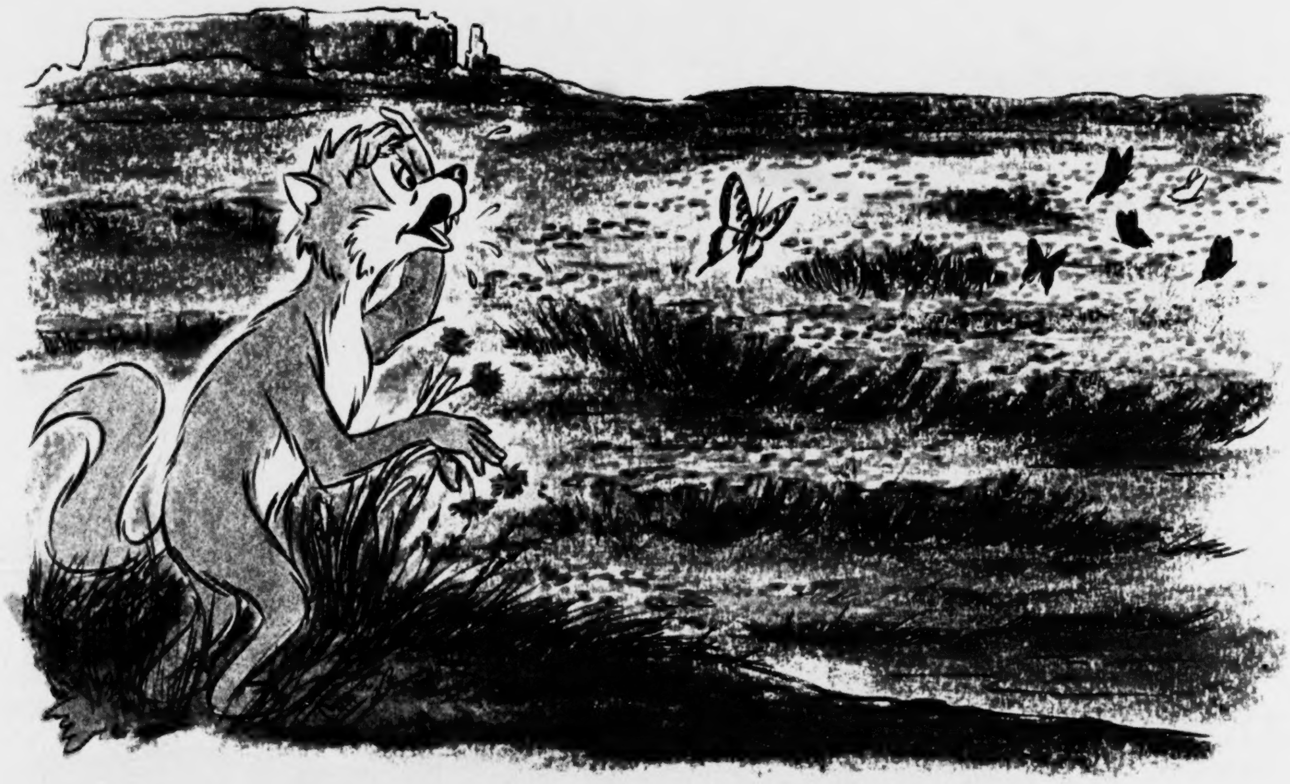
ILLUSTRATED BY DR. DON DOUGLASS



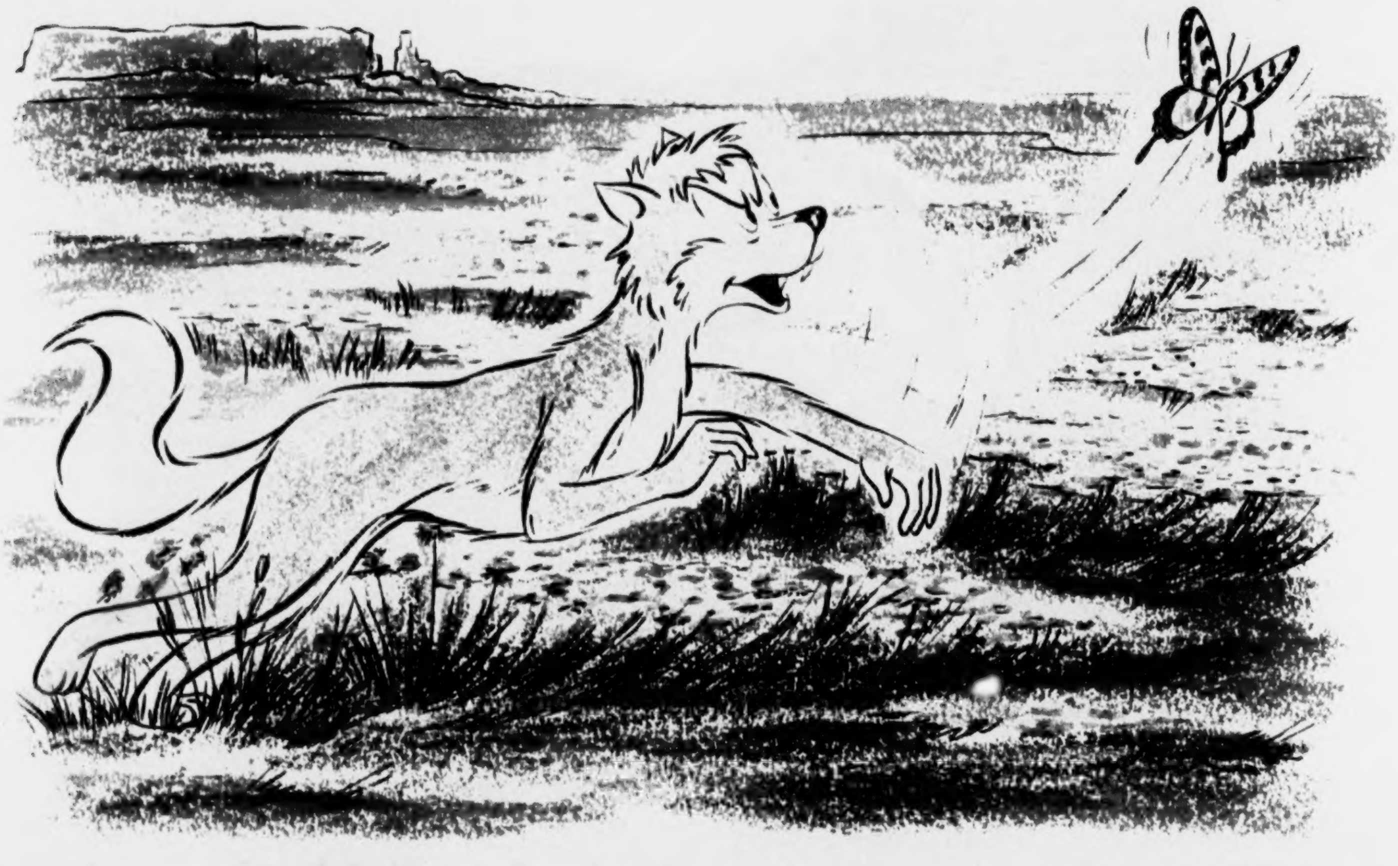
Long ago, people lived at Oraibi. At Coyote Ridge lived a coyote. When spring came the coyote would hunt far and near. He looked for small game to catch. Sometimes it did not rain. It would be dry. Then the coyote would not find any game.



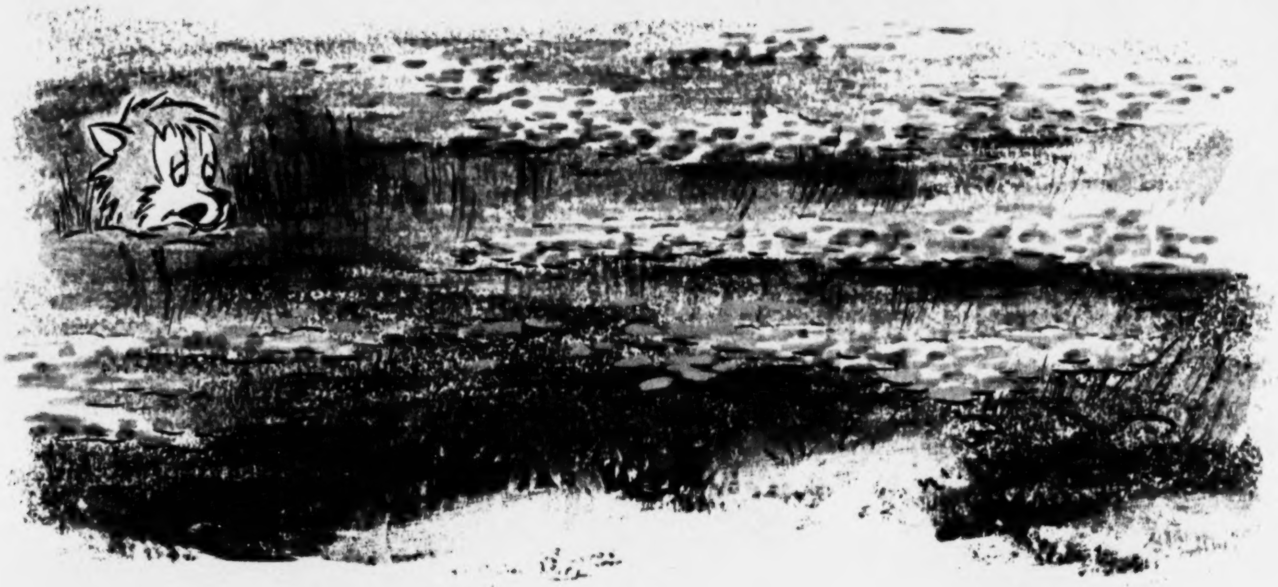
When summer came the coyote went out one day to a field. He found a lot of flowers. There were all kinds of flowers blooming. He thought, "It must be a good summer. Many good things are growing here."



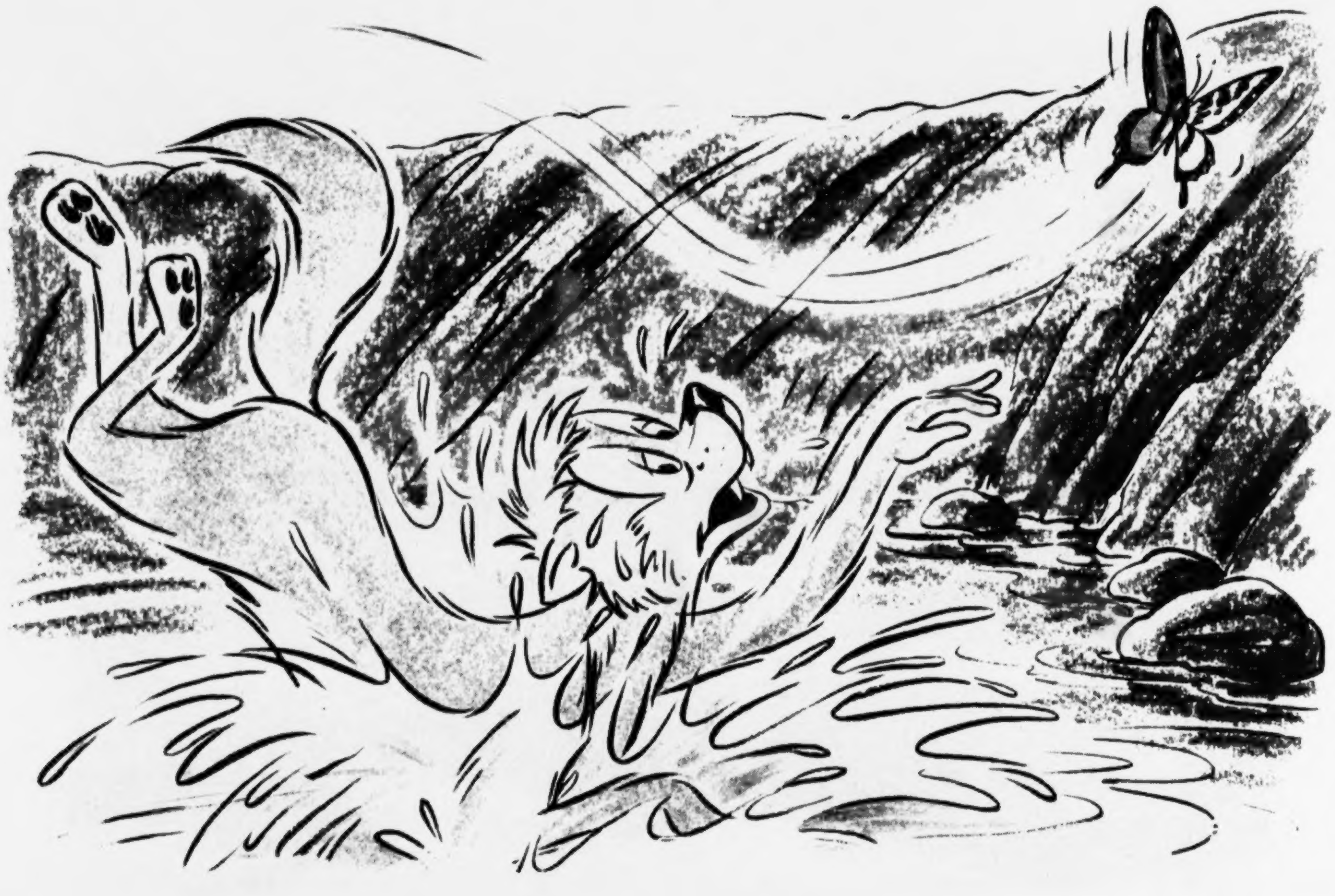
When the coyote reached the fields he saw a butterfly. The butterfly was flying through the flowers. It would stop at one flower and then another. The coyote sat near by. He watched the butterfly as it flew around.



The butterfly kept flying around. It kept flying farther and farther away from the coyote. The coyote would walk up and try to grab it. Every time the coyote grabbed at the butterfly it would get away.

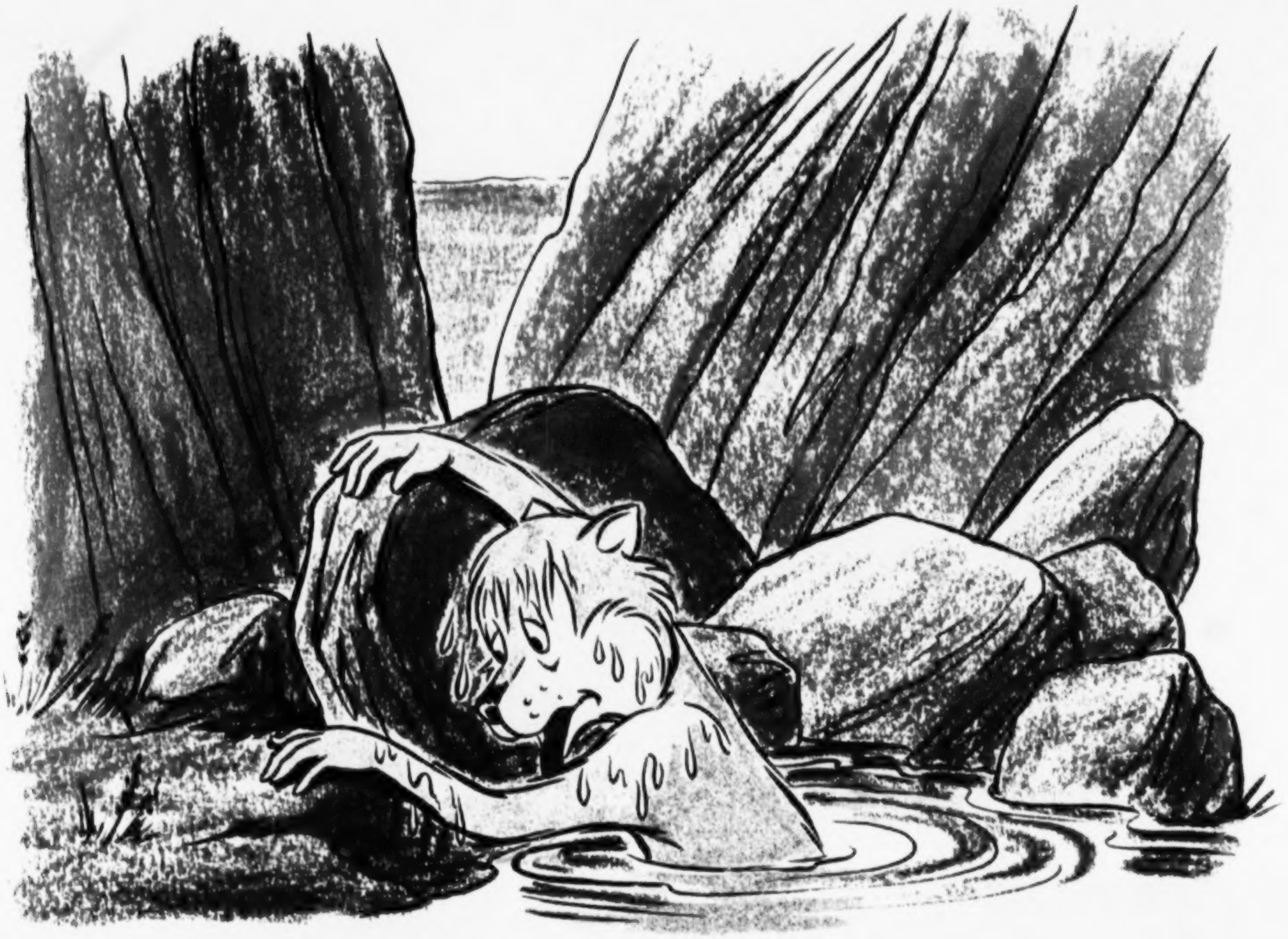


The coyote got tired. He was just about to catch the butterfly when it reached a wash and flew over to the other side.



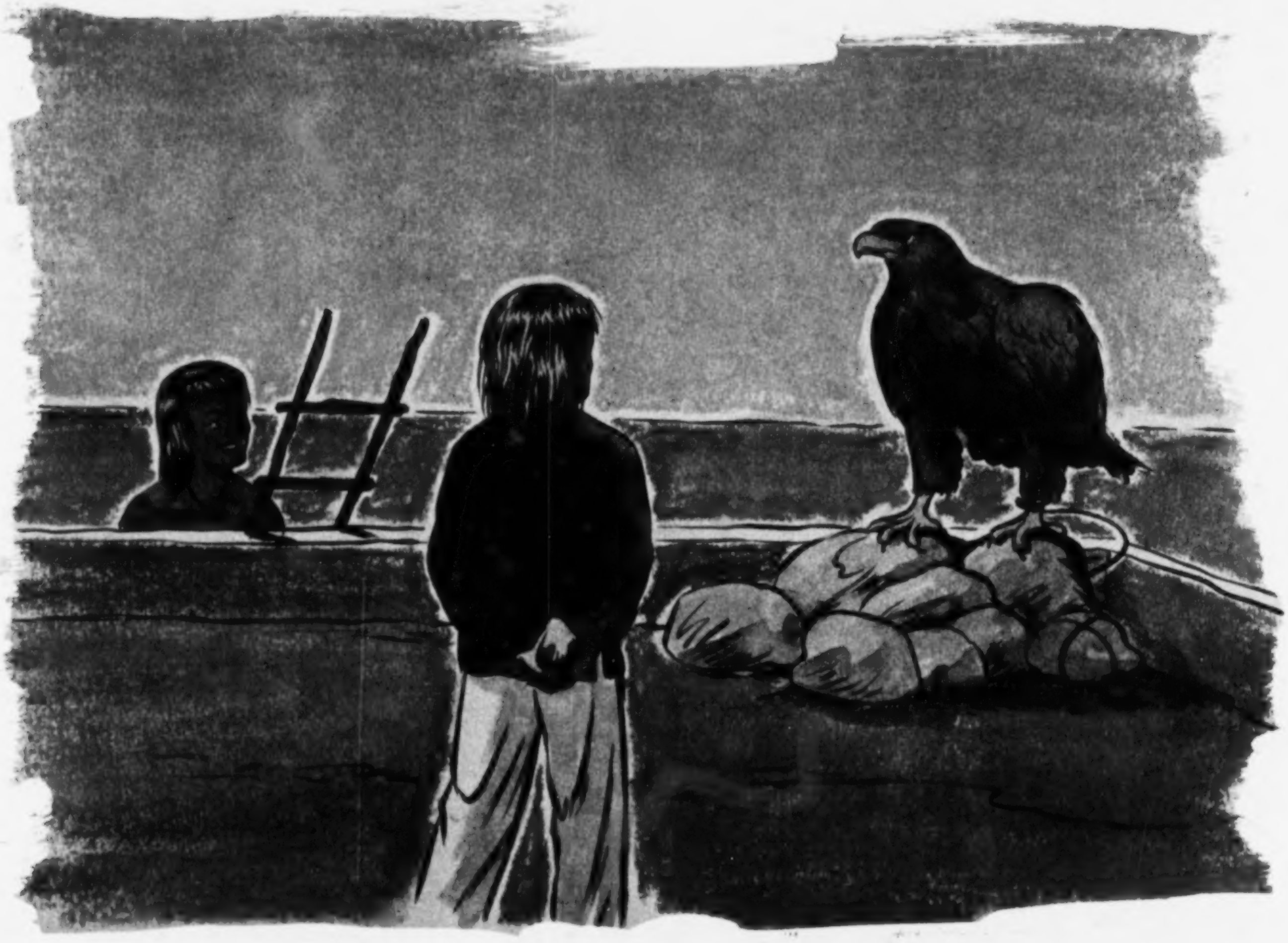
The coyote was hungry and tired. He said, "I must catch the butterfly and eat it."

So the coyote jumped into the wash. The wash was swift. It took the coyote along with it. The coyote did not catch the butterfly. Perhaps the butterfly is still alive and flying around somewhere.



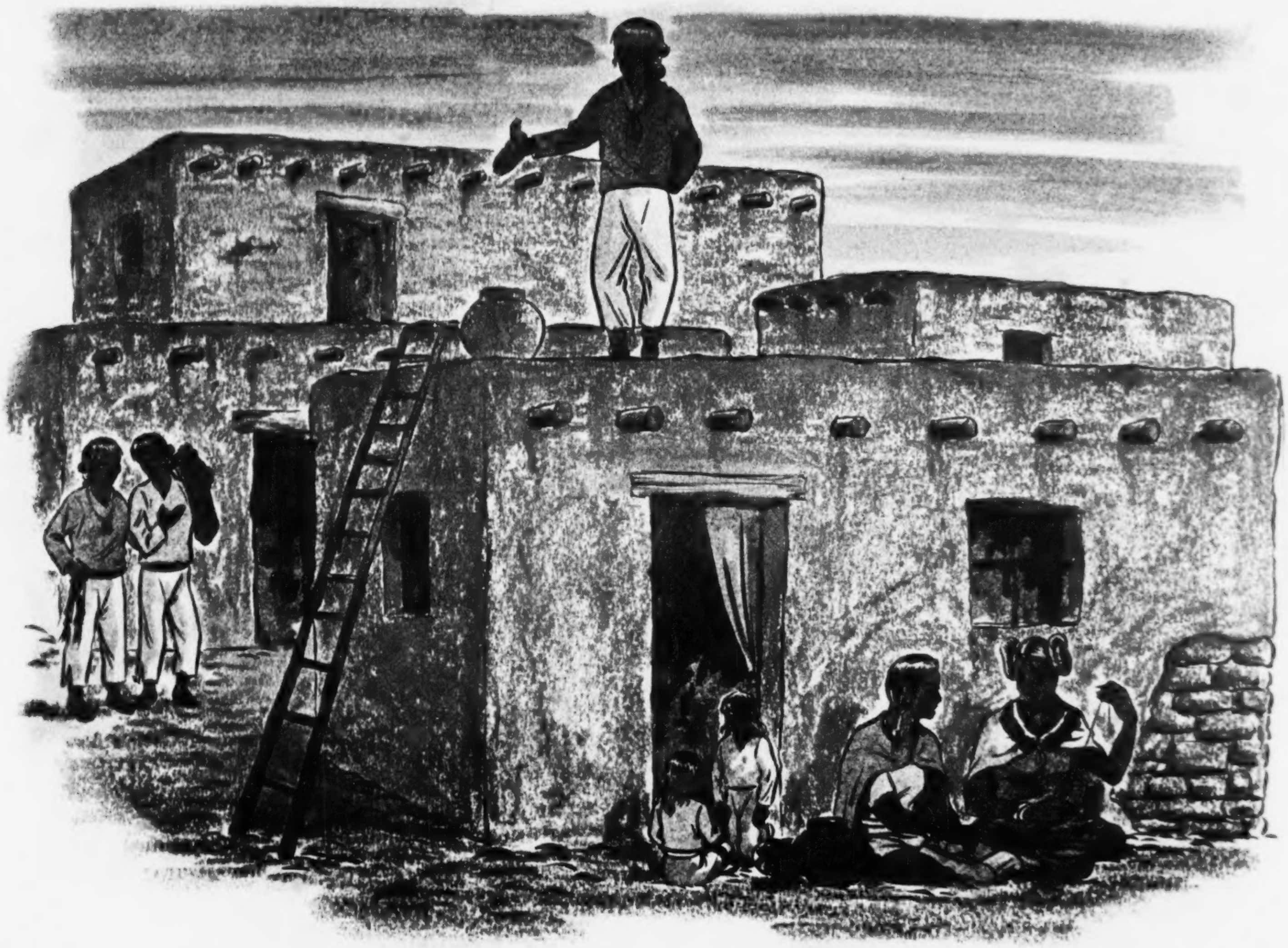
Also, the coyote finally got out of the wash somewhere along the way. Perhaps coyote is still hunting today. This ends the story about the coyote and the butterfly.

the BOYS and the eagle

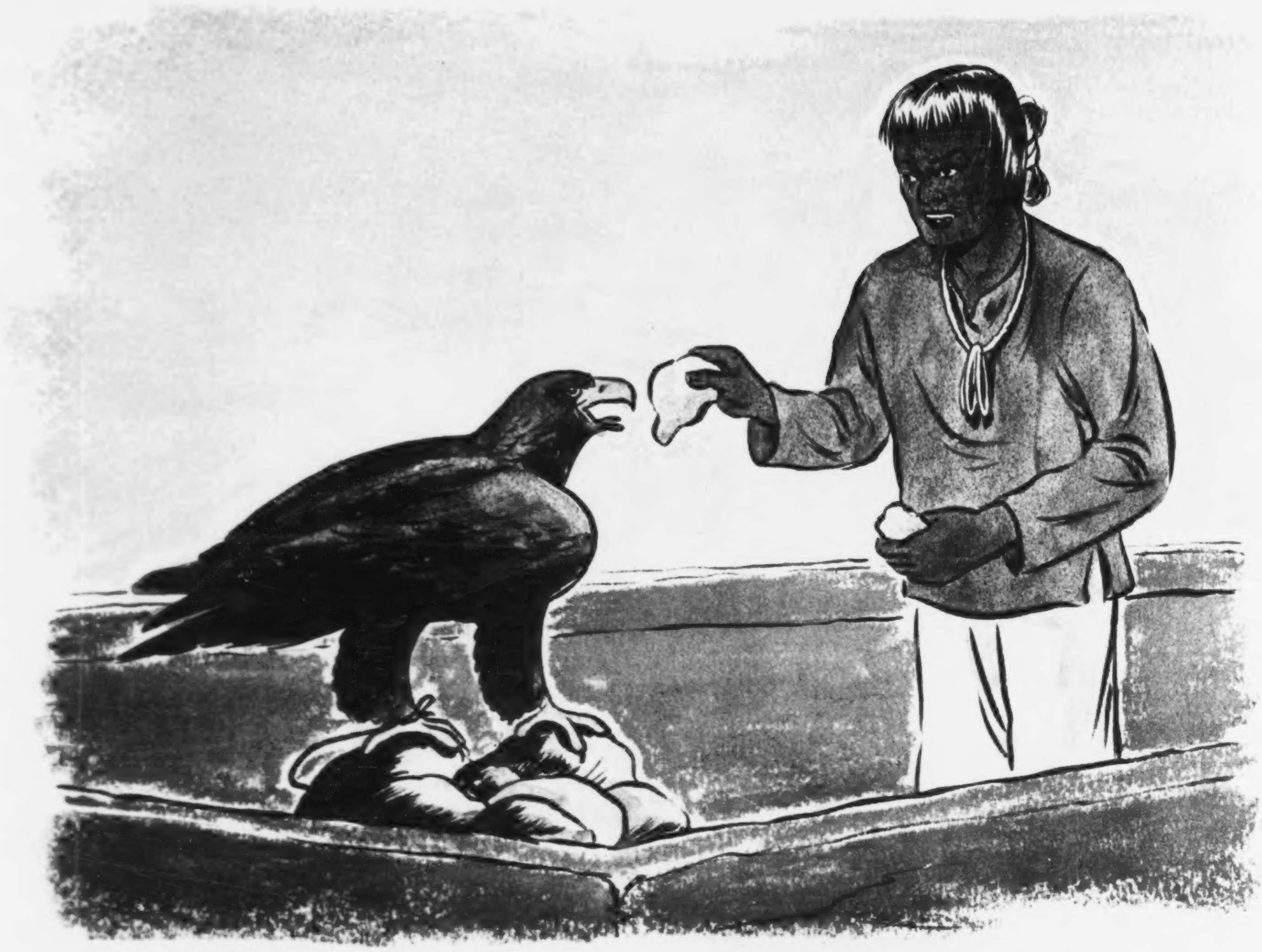


A HOPI TALE AS TOLD BY ROY ALBERT

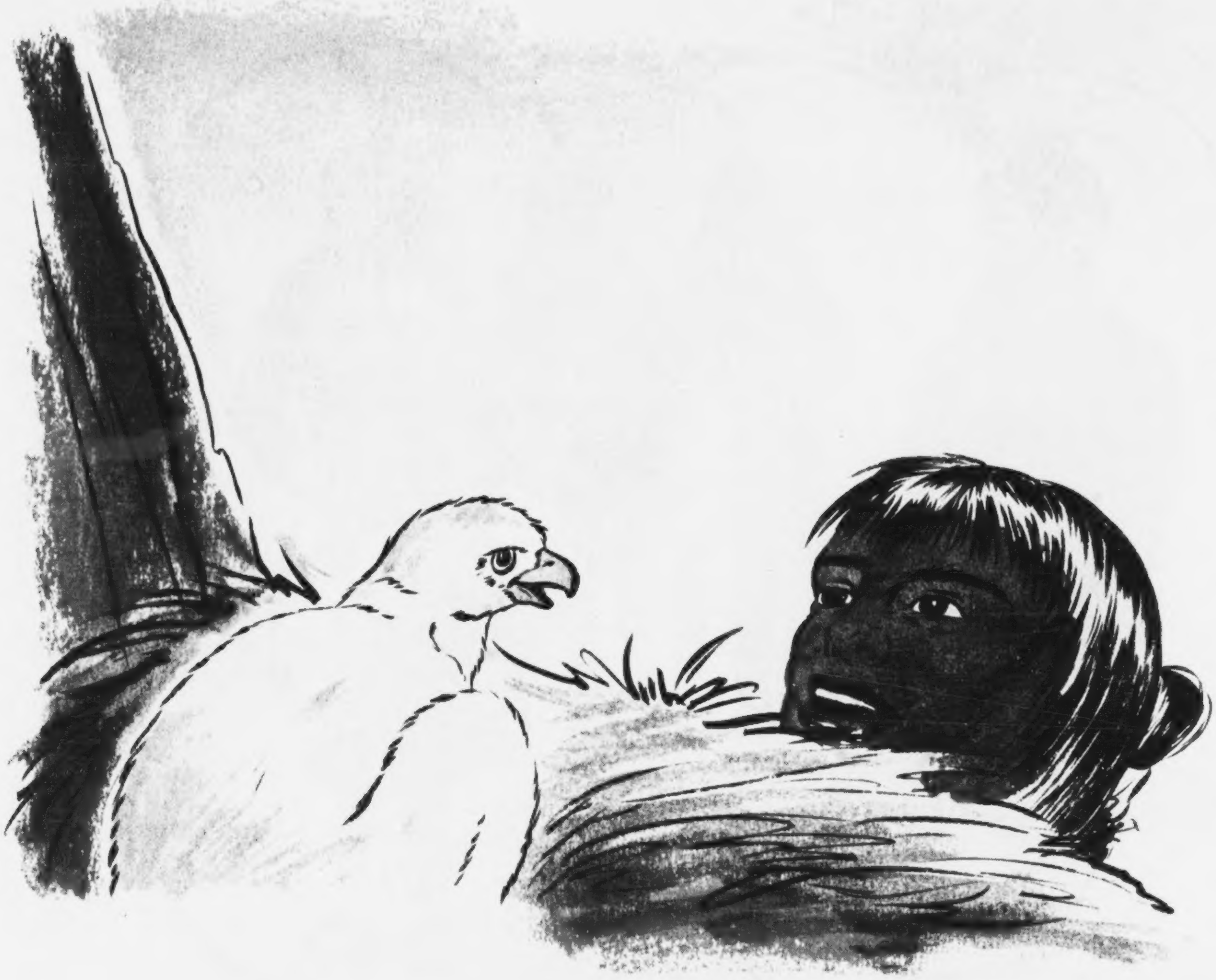
ILLUSTRATED BY DR. DON DOUGLASS



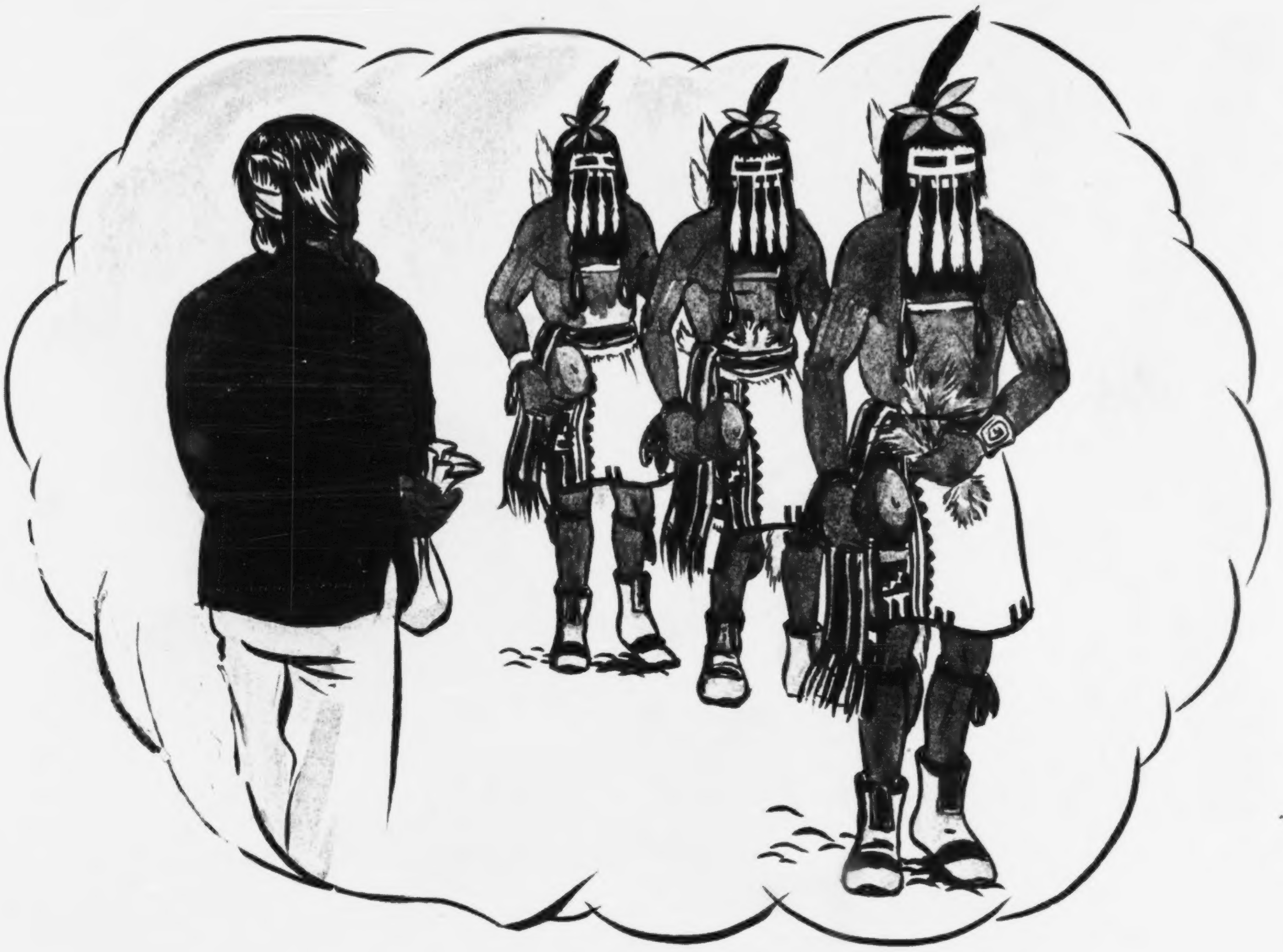
Long ago people lived in Oraibi. One man had an eagle.



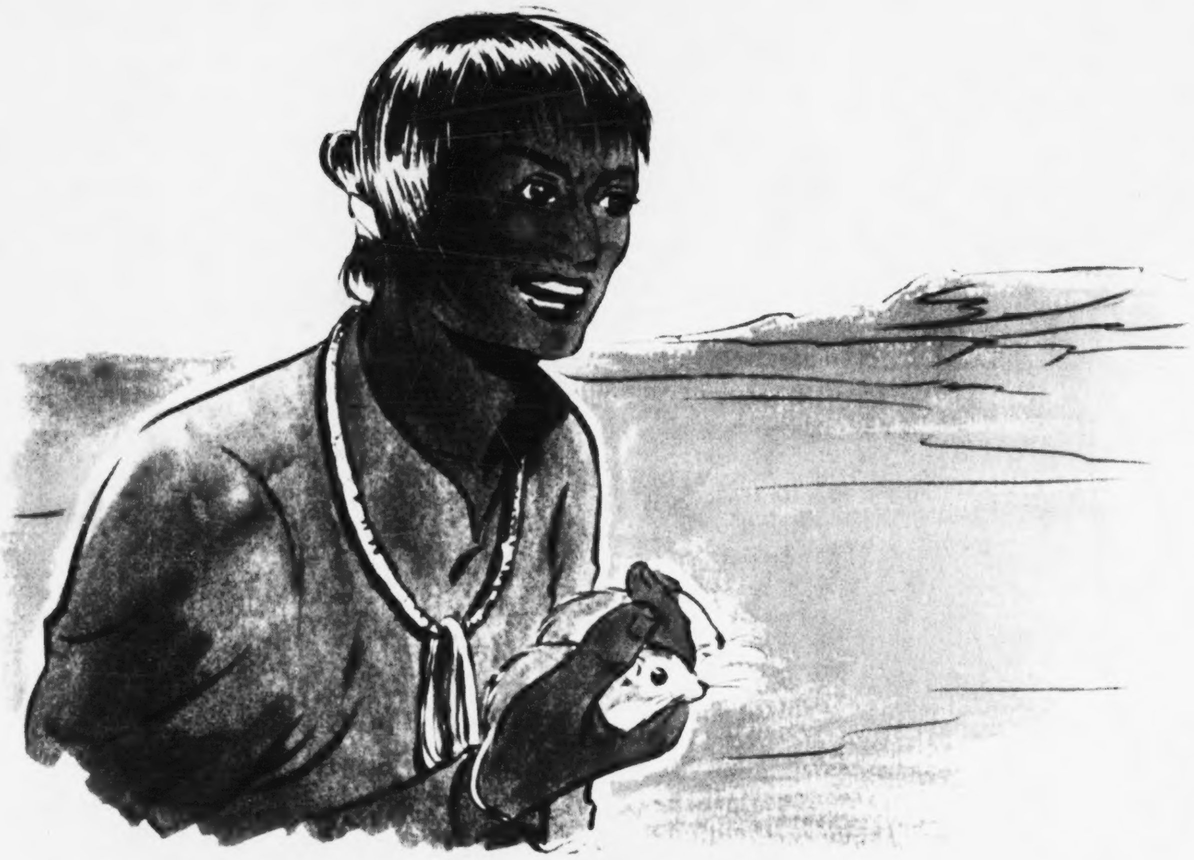
The eagle was young. The man fed the eagle. It needed much food.



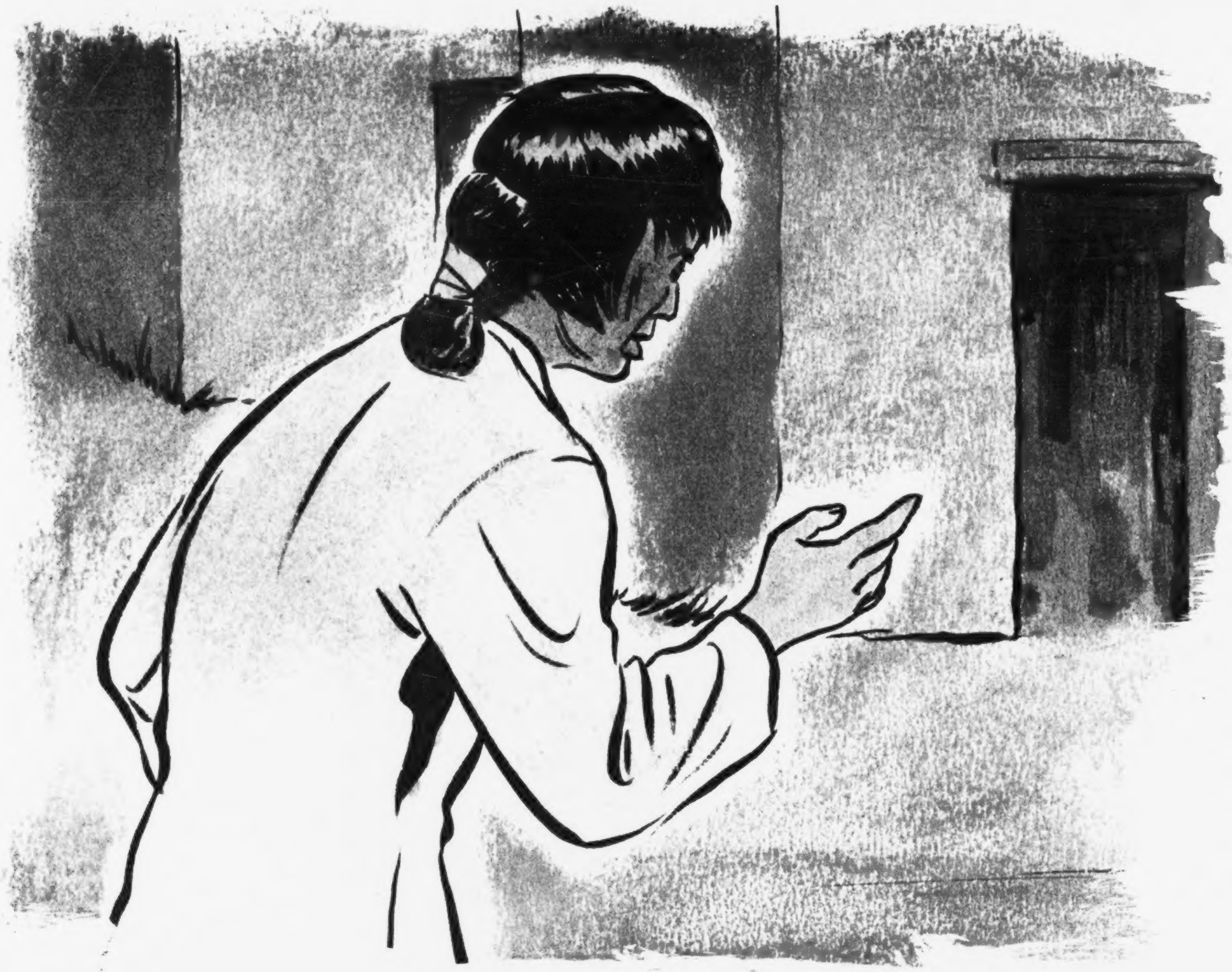
Men caught baby eagles in the summer. They fed them until they were big. Then they killed them for their feathers.



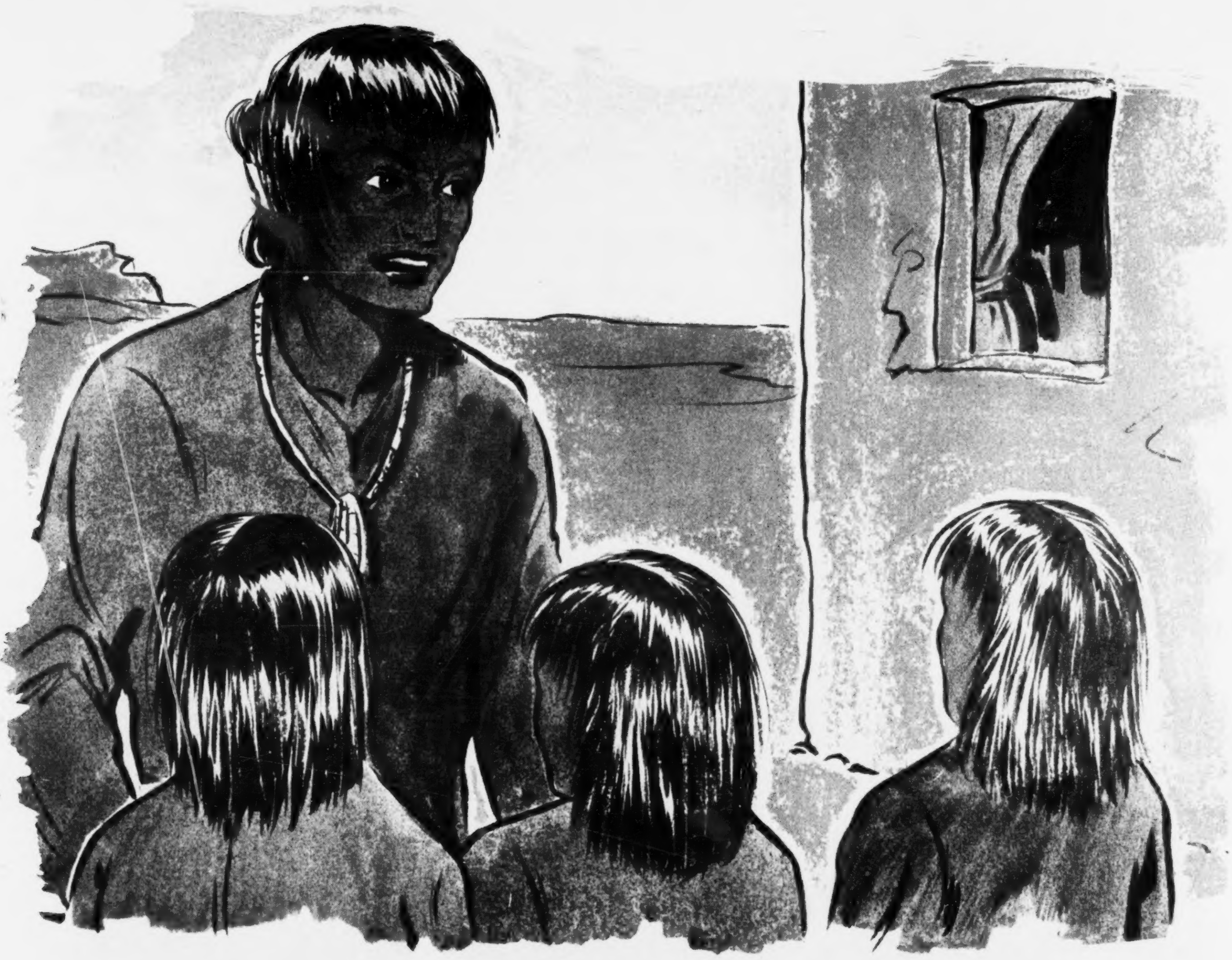
Eagle feathers were used in religious ceremonies.



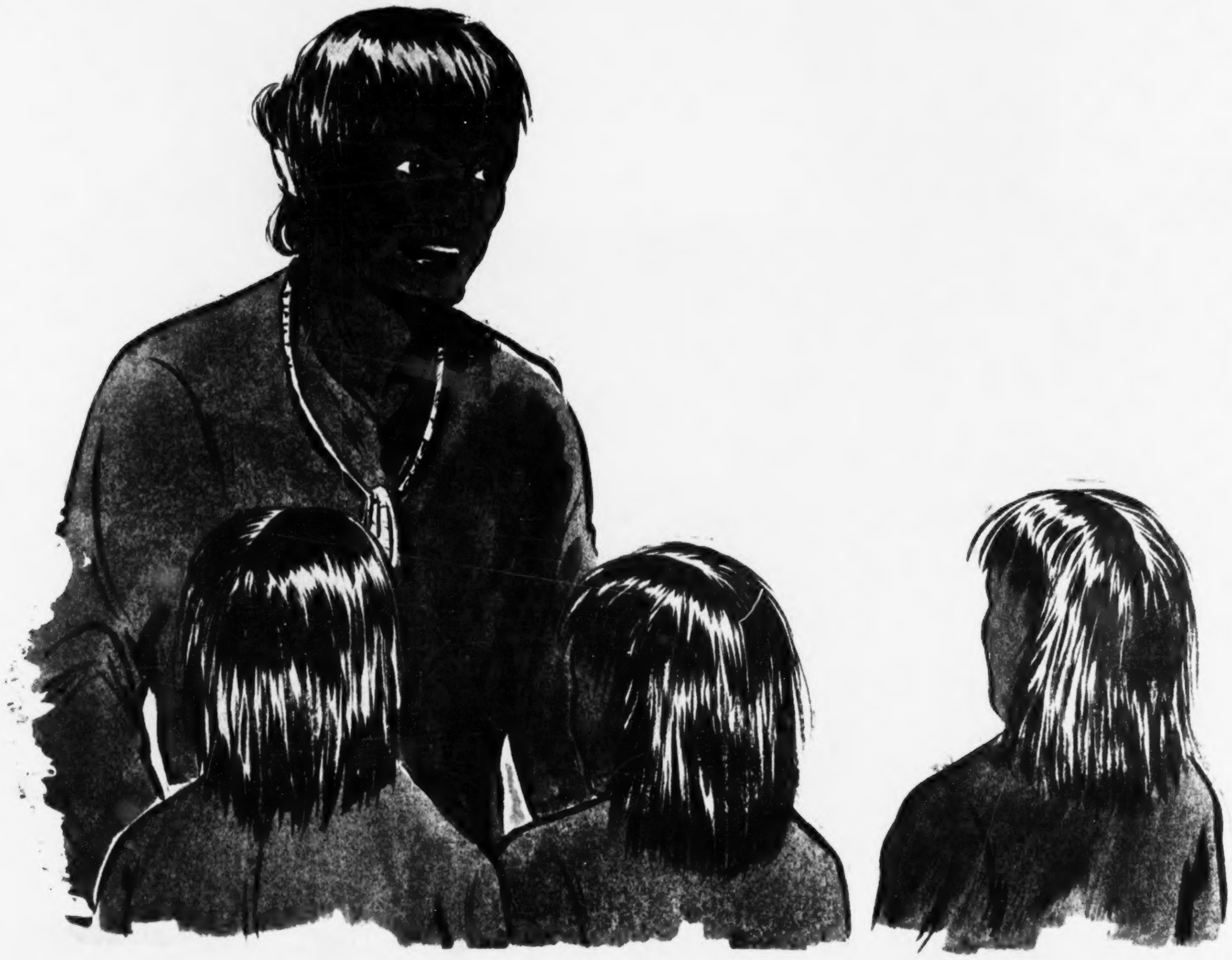
The man worked all day. He would hunt on his way home. He would hunt food for his eagle.



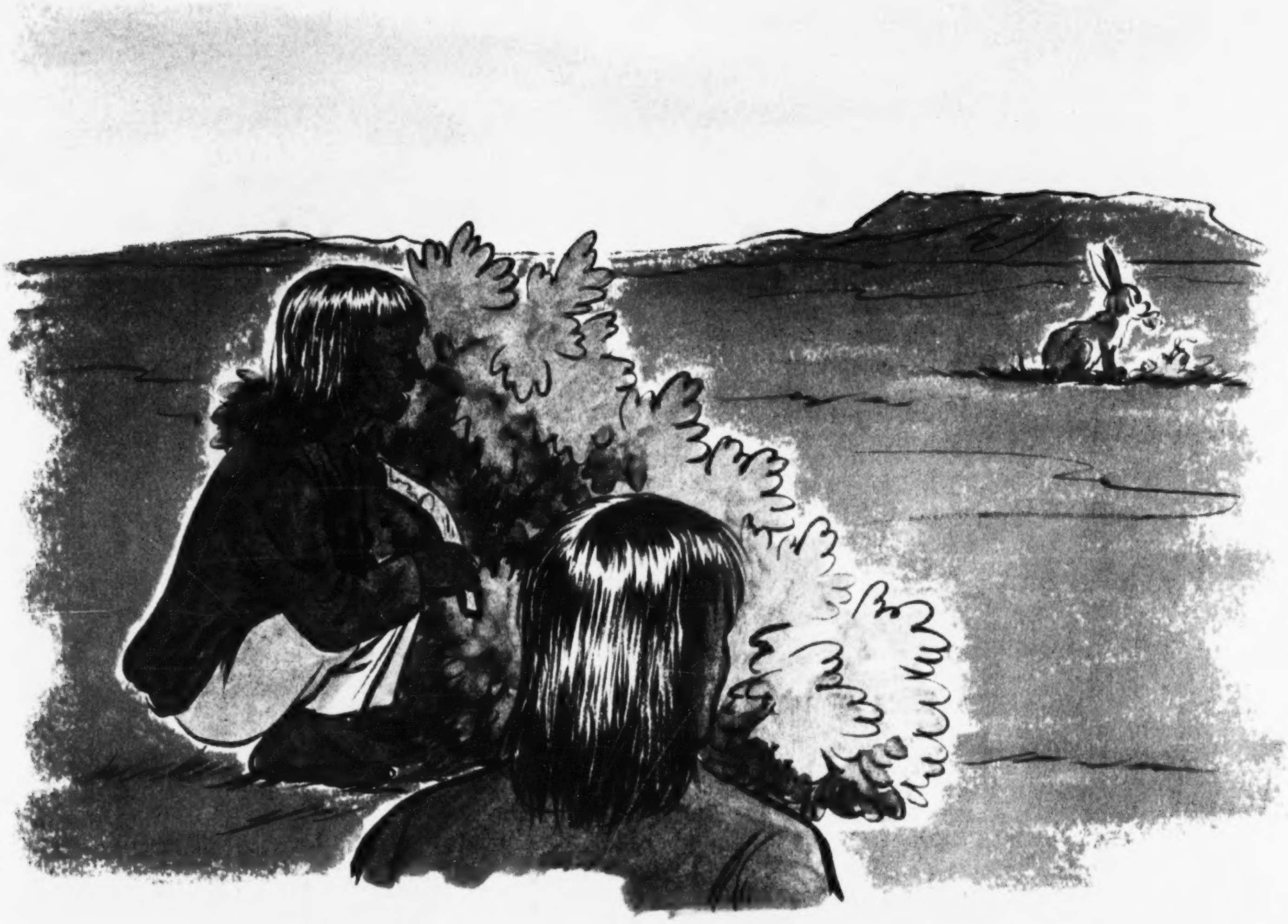
The man worked hard. Sometimes he was very tired. Then he was too tired to hunt food for the eagle.



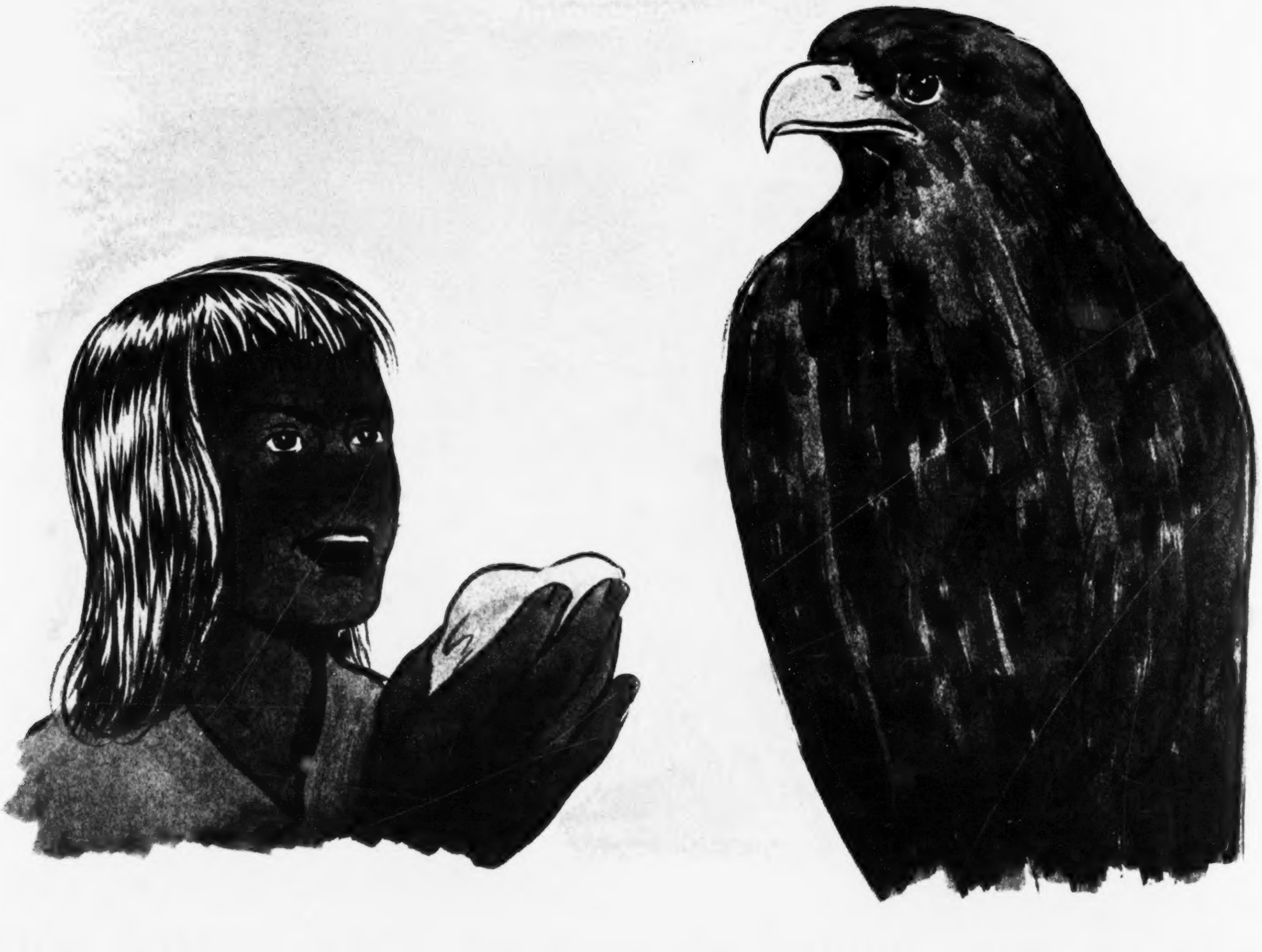
One day he saw some boys playing. They were near his house. He called to the boys. "Will you hunt food for my eagle? If you will hunt for him I will give you each a feather."



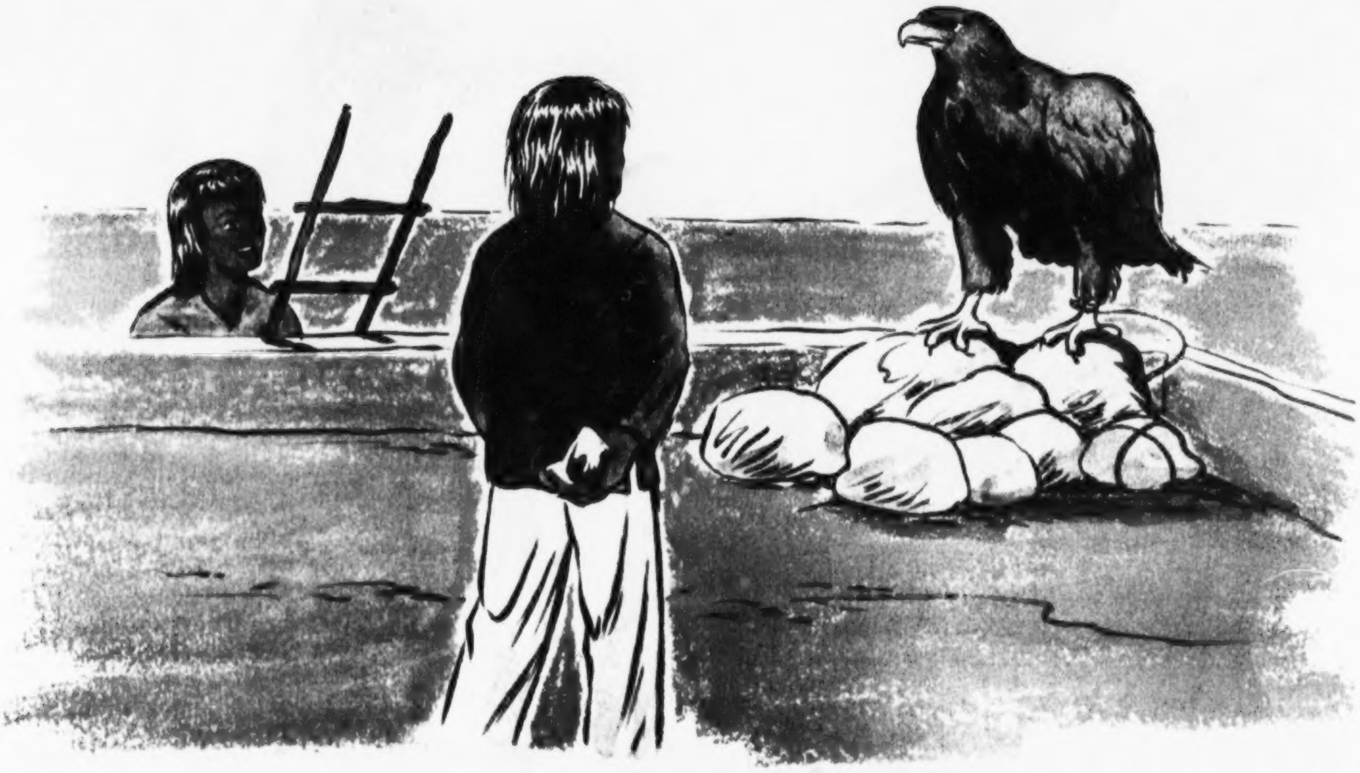
The boys said, "All right. We will hunt for you." They were glad. They would use the feathers to make new arrows.



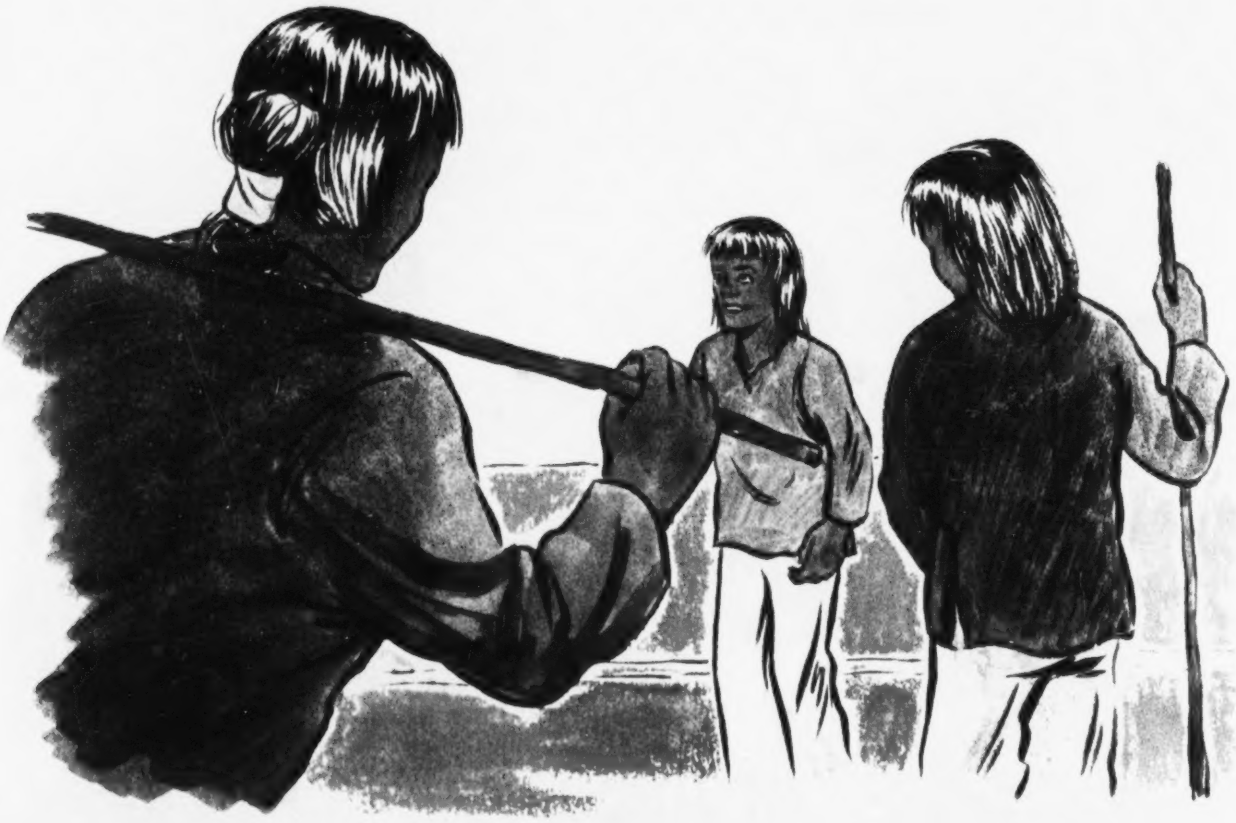
The boys hunted all summer. They hunted until the last Kachina dance. They hunted mice and rats and rabbits.



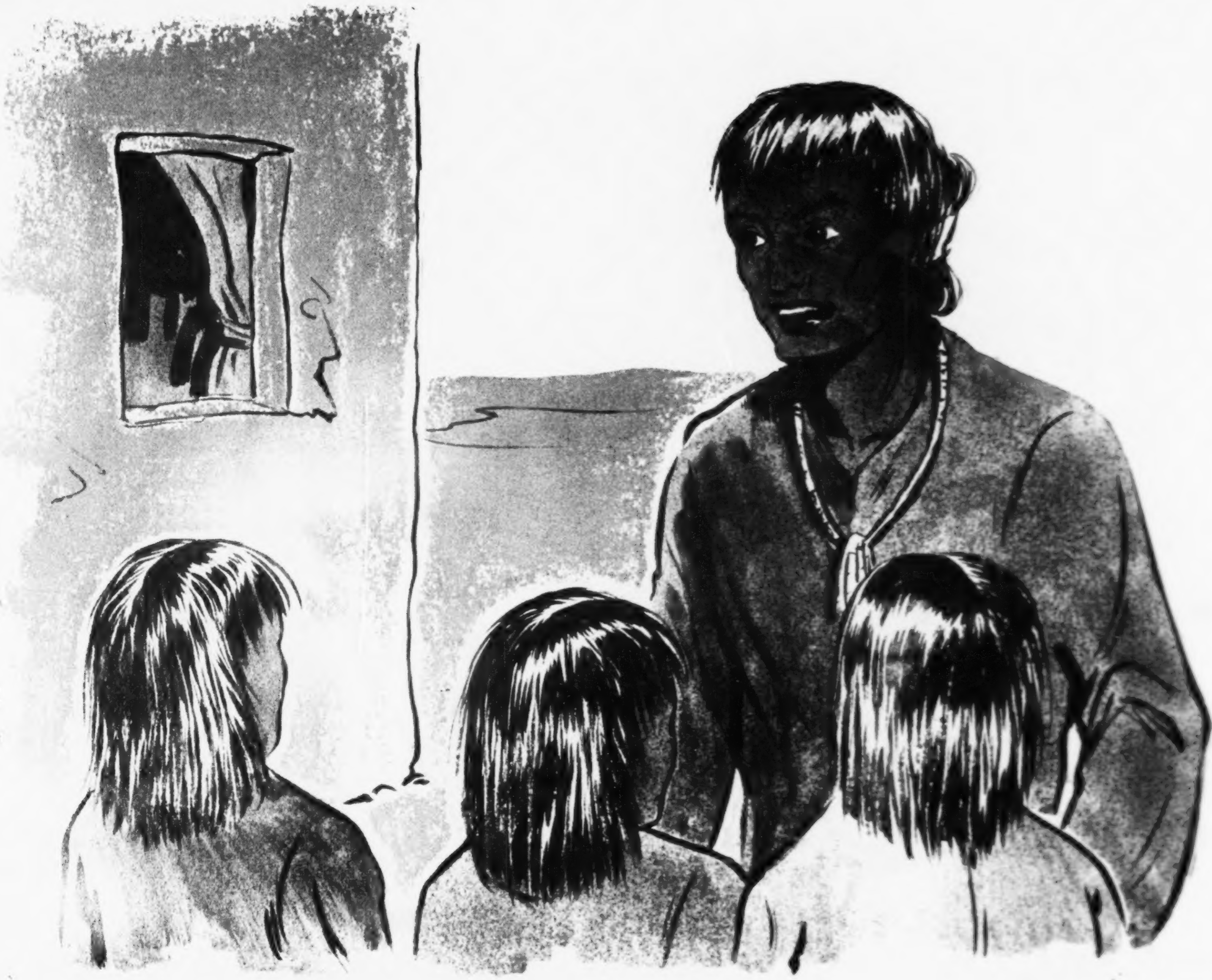
The boys fed the eagle well. The eagle's feathers grew long and shiny. The man was pleased.



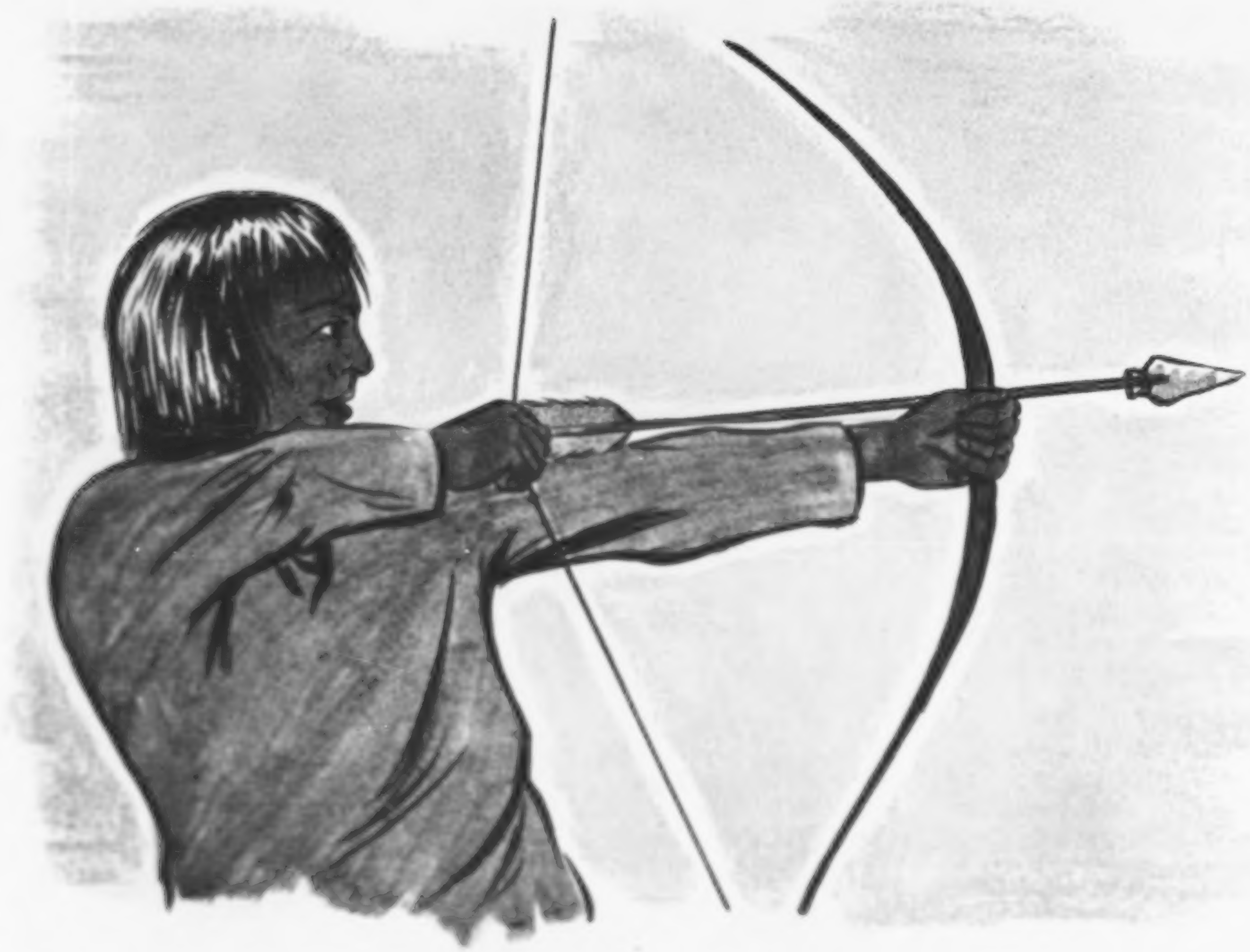
All at once summer was over. The last Kachina dance was held. The boys were sad. They liked the eagle. They did not want it killed.



The boys told the man that they liked the eagle. The man said, "I understand. Do not feel sad. We need eagle feathers. Think of all the ways the feathers will be used."

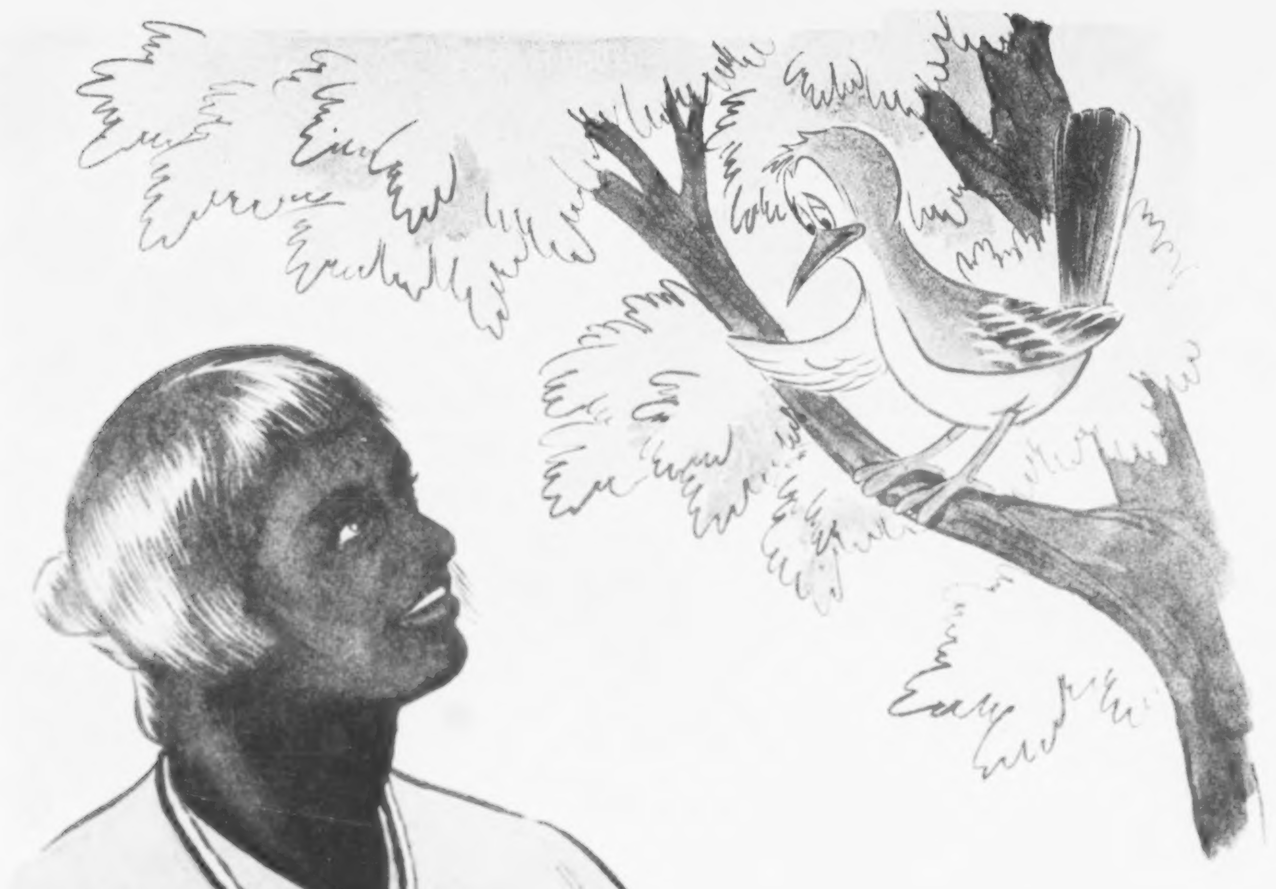


The eagle was killed. The man gave the boys their feathers. They were good feathers.



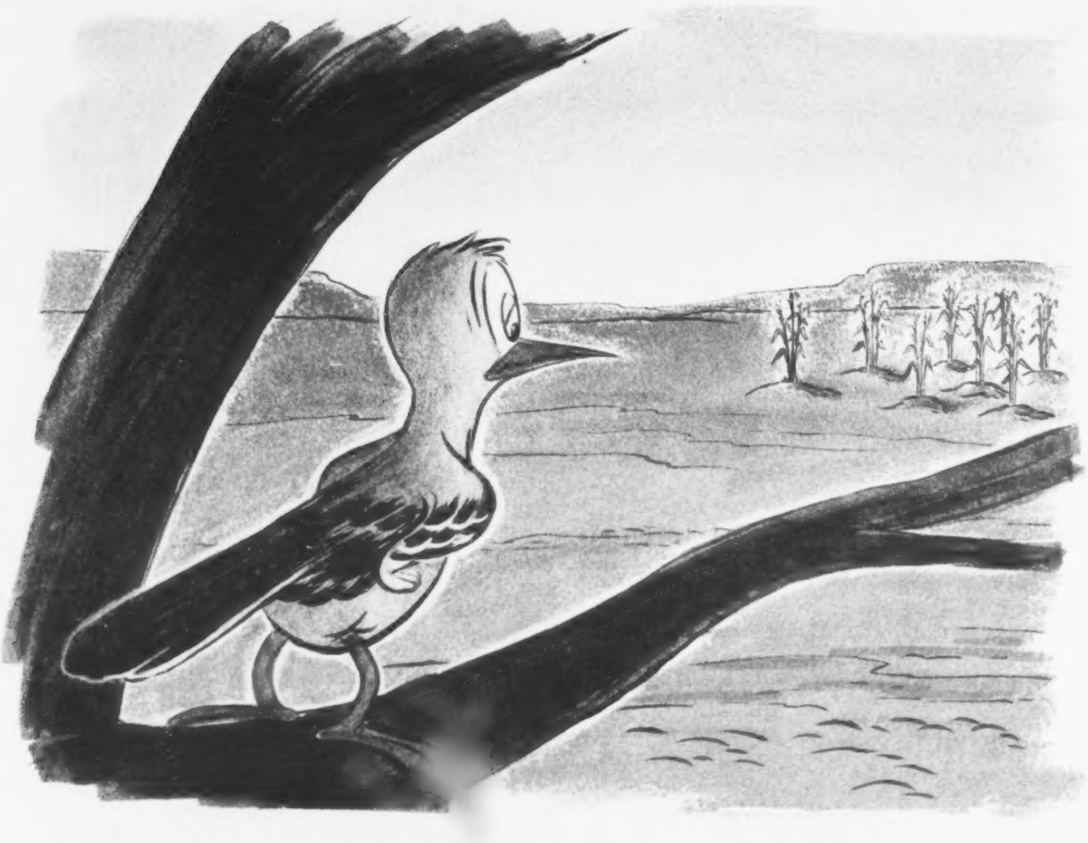
The boys made new arrows. They were good strong arrows. Perhaps the boys are still hunting with their new arrows.

the mockingbird and the man



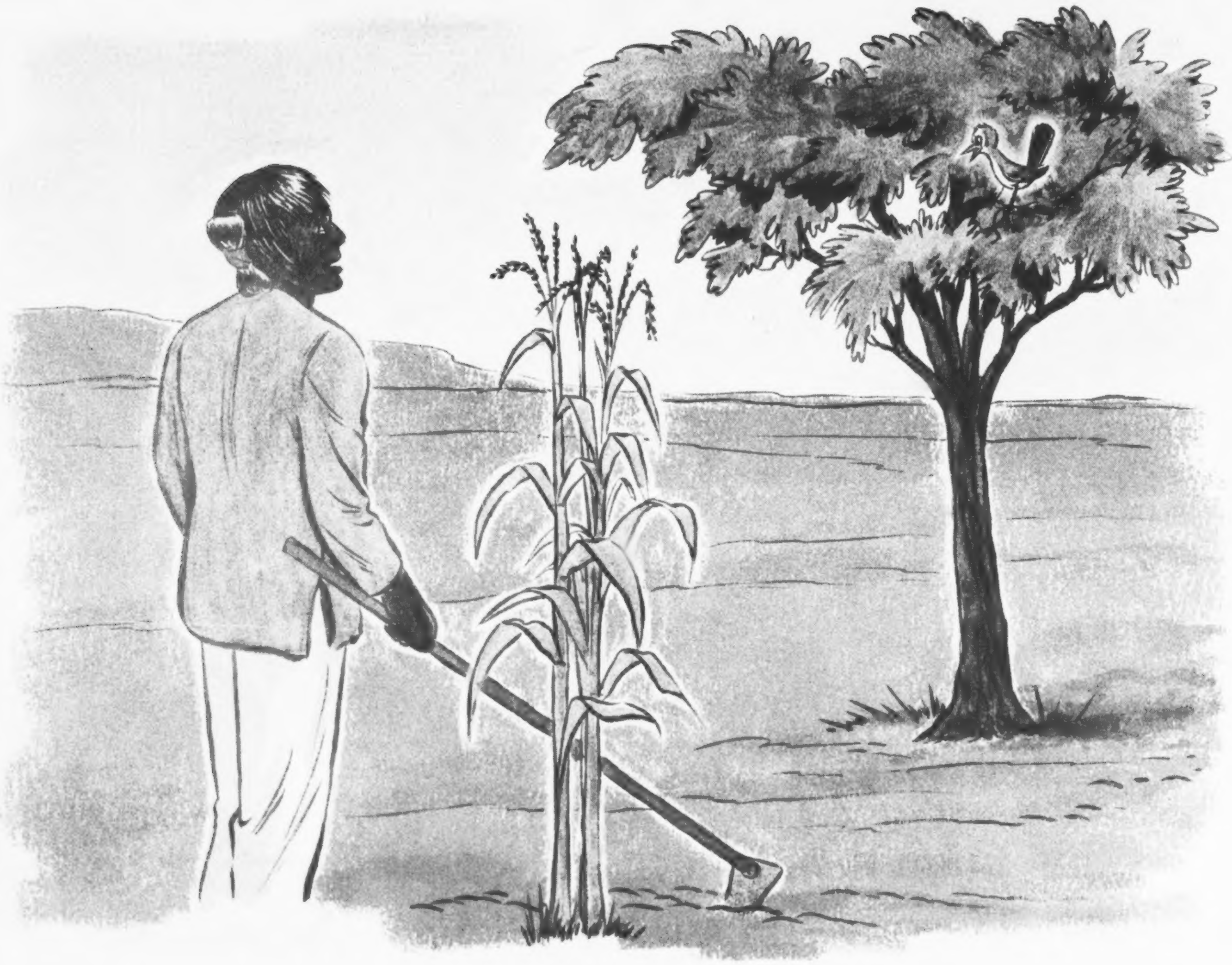
A HOPI TALE AS TOLD BY ROY ALBERT

ILLUSTRATED BY DR. DON DOUGLASS

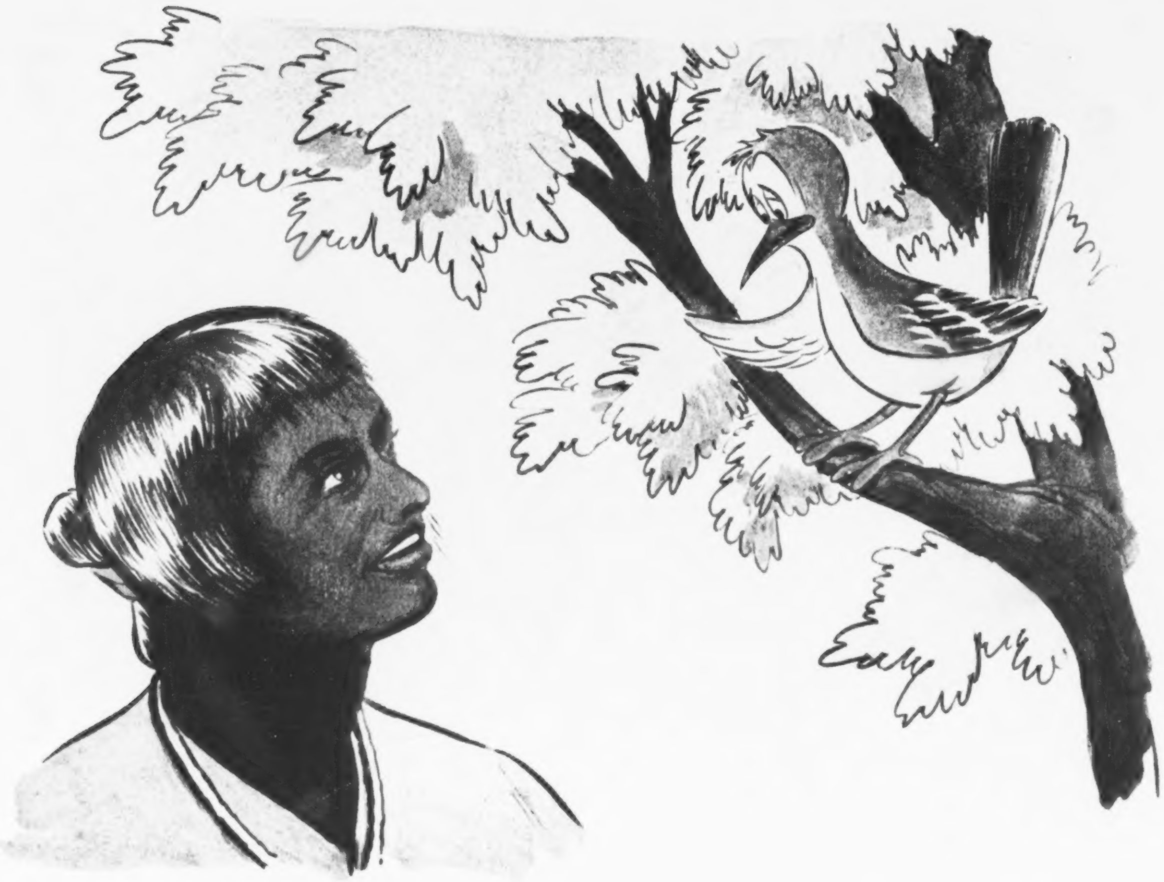


Once upon a time a mockingbird lived not far from Hotevilla. The mockingbird lived in a juniper tree. The juniper tree was near a cornfield.

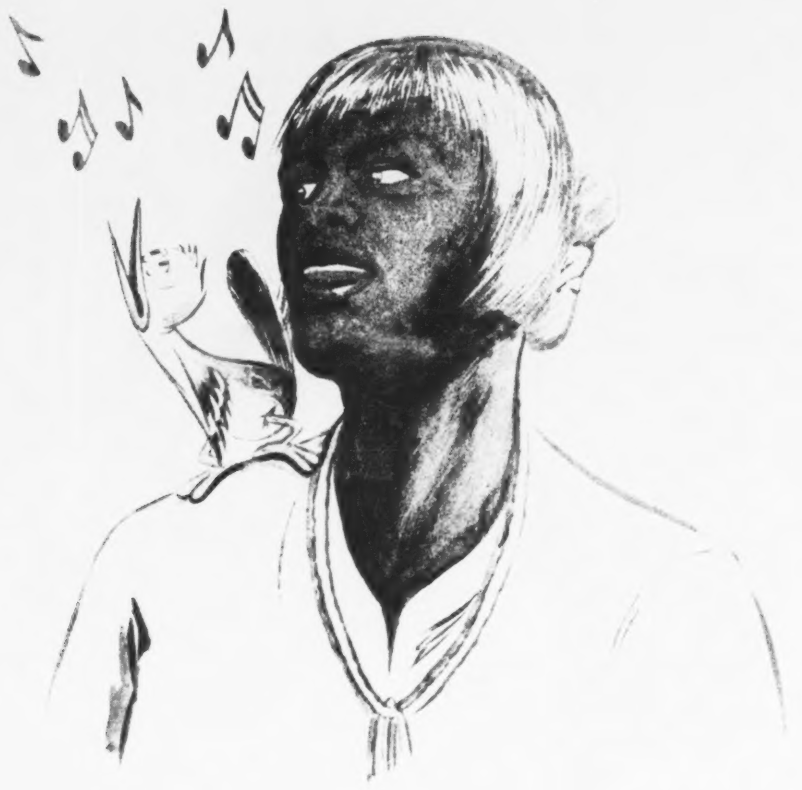
Each day the mockingbird would go out to hunt for insects. Some days he would go far. Other days he would hunt in and around the cornfields near where he lived.



One day as the mockingbird went about hunting he saw a man. The man was hoeing in his cornfield. The mockingbird settled on a peach tree near the cornfield.

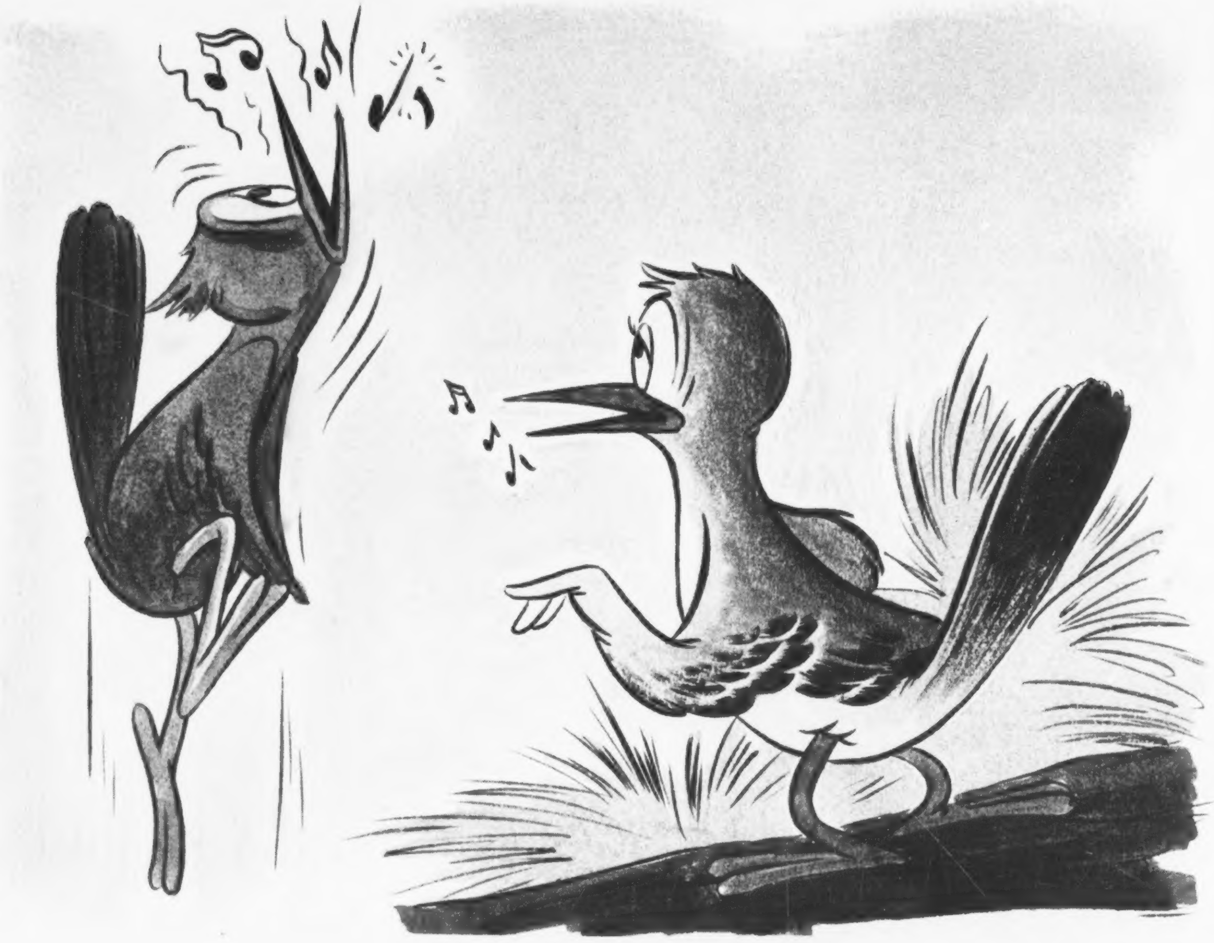


The man was singing as he went about his hoeing. The mockingbird watched the man for a while. The mockingbird then asked the man, "Why are you singing?" The man answered, "I am singing because I want my corn and watermelon plants to grow big. Then they will bear plenty of corn and watermelons."

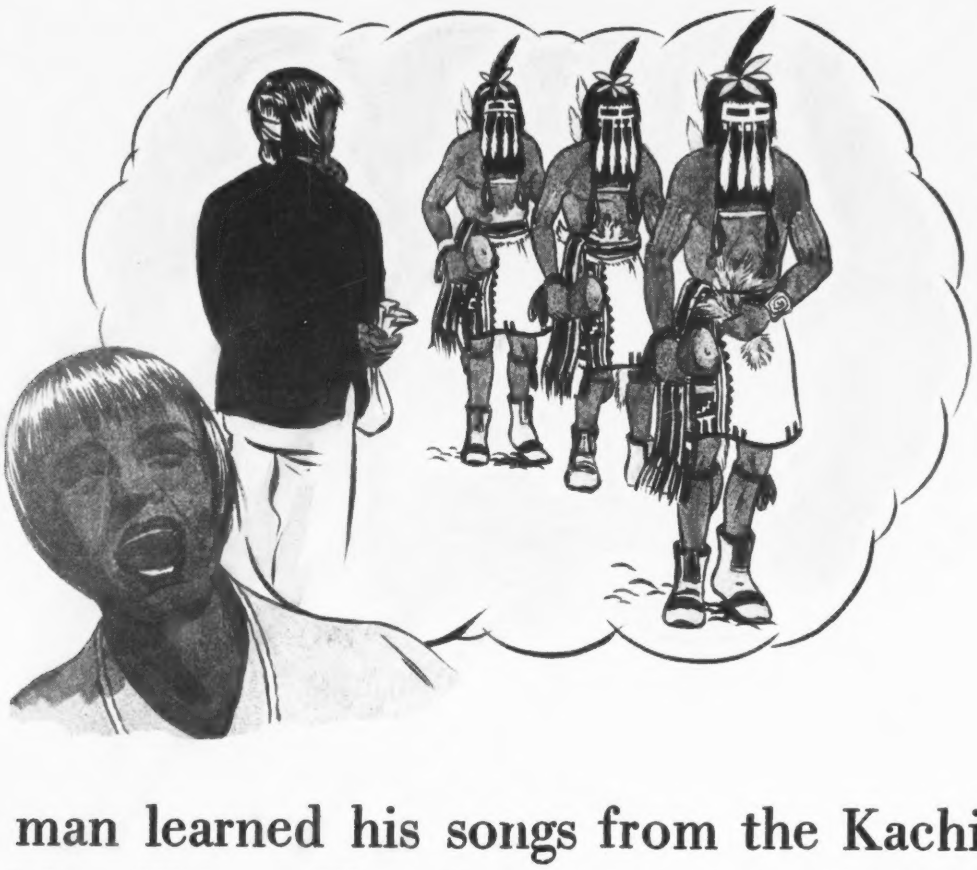


The mockingbird said, “I shall help you sing. I know songs of many kinds of birds.” The man answered, “Thank you. That is good. I will help you hunt for insects after I get through hoeing.”

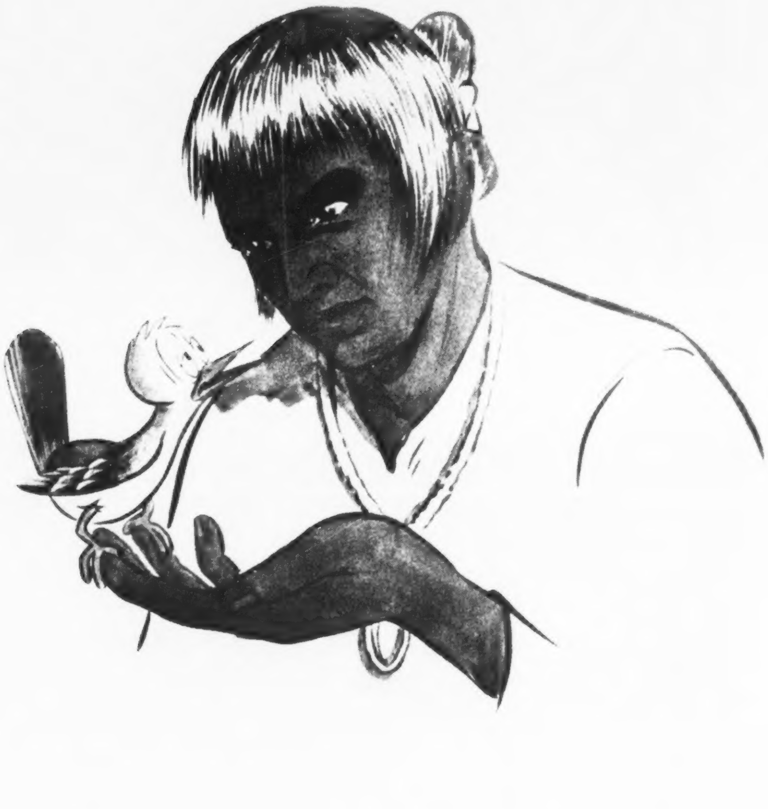
They both began to sing. The man sang his favorite Kachina songs. The mockingbird sang his favorite bird songs.



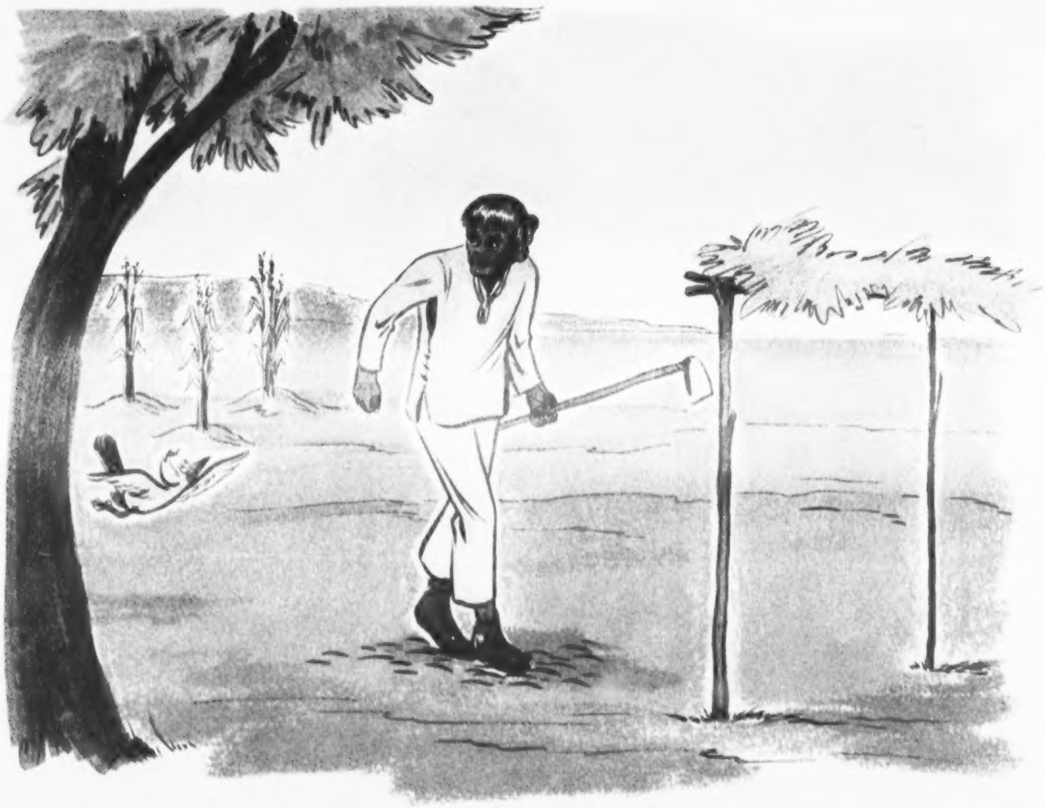
On his travels about the country the mockingbird had met different kinds of birds. Each had a different song. Whenever the mockingbird learned a new song he would sing it. He sang whenever he rested at his tree or at other places.



The man learned his songs from the Kachinas that came to his village. The Kachinas came to the village at different times of the year. Sometimes the Kachinas danced in the kivas on winter nights. Other times they danced in the village plaza during the day. Each time the man sang a song he remembered the Kachinas who sang that song. He remembered how good it had felt when he heard the song.

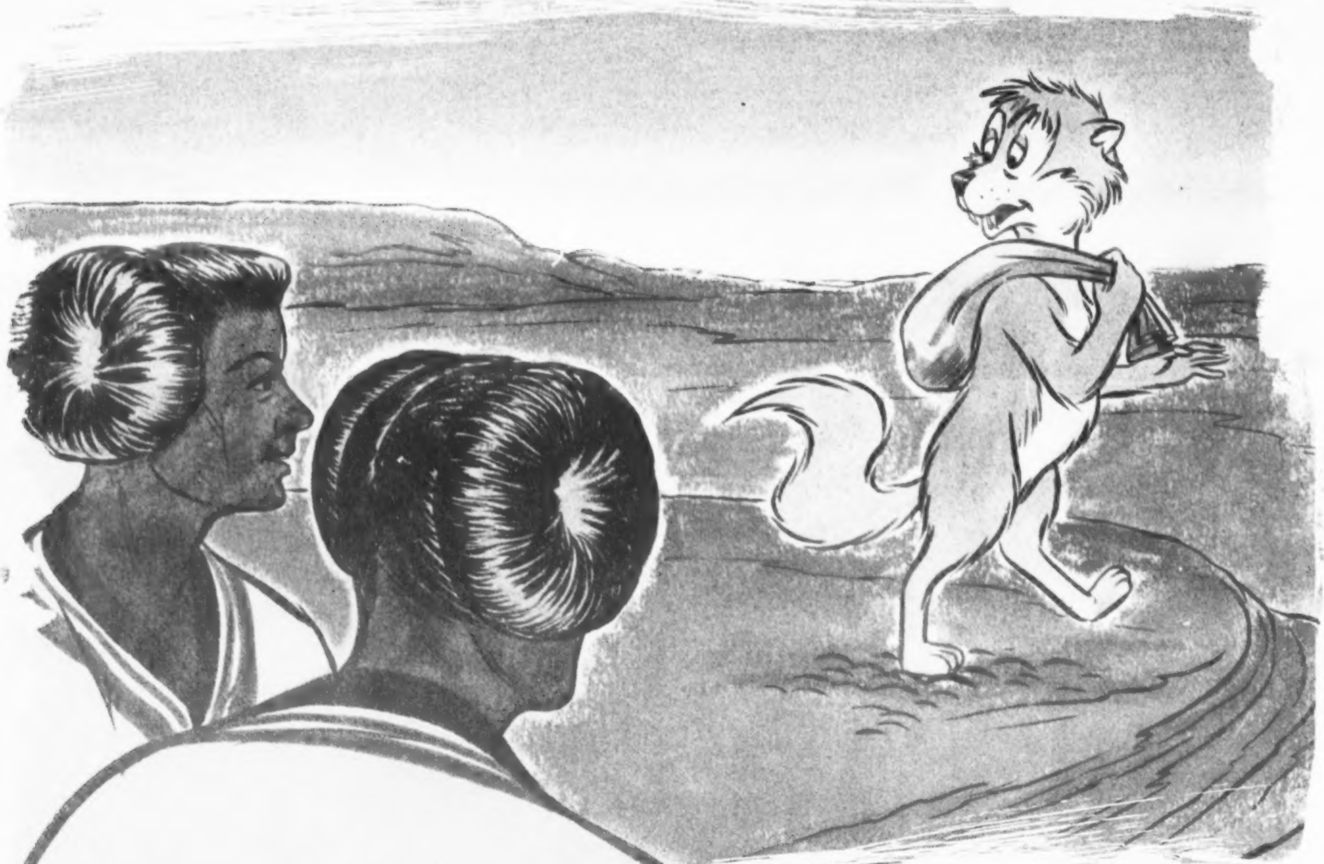


Later that day the man finished his hoeing. The mockingbird stopped singing. The man said, "Now let us hunt insects for you." They hunted around the peach trees that grew at the edge of the cornfield. In a very short time they caught many insects. The man said, "This should be enough for you." The mockingbird said, "Yes, we have caught enough. Thank you."

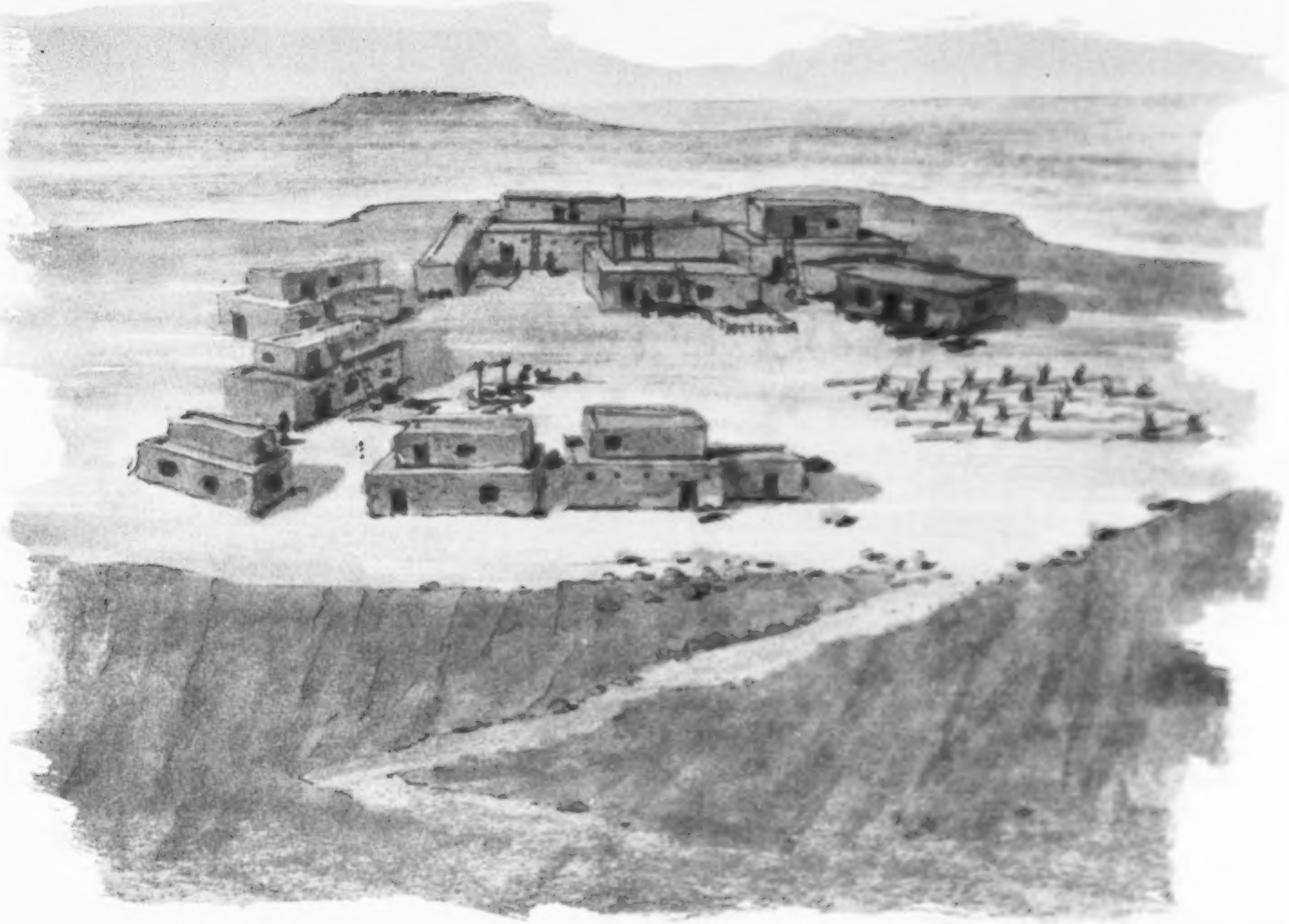


The mockingbird and the man went to a shelter at one edge of the cornfield. They talked for a while. Just before the sun went down they both went home. The man went home to his family in Hotevilla. The mockingbird went home to his tree near the cornfield. Perhaps the mockingbird and the man still sing their songs together. That ends this story.

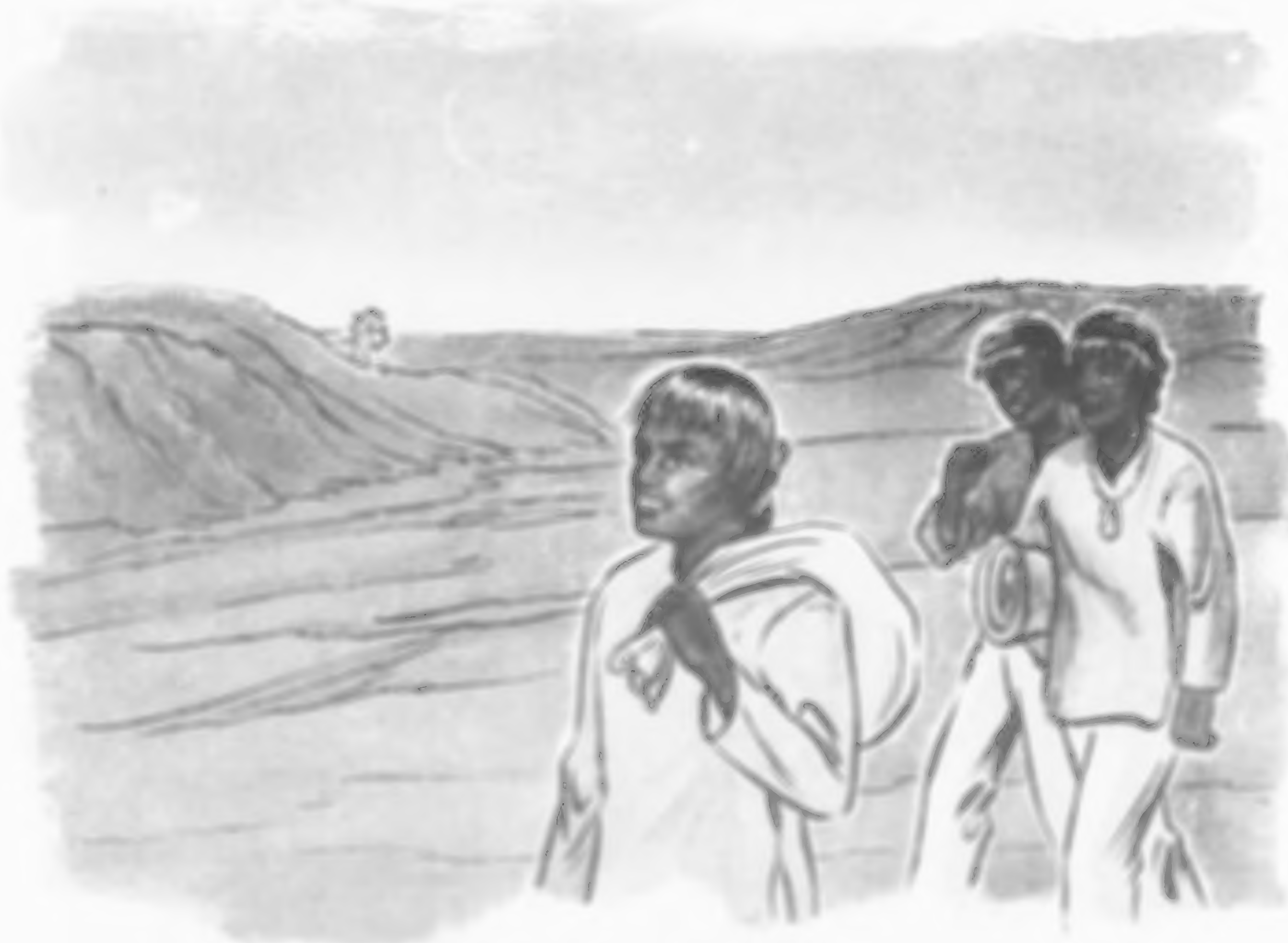
the coyote goes trading



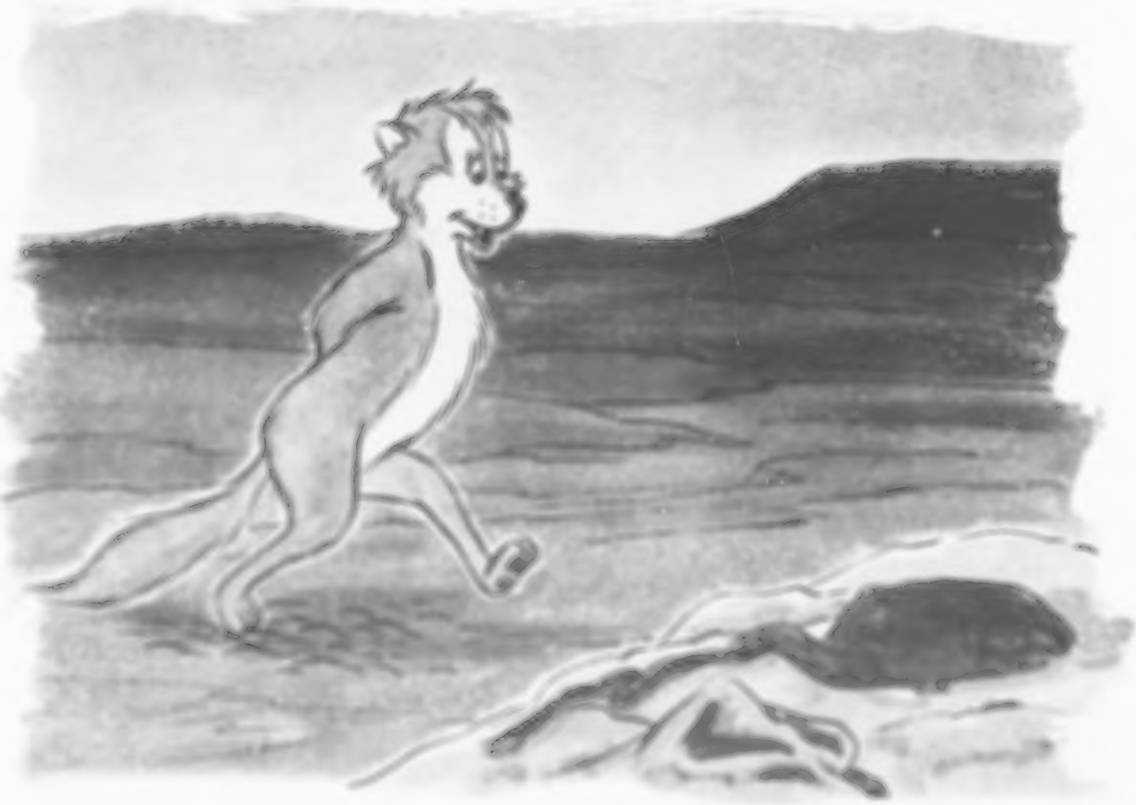
A HOPI TALE AS TOLD BY CHARLIE TALAWEPI
ILLUSTRATED BY DR. DON DOUGLASS



Long ago people lived at Oraibi. Just west of Oraibi a coyote lived at Coyote Ridge.

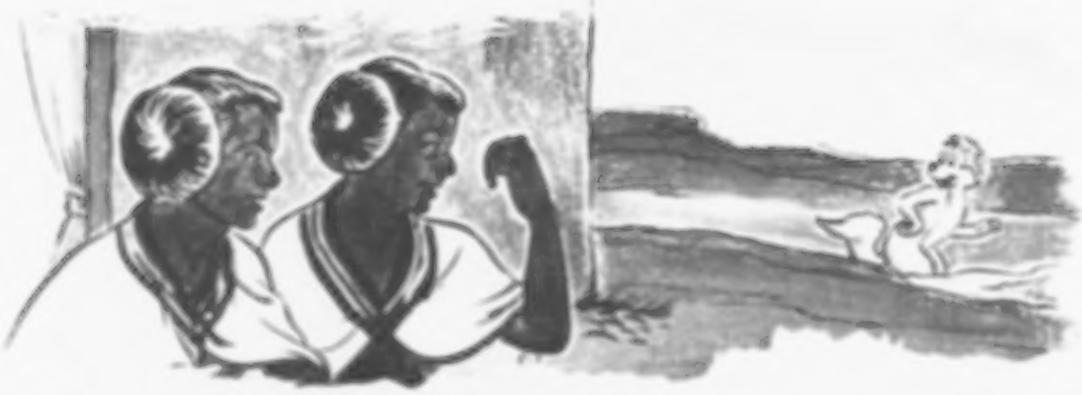


Sometimes the men of Oraibi went to the eastern pueblos of the Rio Grande River to trade. They traded belts, kilts, and other ceremonial clothing. They also traded things they had made. They often traded for turquoise necklaces, bracelets, and earrings. Sometimes they did very well in their trading.



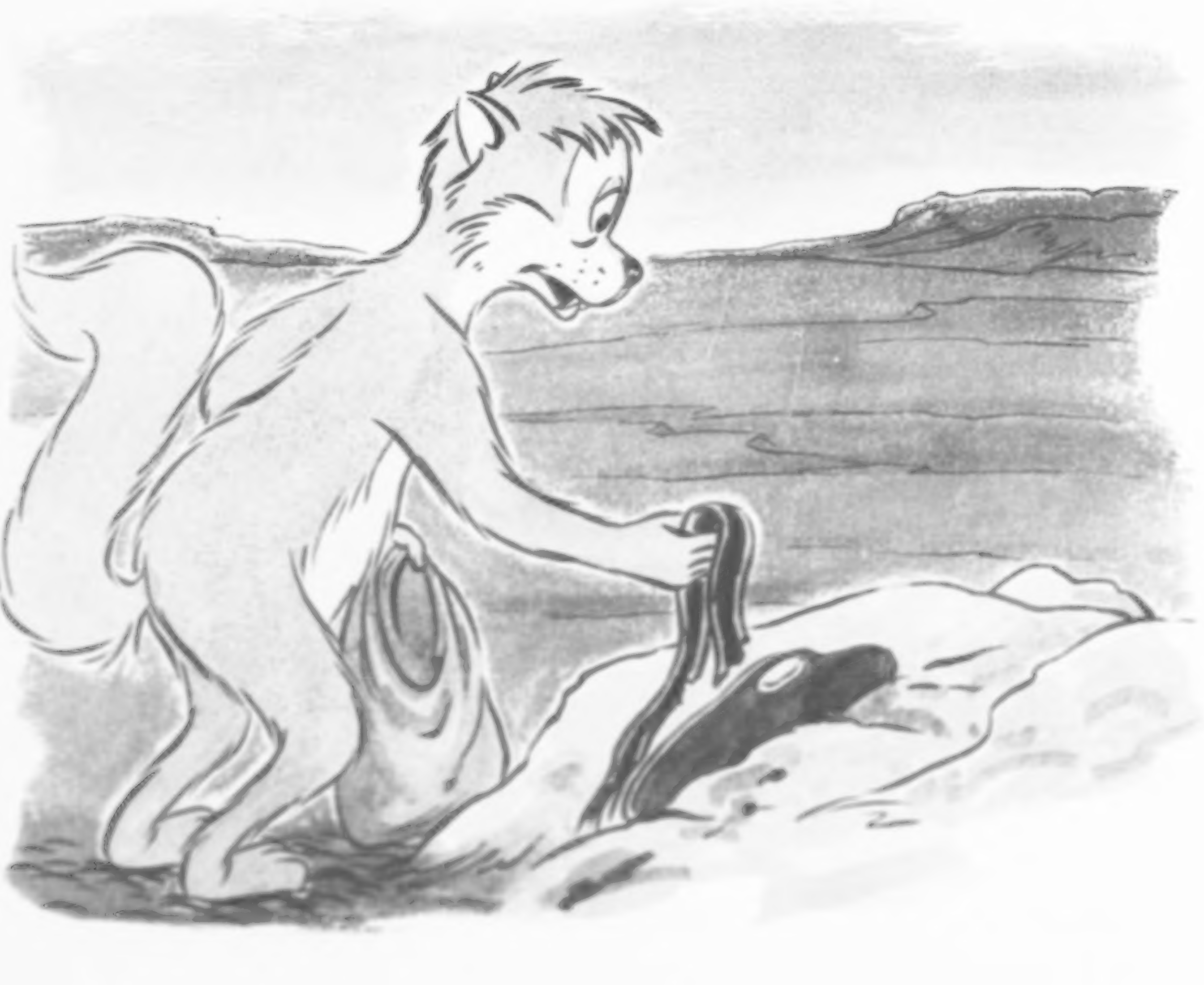
The coyote thought about the trading trips. He wanted to take a trip to see how well he could do. He went over to Oraibi to see what he could find.

The people of Oraibi sometimes threw away clothing. They sometimes threw away belts, kilts, and other things. The coyote hoped to find some things that would be good to trade.

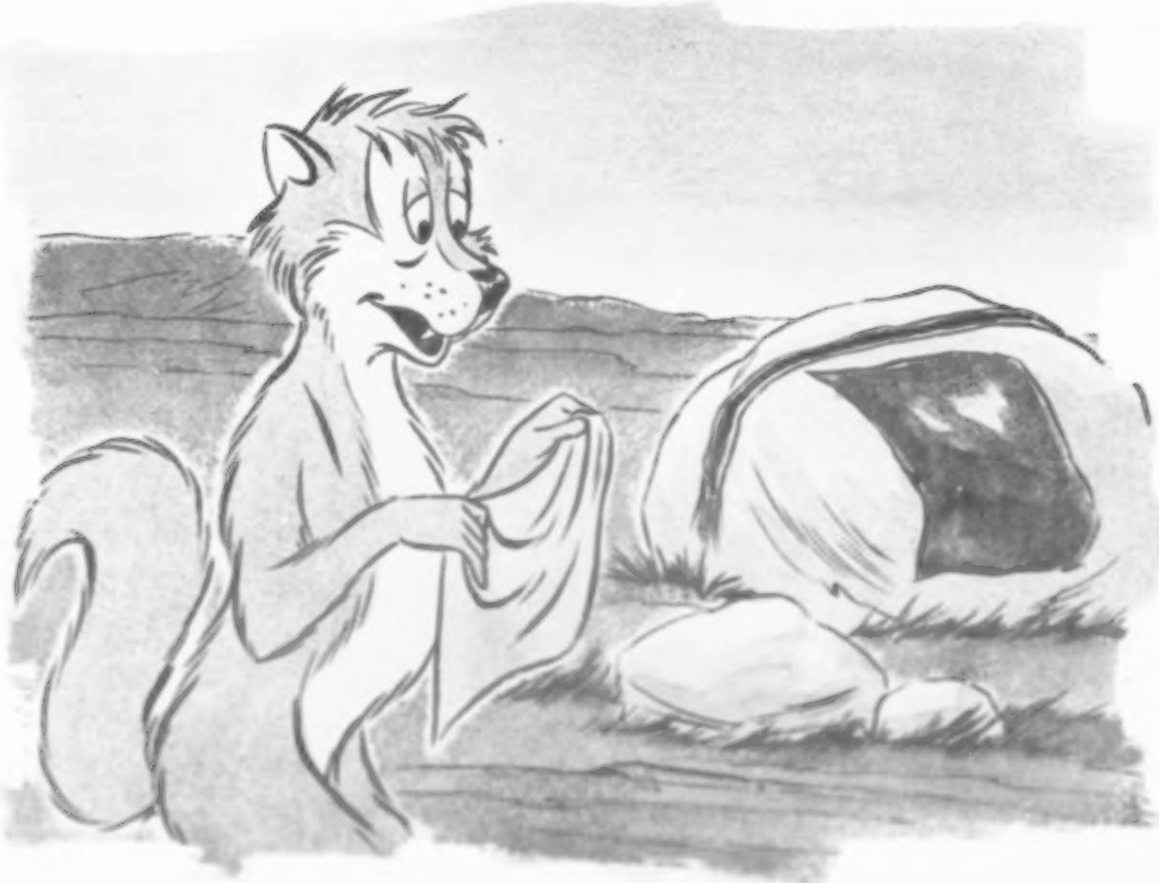


At the north end of Oraibi some girls were grinding corn. As they ground their corn one of the girls saw the coyote. She said, "Look! There is the coyote. Let us find out where he is going."

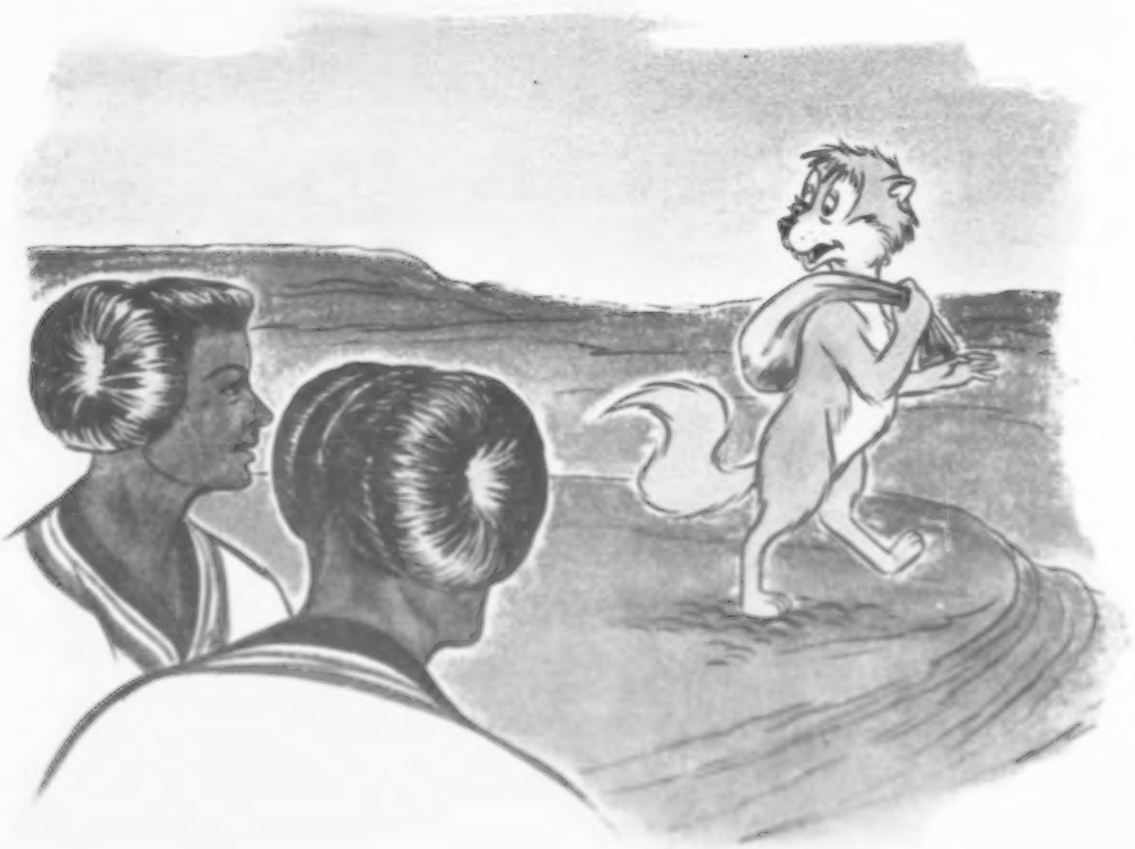
Soon the coyote came by the house where the girls were grinding corn. One of the girls hollered, "Coyote!" The coyote stopped. He looked around and saw the girls. Then he said, "What is it?" The girls said, "Where are you going?" The coyote answered, "I am looking for things to take on a trading trip to the eastern pueblos." The girls said, "Bring us things you trade for. We will give you piki and other things to eat." The coyote answered, "All right. I will bring you what I can."



Then the coyote went to look for things in the trash piles. After a while he found many things to take on the trip. He put them into a sack. Then he went home.

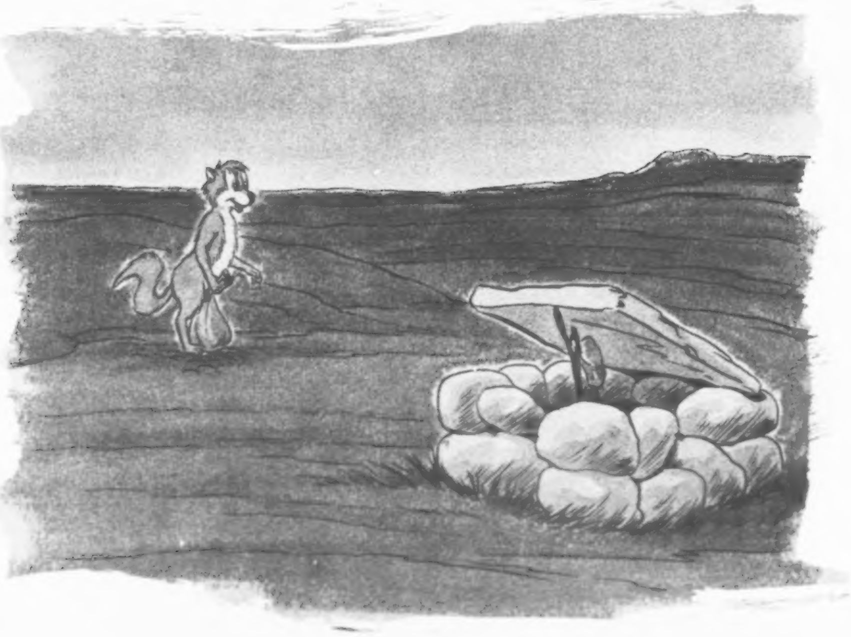


When the coyote got home he sorted the things he had found. He had brought home kilts, belts, leg coverings, and other clothing. Most of the things were ceremonial clothing. The coyote shook out all of the clothing. Then he washed and laid them out on a large rock near Coyote Ridge.



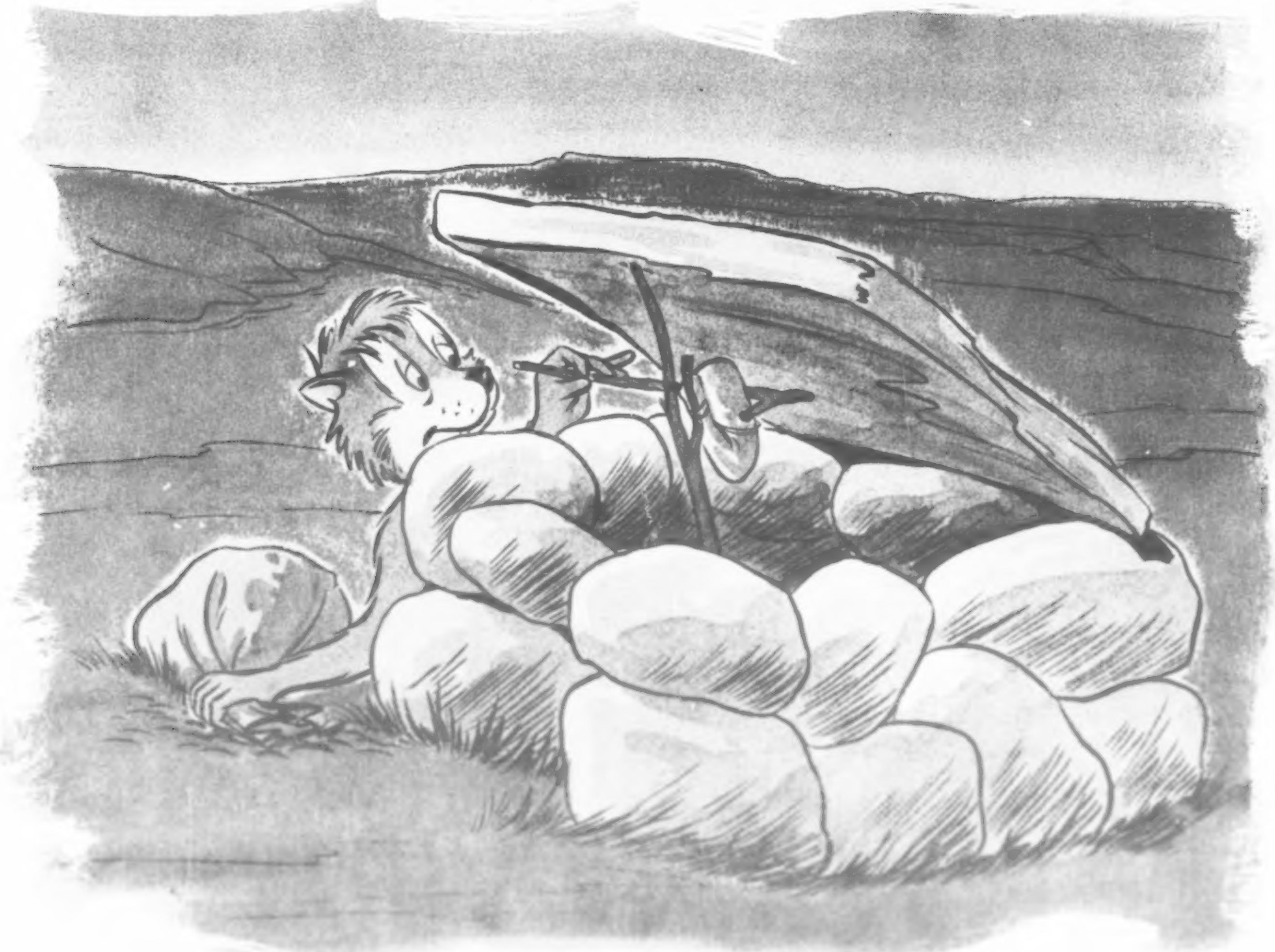
Next day the coyote gathered them all up. He put them into a sack. The coyote then started on his trading trip.

In a little while the coyote reached the north end of Oraibi. The girls saw him. "Be sure and bring us some things!" they hollered. The coyote nodded his head and went on.

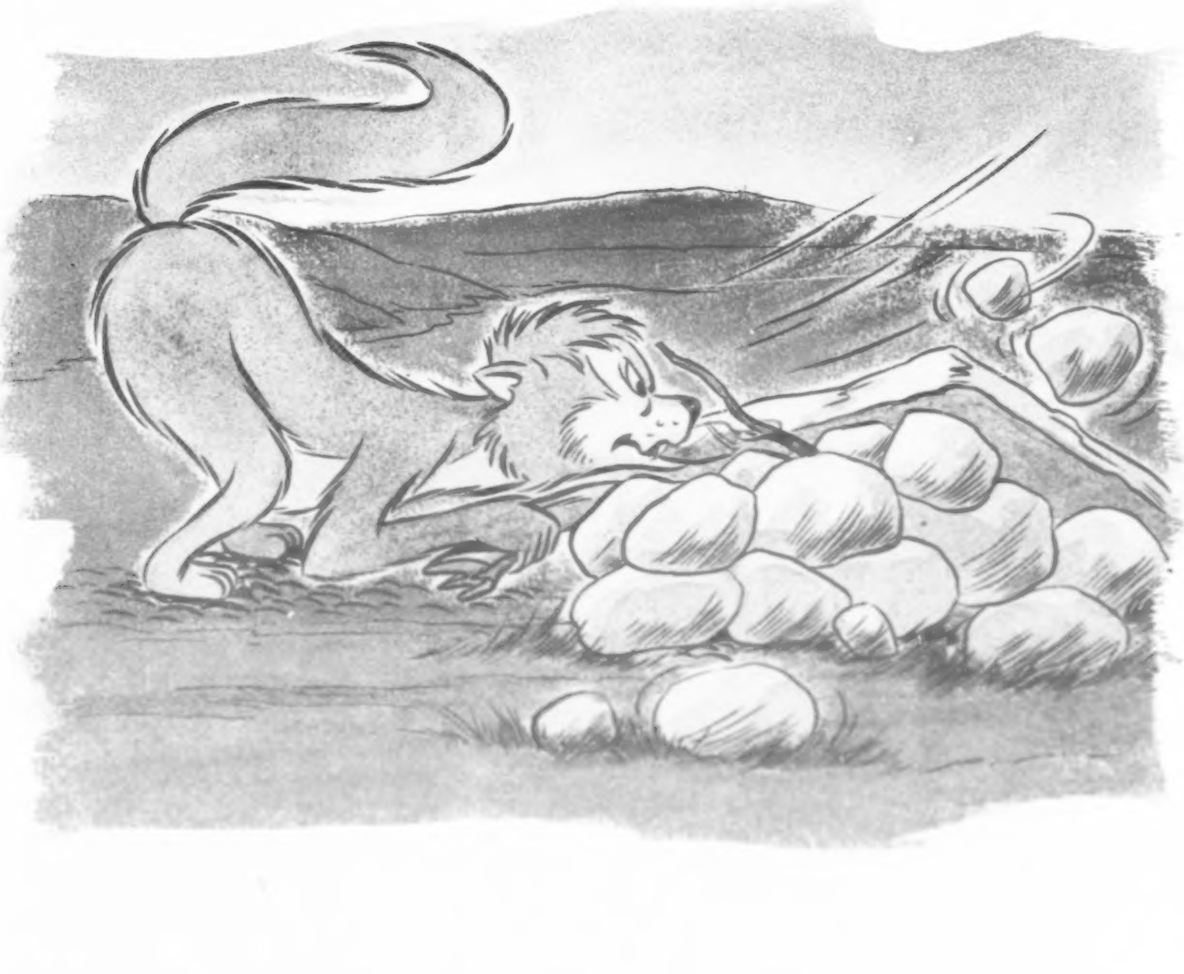


Not far from Oraibi the coyote came upon a trap that someone had set. The trap was a box made out of several rocks. The rock on top was held up with a stick. A fresh piece of rabbit meat was tied to the stick for bait.

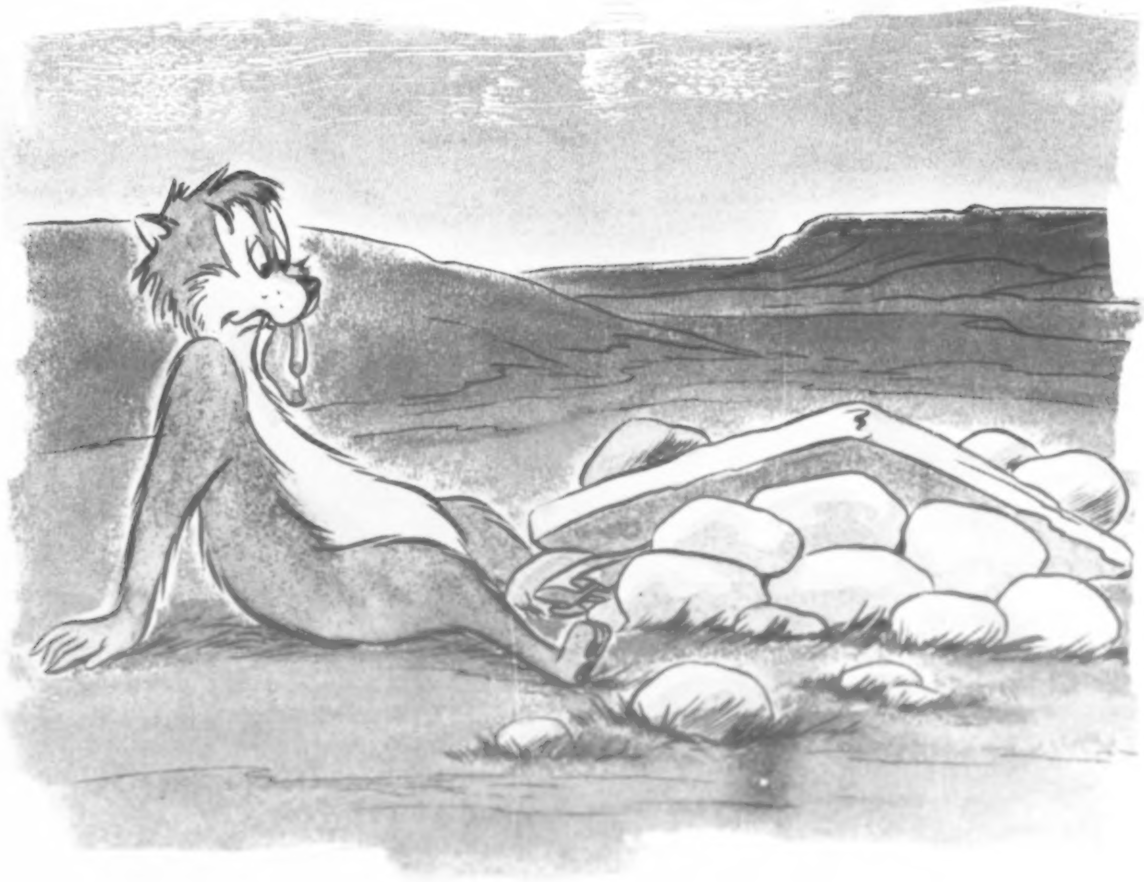
The coyote stopped and looked at the trap. He decided to try to get the meat from the trap. He thought how he would do it. "I will grip the meat with my teeth. Then I will jump away from the trap," he thought.



The coyote moved carefully. He reached around the stick. He moved the meat around until he could grip it with his teeth. He moved it past the stick to which

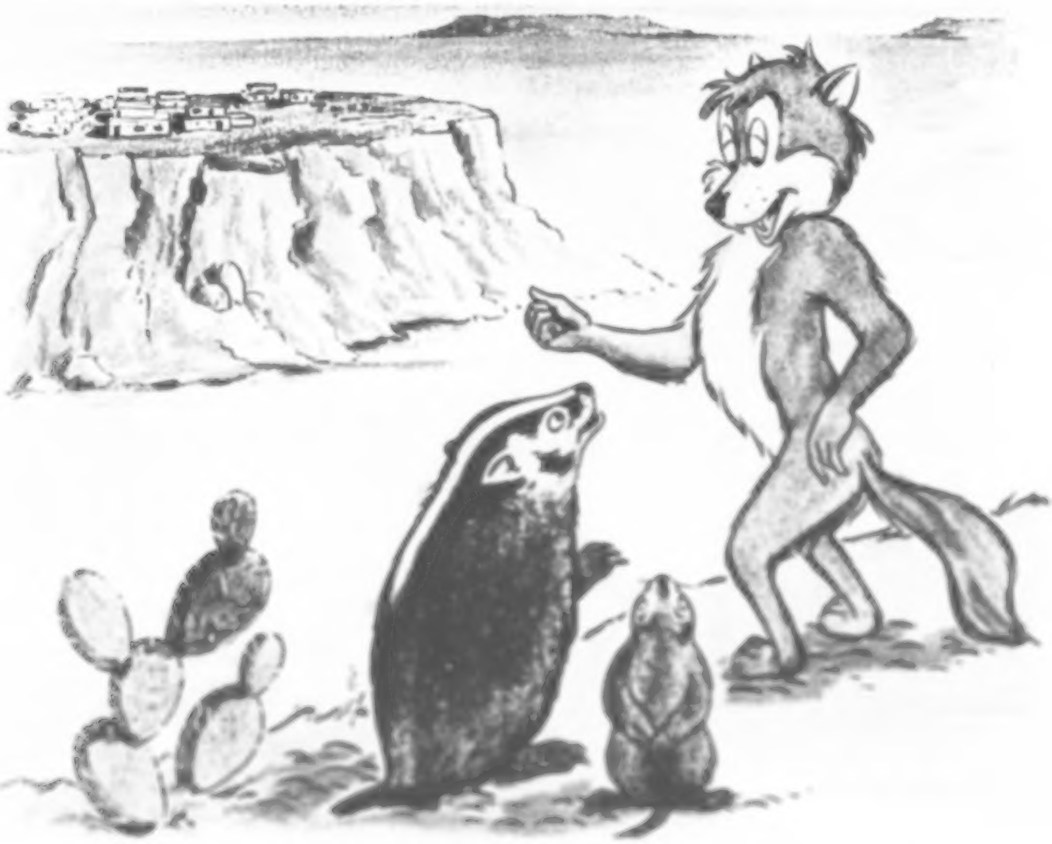


it was tied. He hoped to jump fast so that the rocks would not fall on him when he pulled on the meat. Then he reached in the trap with his teeth. He gripped the meat. With all his might the coyote jumped away from the trap. The rocks fell as the coyote pulled on the meat. The rocks fell on his sack of trading things.

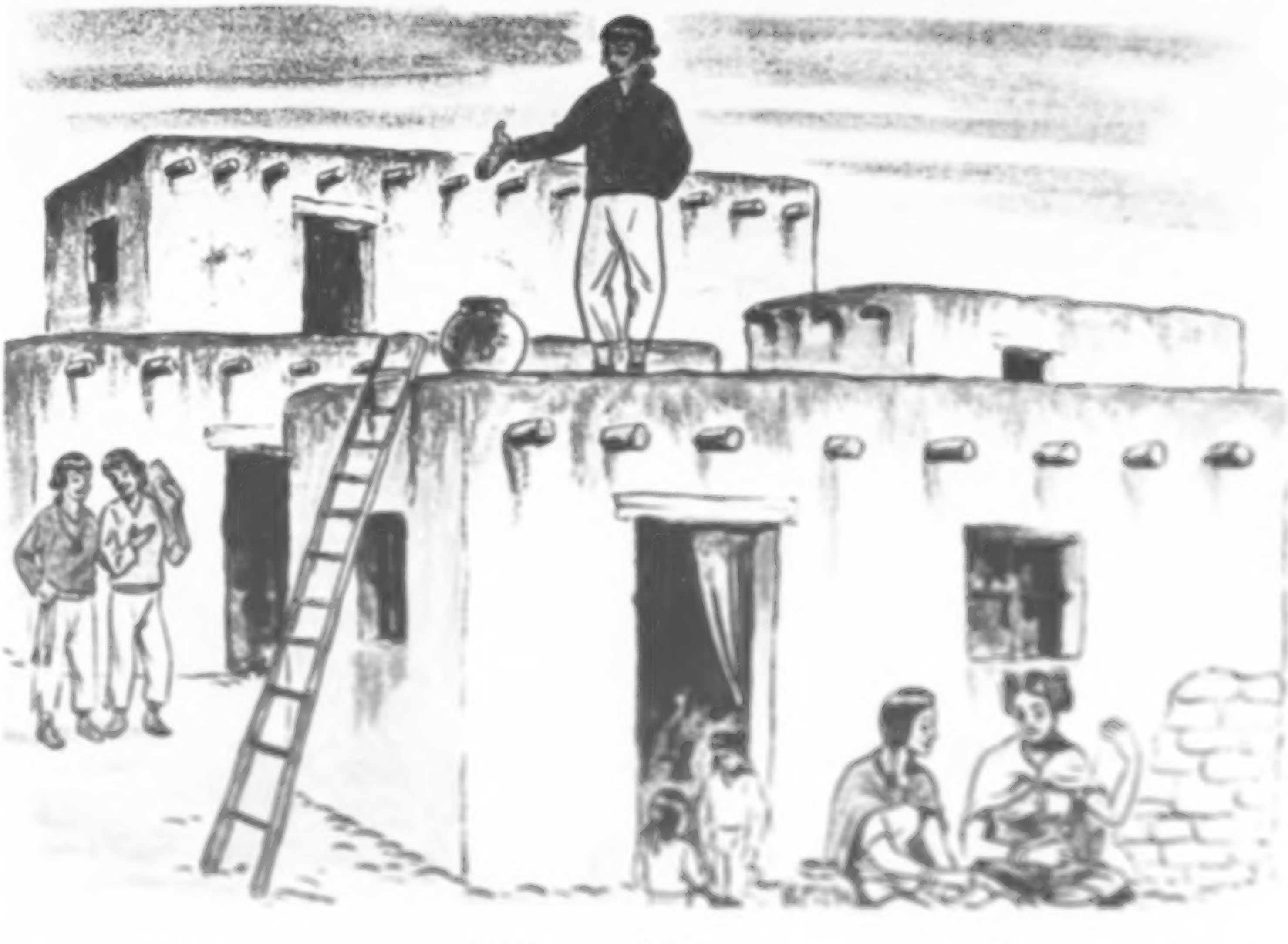


The coyote got his rabbit meat but he lost all of the things he was going to trade. He could not go on his trading trip to the eastern pueblos. Perhaps the coyote is again looking in trash piles for belts and kilts and other ceremonial clothing. Perhaps he will try once more to go on his trading trip. That is the end of this story.

the coyote, the gopher and the badger have a feast



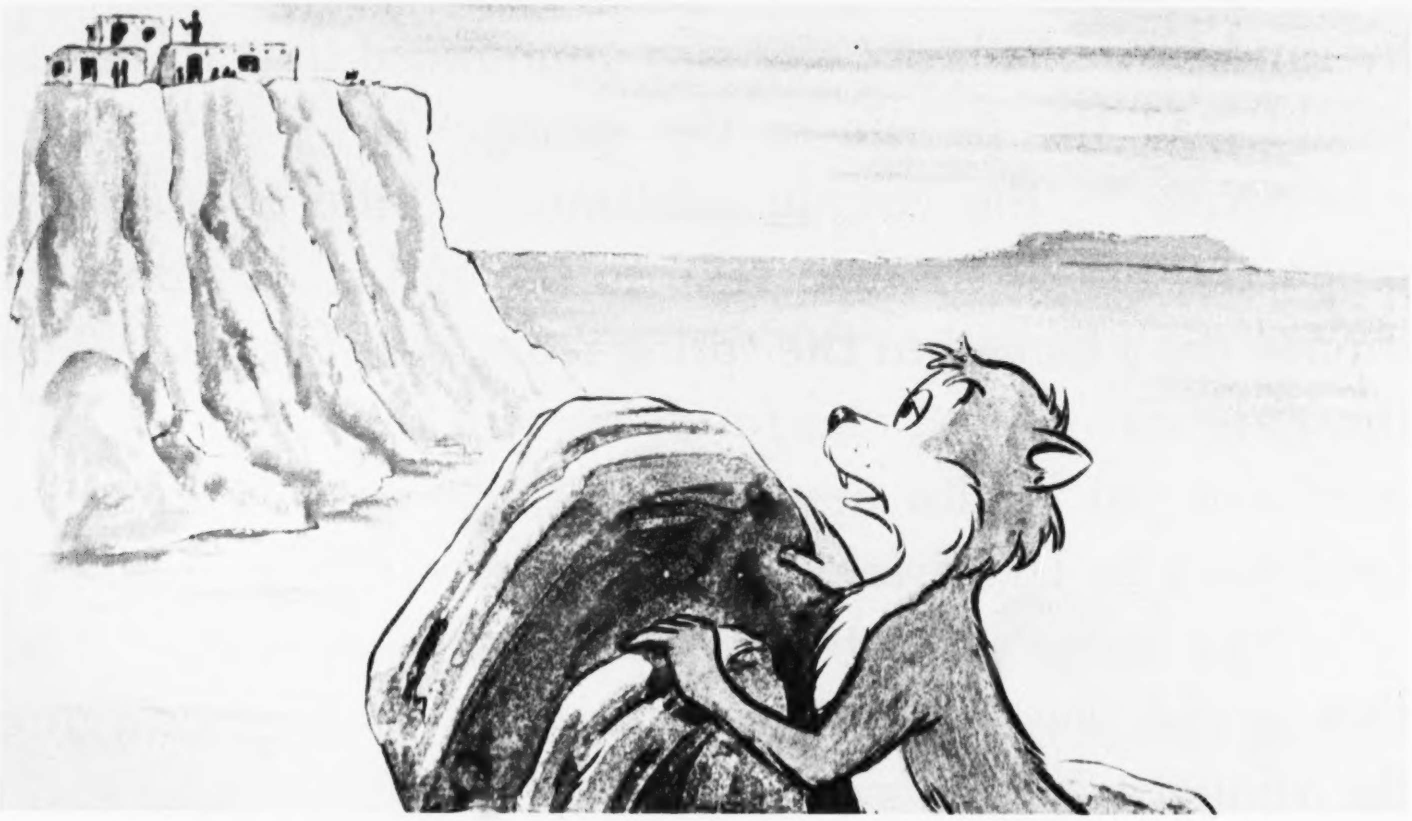
Long ago many people lived at Oraibi. West of Oraibi at Ismo'walpe, a coyote lived with his friends. The coyote's friends were a badger and a gopher. Now and then they all lived together.



One day the Village Crier announced something to the people of Oraibi. The Village Crier announced that the men and boys would clean out a spring near Oraibi. The spring had been covered over by sand.

The coyote, always hunting, was on his morning hunt near the west edge of Oraibi. He heard the announcement made by the Village Crier.

The coyote also heard the Village Crier announce that Kachinas would lead the people to the spring. The girls would prepare food and take the food to the spring so that all the people there might enjoy a feast.

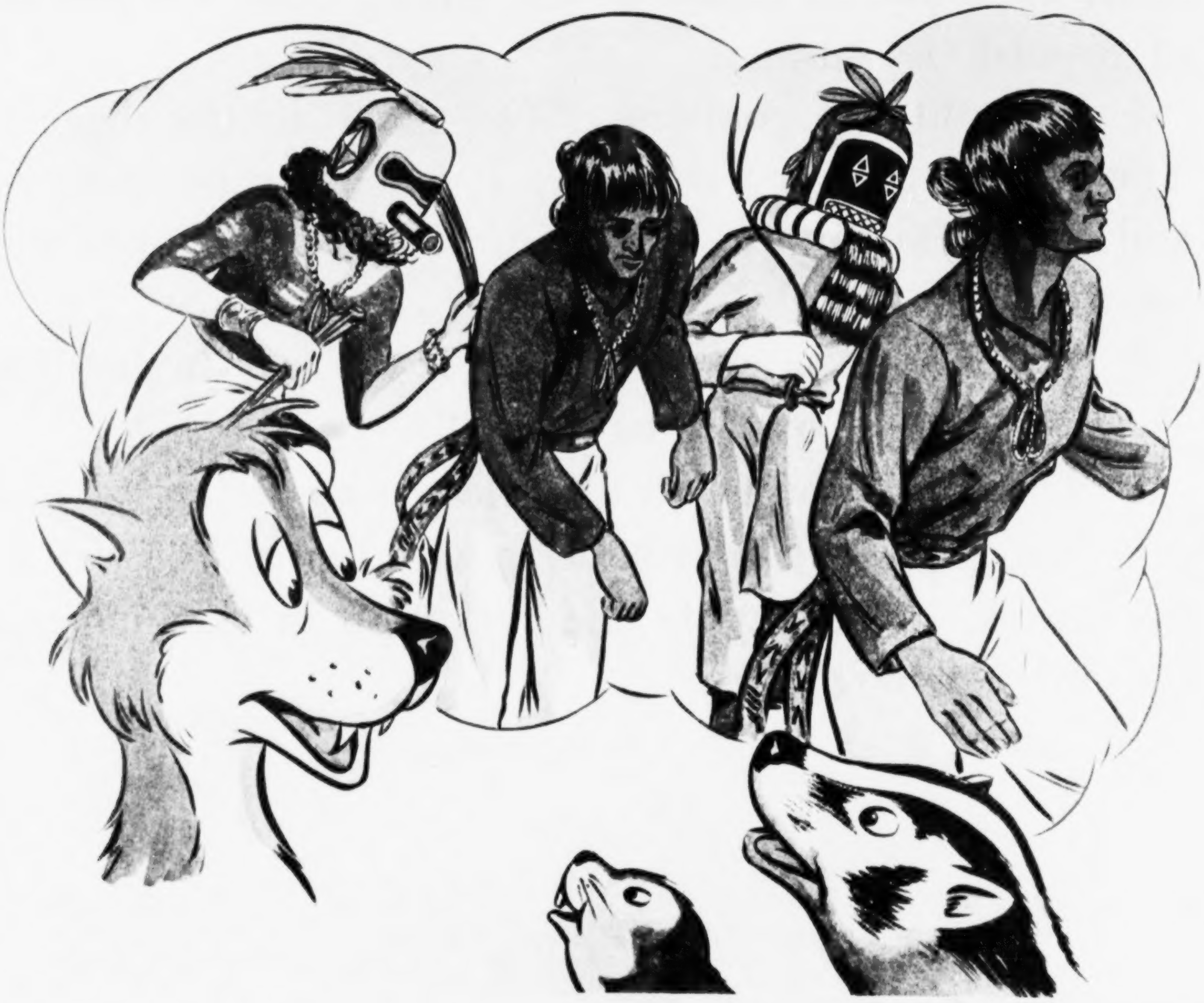


Later that day the coyote arrived at Ismo'walpe and waited for his friends to return from their food gathering. By and by, the badger and the gopher arrived at Ismo'walpe.

The coyote spoke to his two friends. He said, "This morning as I was hunting near Oraibi, I heard the Village Crier announce that the men and boys would clean out a spring near Oraibi. This spring has been covered over by sand. The Village Crier also announced that Kachinas would lead the people to the spring."

"Now," the coyote continued, "the girls always prepare a lot of food to take to the spring. I think we should dig a tunnel to the spring from Ismo'walpe. When the girls arrive with the food, we will take some of the food and put it into the tunnel. Then we will bring the food back to Ismo'walpe. We will have our own feast."

The badger and the gopher both answered, "Yes, that is the way it shall be. Now, let us begin digging the tunnel. We do not have much time."

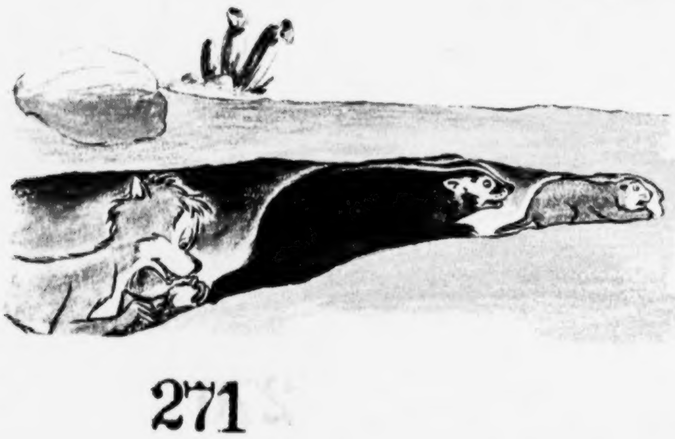


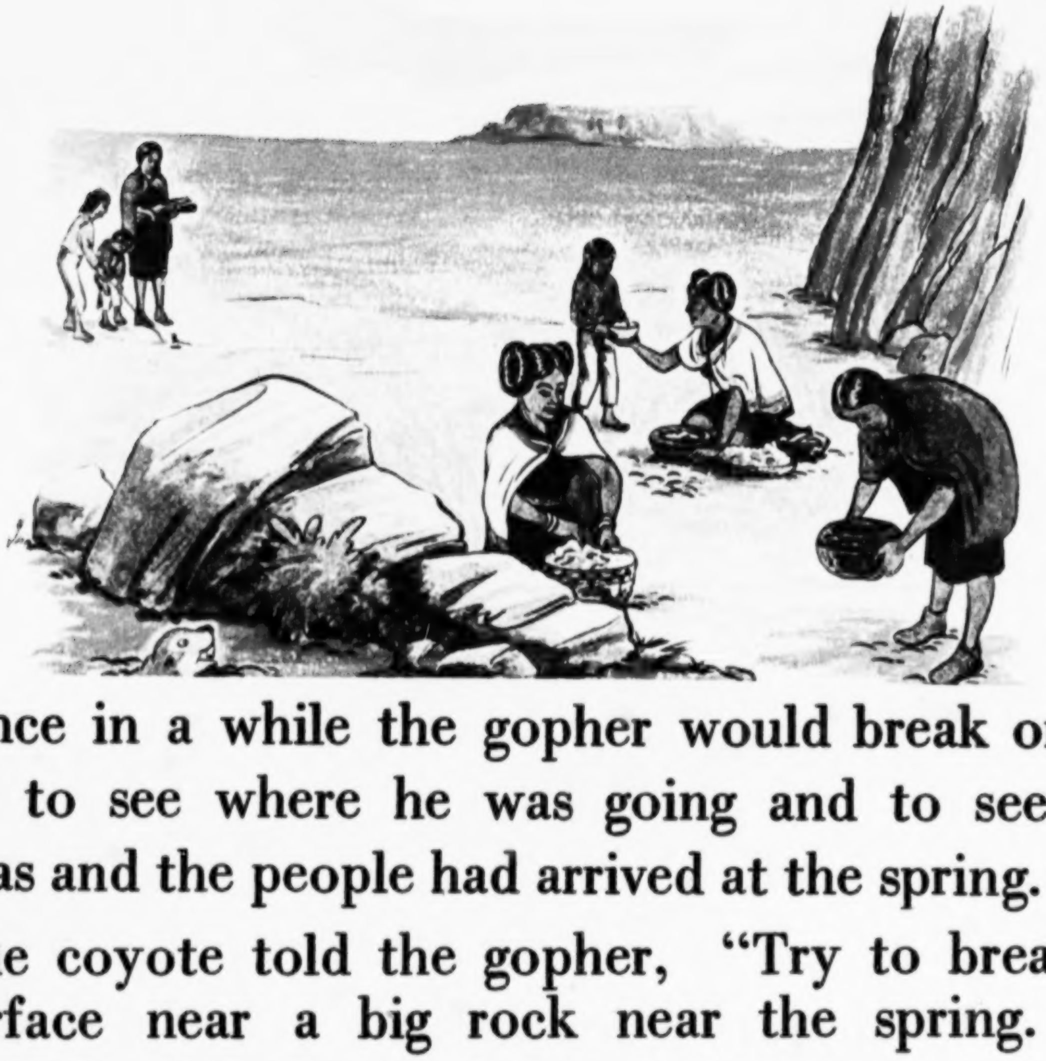
The badger began digging the tunnel. A short time later, he began to tunnel in the wrong direction instead of toward the spring.

He told the gopher, "You must do the digging. You always dig very straight. I will come behind you and make the tunnel larger. Our friend the coyote will take out the dirt."

The coyote said, "Yes, that is the way it shall be. That is good. Now let us hurry."

The gopher began to dig. He was a good digger and very fast, but the badger kept up with him all the way to the spring. The coyote did very well in carrying out the dirt to the surface.

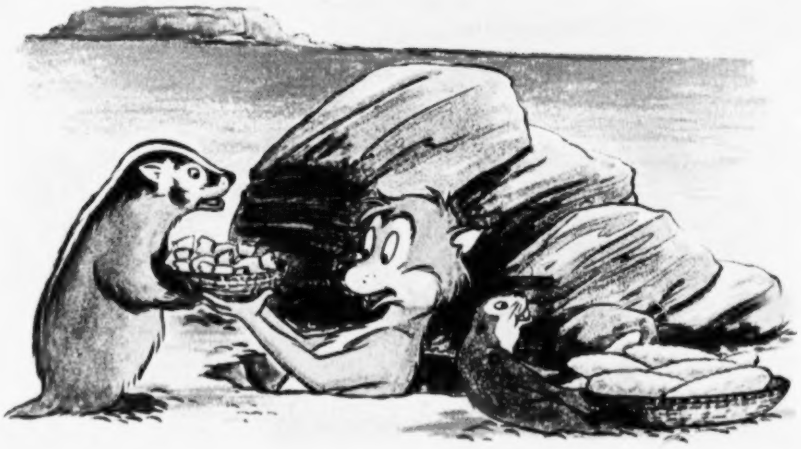




Once in a while the gopher would break onto the surface to see where he was going and to see if the Kachinas and the people had arrived at the spring.

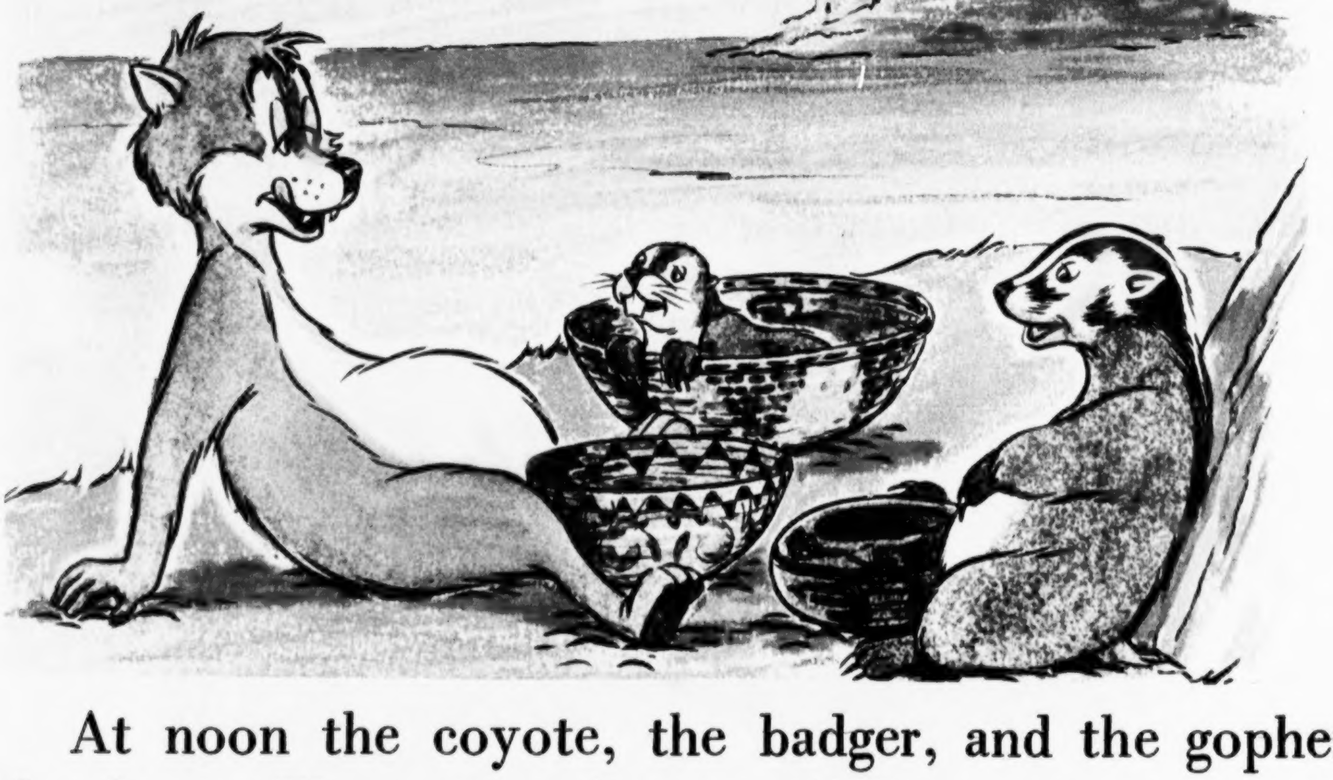
The coyote told the gopher, "Try to break onto the surface near a big rock near the spring. That is where the girls always leave the food."

By and by, the gopher reached the rock by the spring. He broke onto the surface. Right away he and the badger made the hole bigger.



The gopher came out of the tunnel first. He saw the food that the girls had brought to the spring. The badger came up from the tunnel after the gopher. He also saw the food. Then the coyote came up from the tunnel. They all took several baskets that were filled with food and carried the baskets into the tunnel with them.

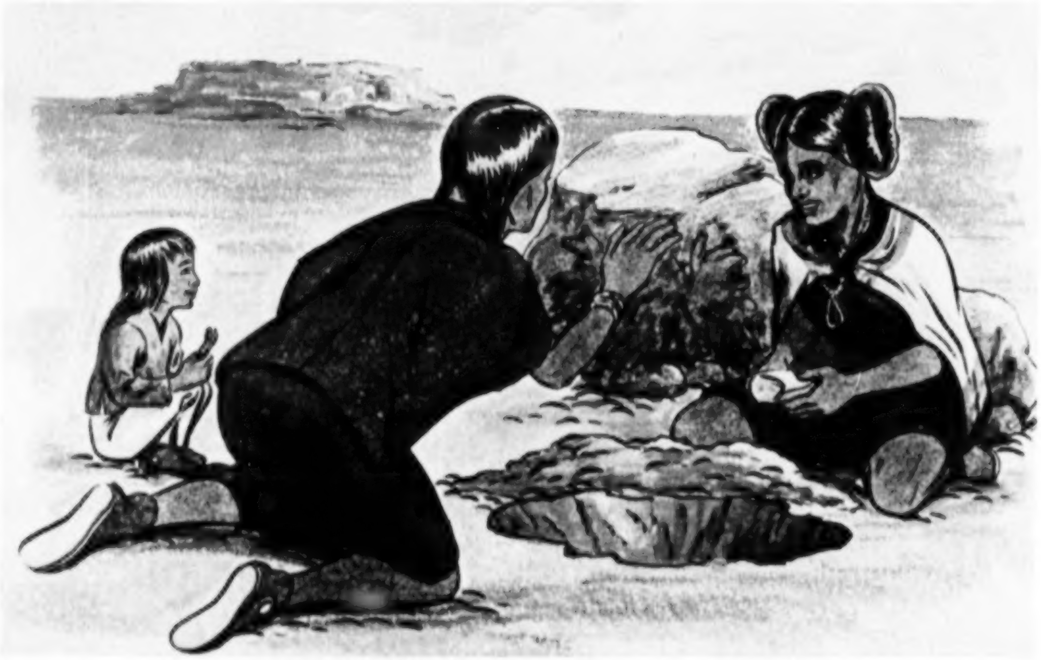
They took the baskets of food through the tunnel back to Ismo'walpe. When they had finished taking the food to Ismo'walpe, they rested for a while.

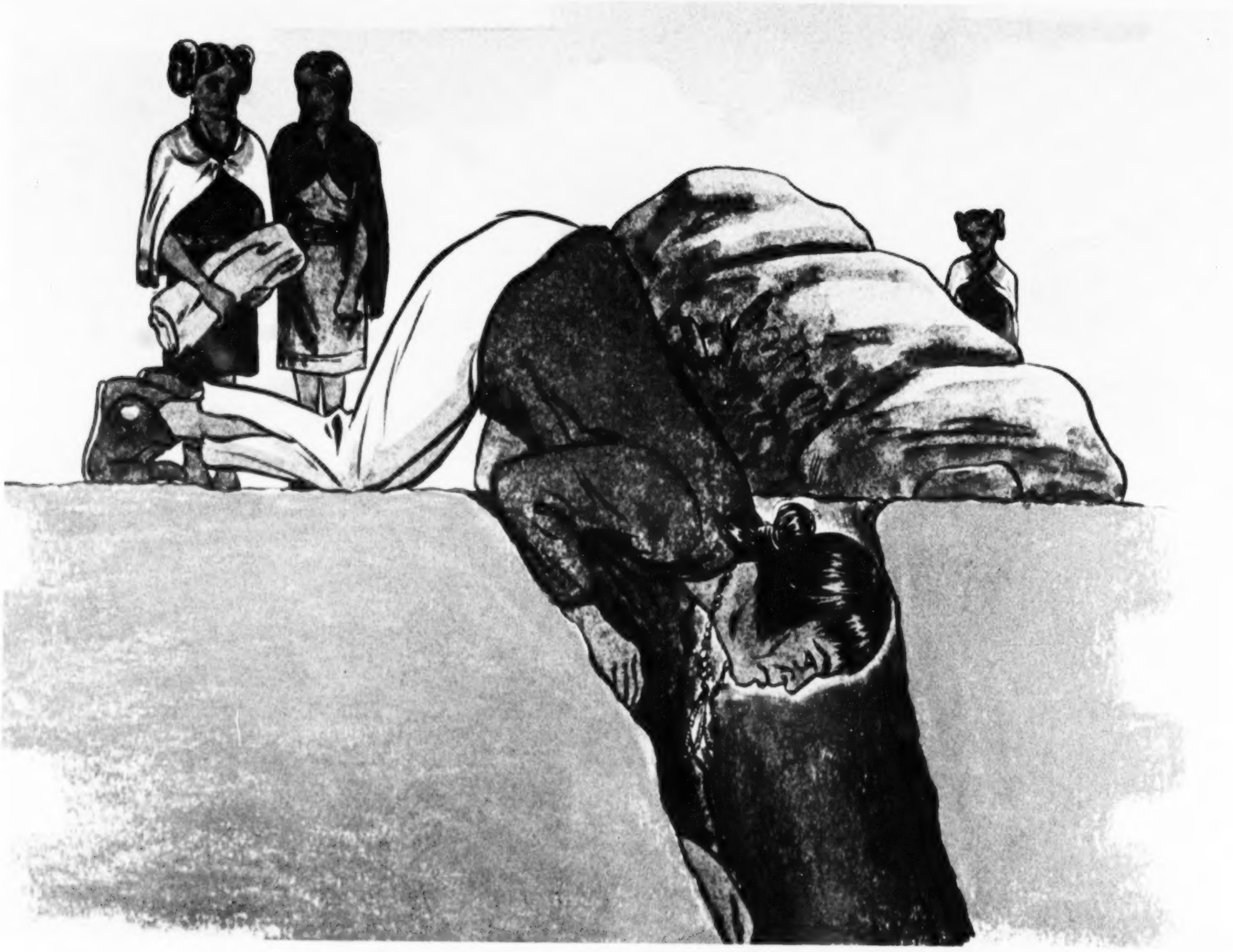


At noon the coyote, the badger, and the gopher had a feast. They ate and ate until they were very full. The food they ate was good. There was piki as well as several kinds of corn bread in the baskets.

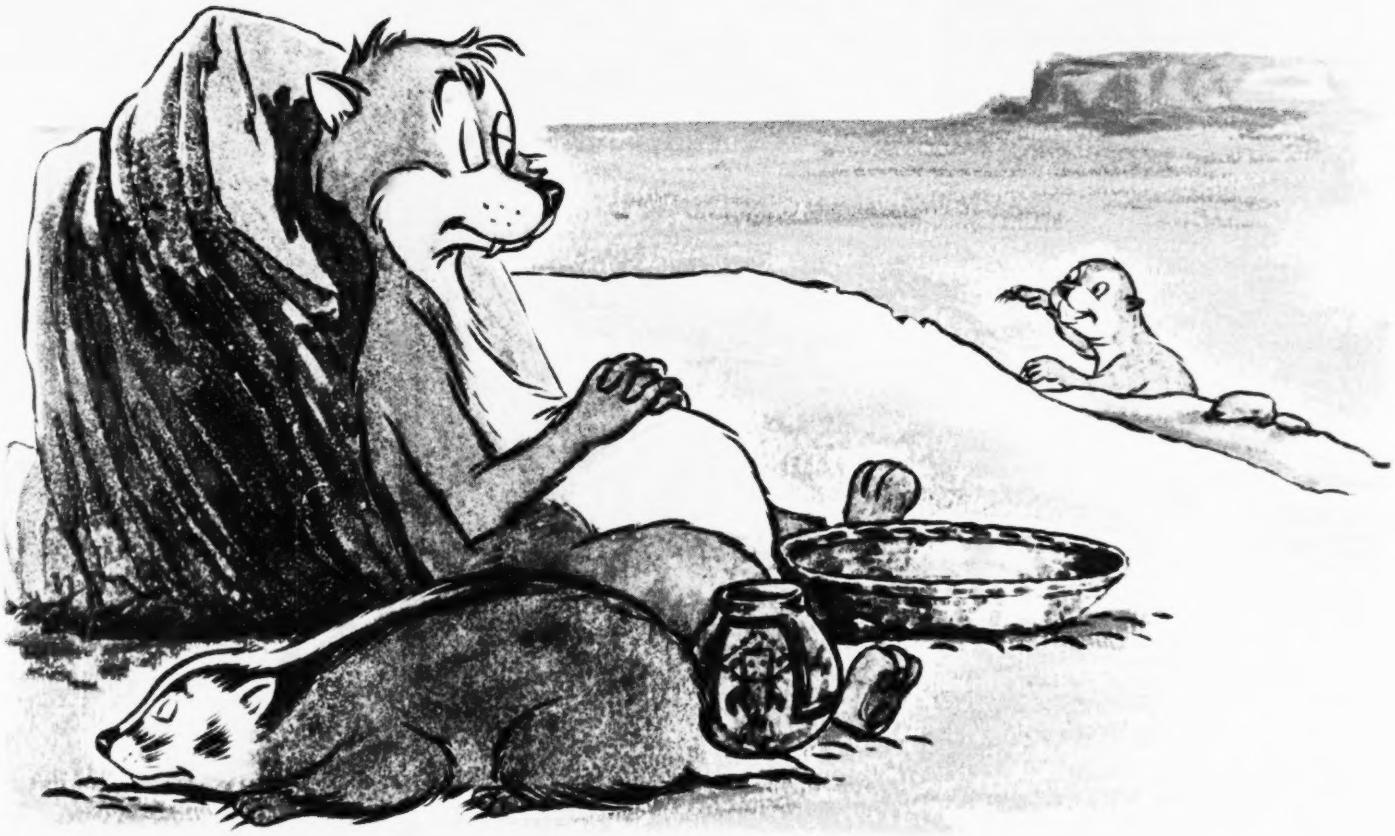
Meanwhile, the people at the spring stopped their work and got ready to eat. It was noon. The girls went to pick up the food by the big rock to feed the people.

The girls found that someone had taken some of the food. Then they saw a hole in the ground near the big rock. The girls told the men and boys about the hole. The men dug into the hole and found that it was really a tunnel. The men went a little way into the tunnel and then turned around and came back out again.



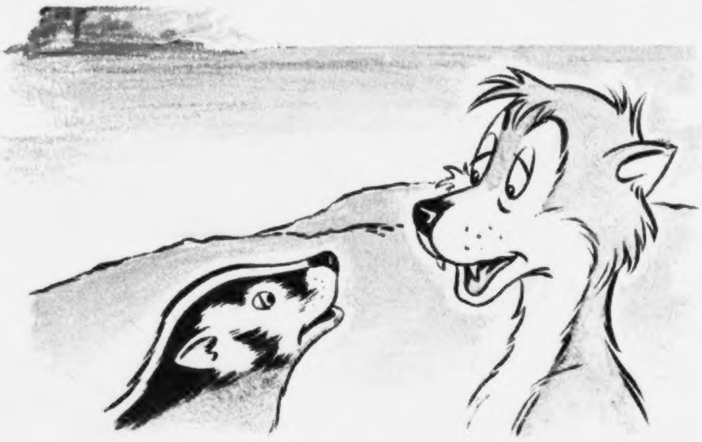


The men could not find anybody in the tunnel, so they did not catch anyone. The people ate what was left of the food.



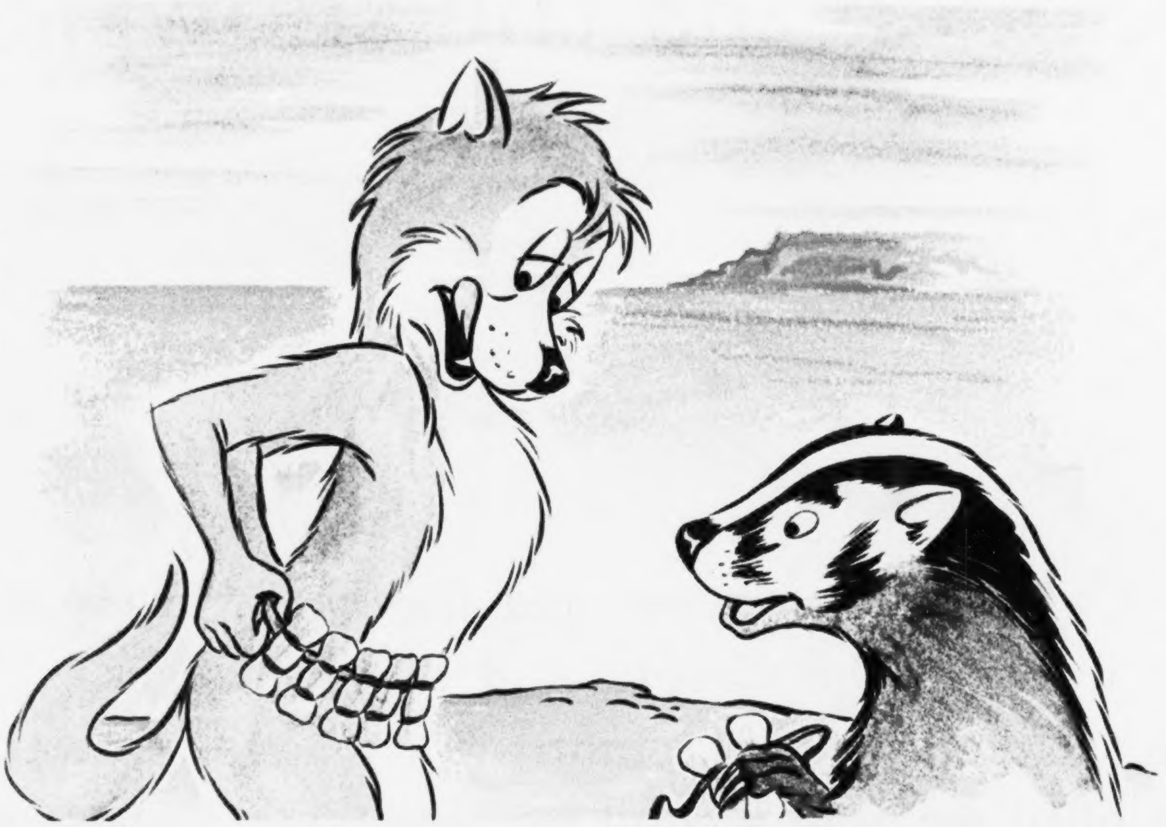
The coyote, the badger, and the gopher slept all afternoon. In the evening, the gopher went to his own home a little way from Ismo'walpe.

the coyote, the badger and the snowbird

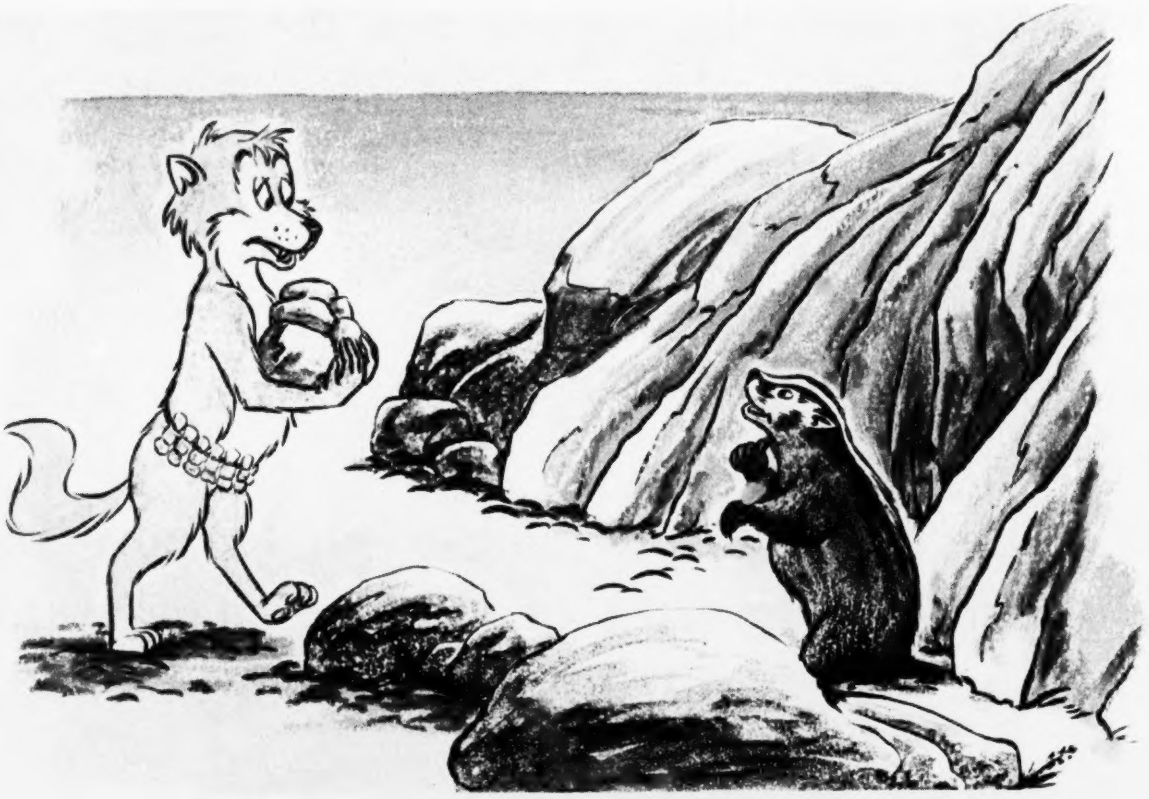


One day the coyote and the badger were alone at Ismo'walpe. The coyote said to the badger, "Let us go on a hunting trip tomorrow. We will go west from here until we find a good hunting place. There we will make our hunting camp. If it snows, we will have an easy time hunting. That is when rabbits are easy to find. You can carry the rabbits that I catch. We will stay at our camp for one night, then come back home to Ismo'walpe."

Badger answered, "That is good; that is the way it shall be. I am ready to go."



So early the next morning, the coyote and the badger tied some blue corn bread together. The girls who made the bread had wrapped it in corn husks. So the two friends tied the husks together, then wrapped the little bundles of bread around their waists. Then the coyote and the badger left Ismo'walpe to look for a good place to hunt.

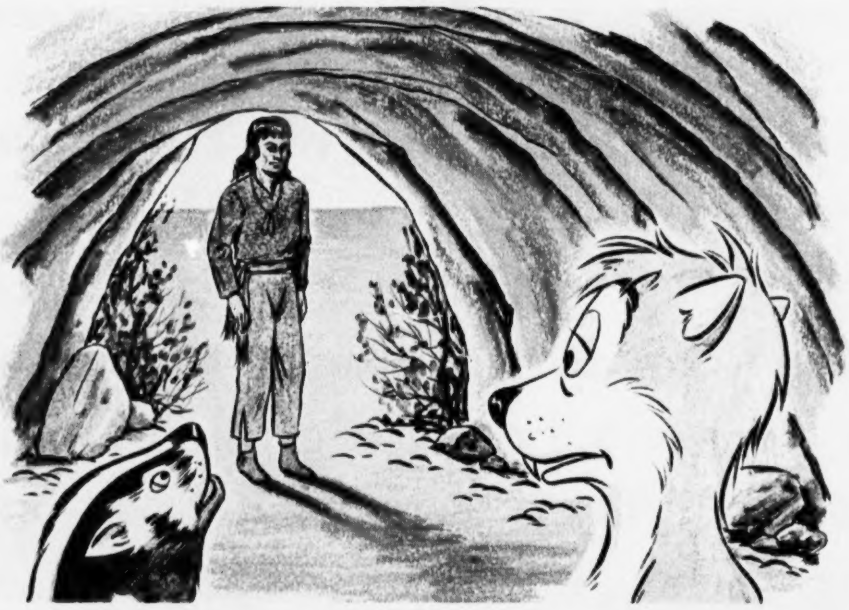


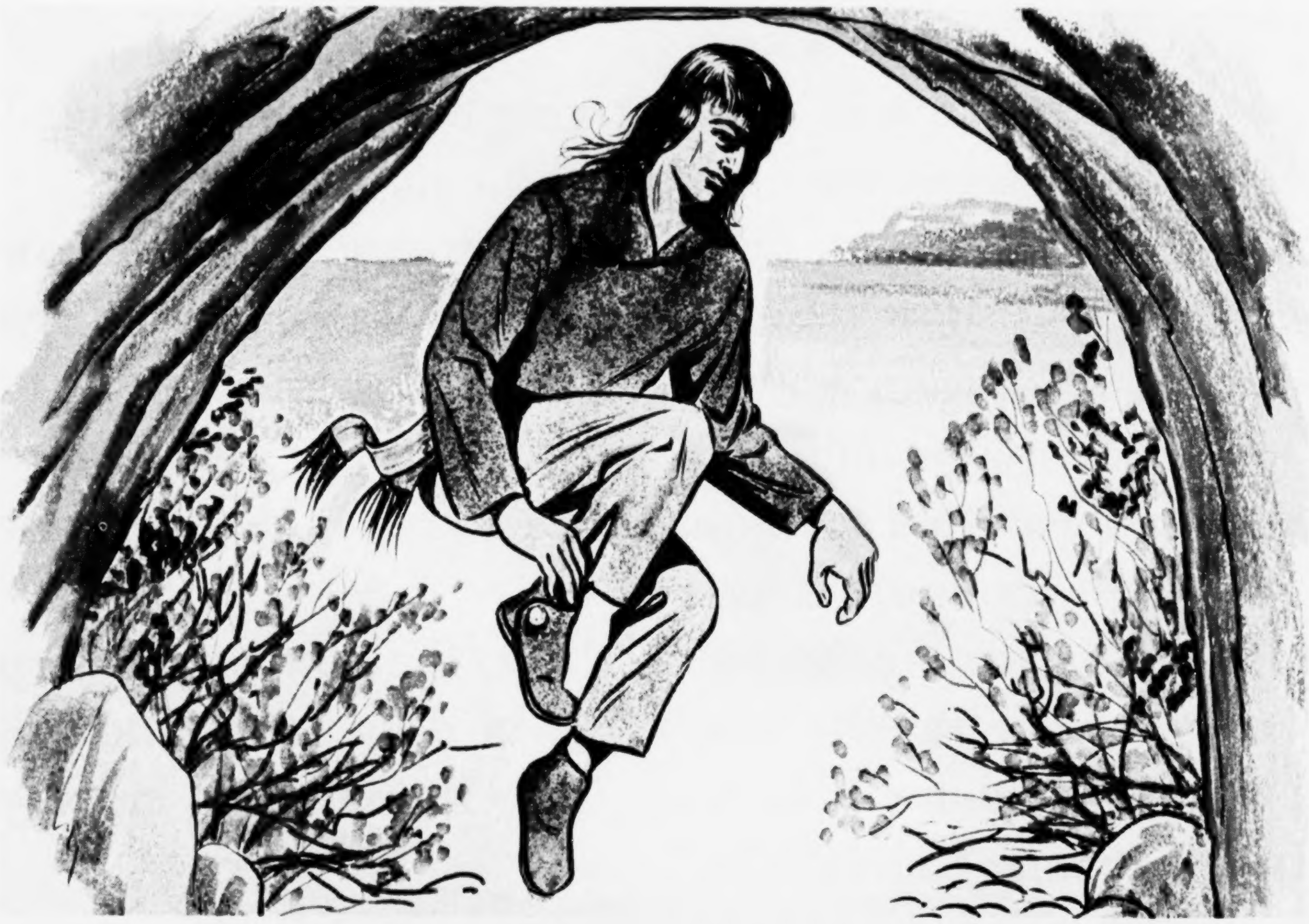
Later on they found just the right place to hunt. Then they dug a large hole in which they could stay. After they had dug the hole, they gathered bushes and sticks and put them at the entrance to their new hunting home. They made a fireplace of some rocks. Finally they built a fire. They were tired from building their new hunting home.

Evening came; the coyote and the badger were at home in their camp. They settled down for the night. A little later, after the sun had gone down, they had a visitor.

The coyote and the badger could not see their visitor clearly when it first came in. They sat quietly by the fire and watched.

The coyote and the badger could now see the visitor clearly by the light of the fire. The visitor was a man. The man was tall and handsome.





As the coyote and the badger watched him, the man jumped and hit one of his ankles with one hand.

The coyote asked the badger, "Who is this man? What is he telling us?" The badger answered, "I do not know who he is or what he wants."

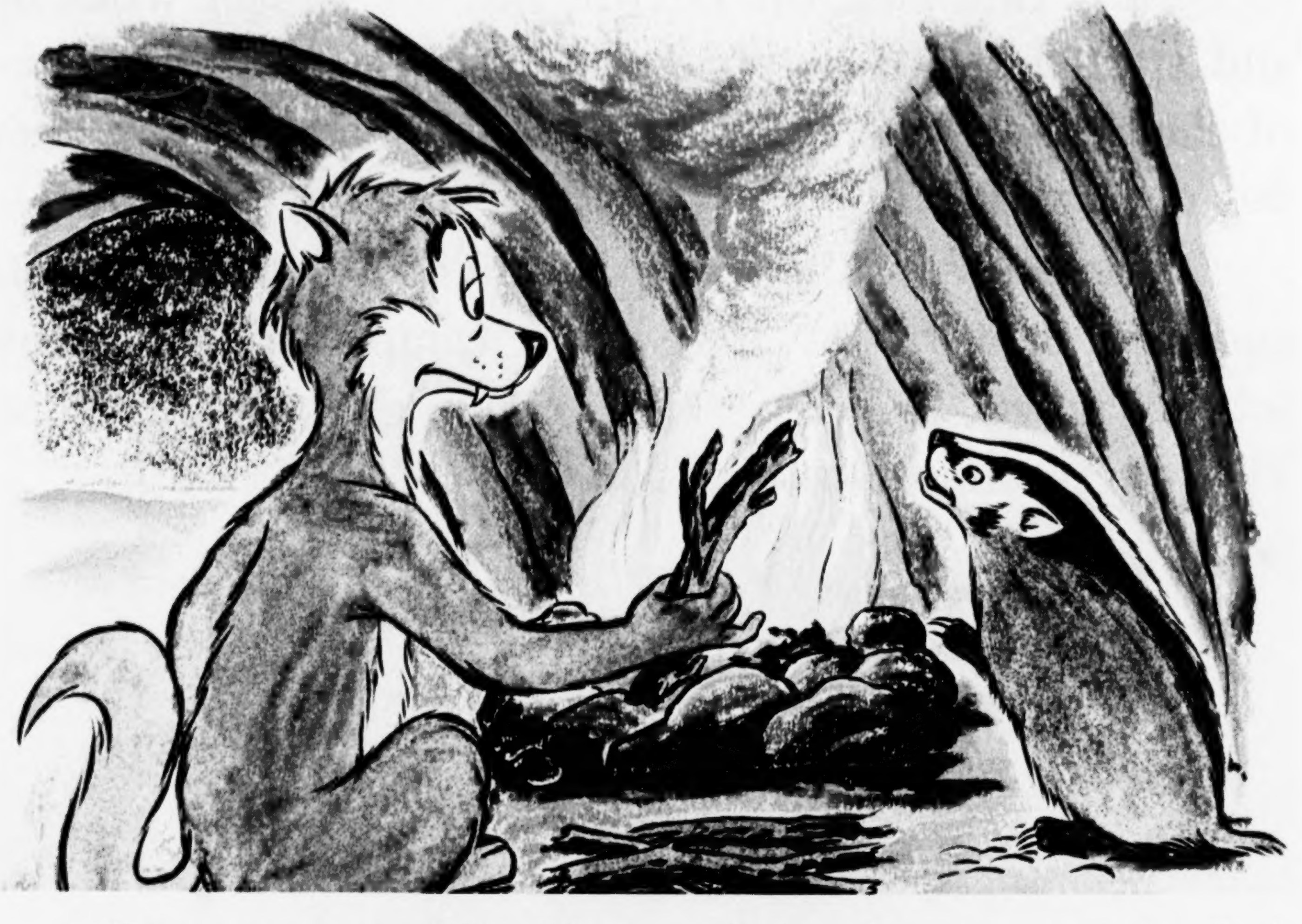
The coyote said, "He is trying to tell us something." The man jumped and this time hit his shin.

Then the coyote said, "He is trying to tell us how much it will snow tomorrow. Let us watch him." The man jumped again and this time hit his knees.

The coyote said, "This man is really a snow bird and now has told us by hitting his knees that the snow will reach around his knees."

The coyote continued, "Yes, that should be deep enough. The rabbits won't run in deep snow and will just sit by their rabbit holes. We should have an easy time catching the rabbits."

The visitor went out. As soon as he left, it began to snow. The man represented snow and was a messenger from the Snow Spirit. The man was really a snow bird, and appeared as a man only when acting as a messenger for the Snow Spirit.

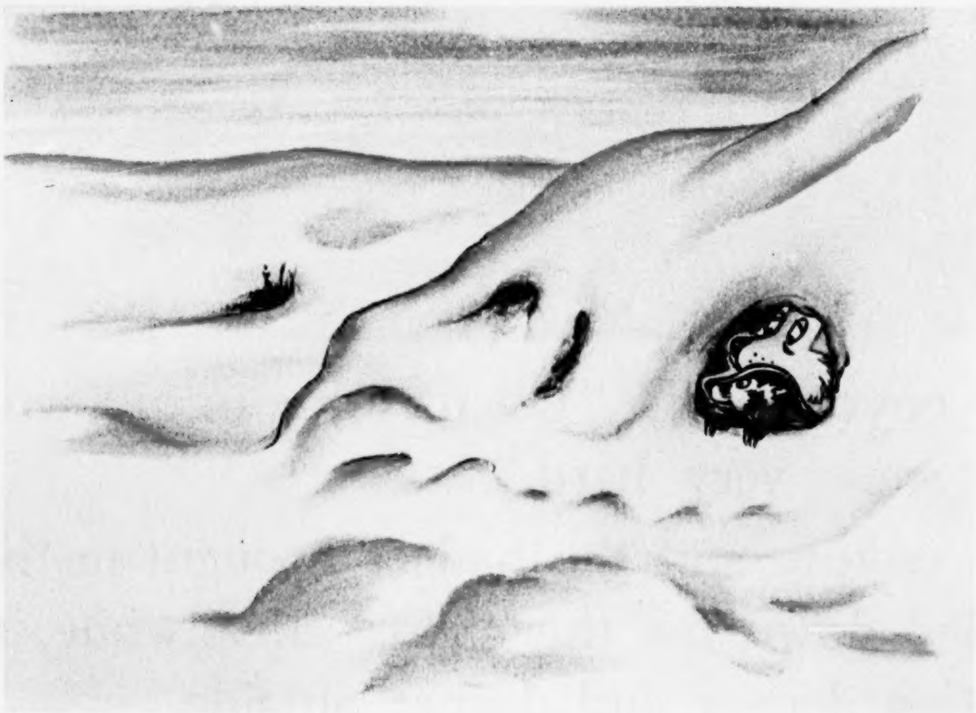


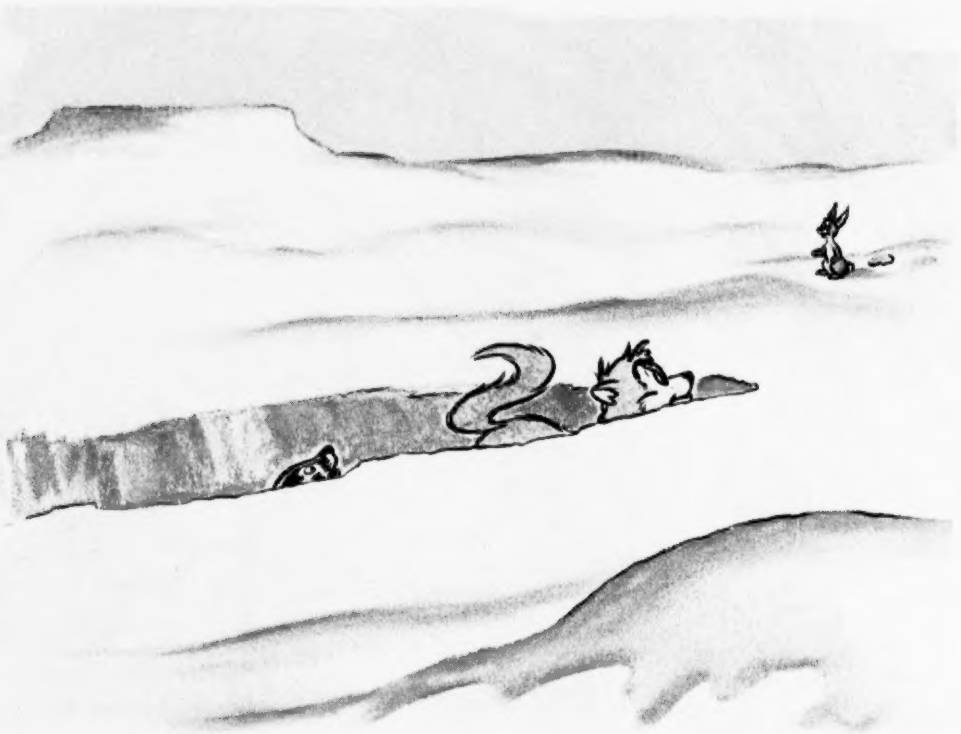
The coyote said, "Let us bring in our wood. It is going to snow very hard."

The coyote and the badger brought in their wood and settled down for the night. Meanwhile, the snow kept getting deeper and deeper outside.

Next morning, the coyote and the badger woke up and started to go out to hunt. They couldn't get out of their hole. The snow covered up the entrance. They dug and dug until they made a hole through the snow.

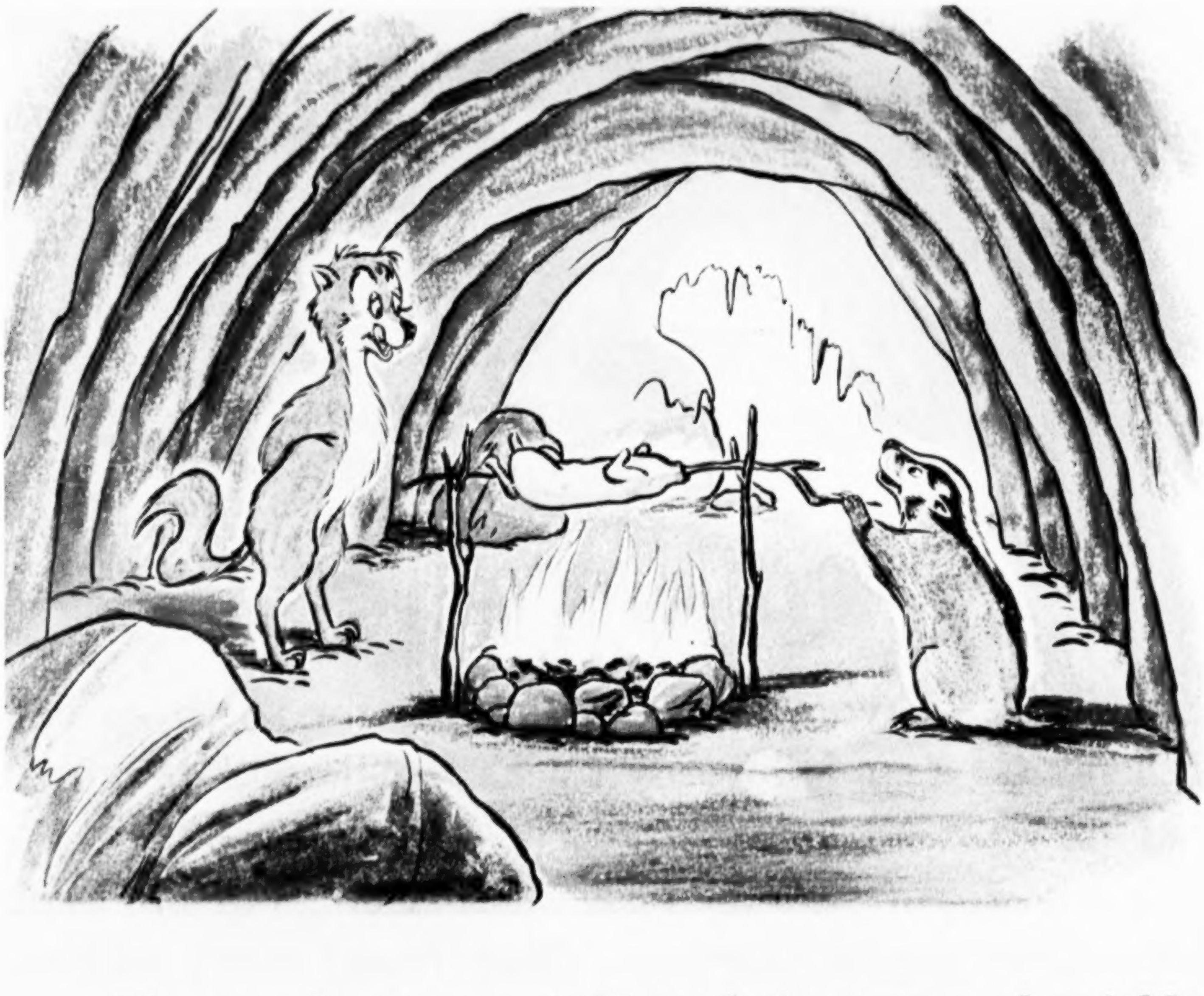
The snow was too deep for hunting, so the coyote and the badger stayed in their camp until the snow settled down to where they could go out and hunt. They were almost out of food.





So the coyote said, “It is time for us to go out and hunt. You follow my tracks as I hunt the rabbits. Let us go.”

The coyote and the badger left their camp and went for a little way to the west. They found many rabbits. Indeed, the rabbits were very easy to catch. Soon, they had caught five rabbits. The coyote said, “Let us go home now. We have enough.”



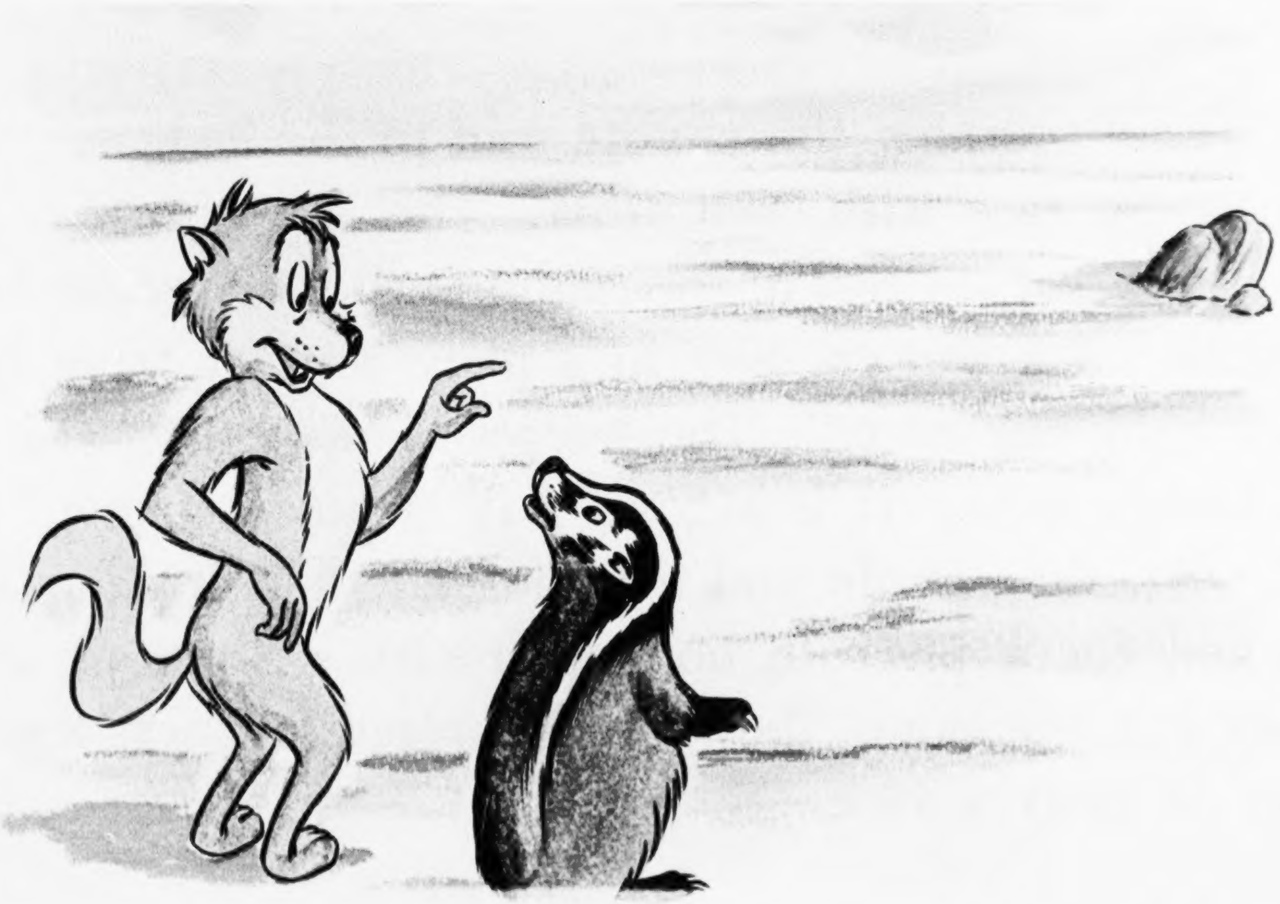
The two hunters arrived at their camp and quickly skinned and roasted the rabbits at the fireplace that they had built. They ate well that evening.

the coyote and the badger run a race

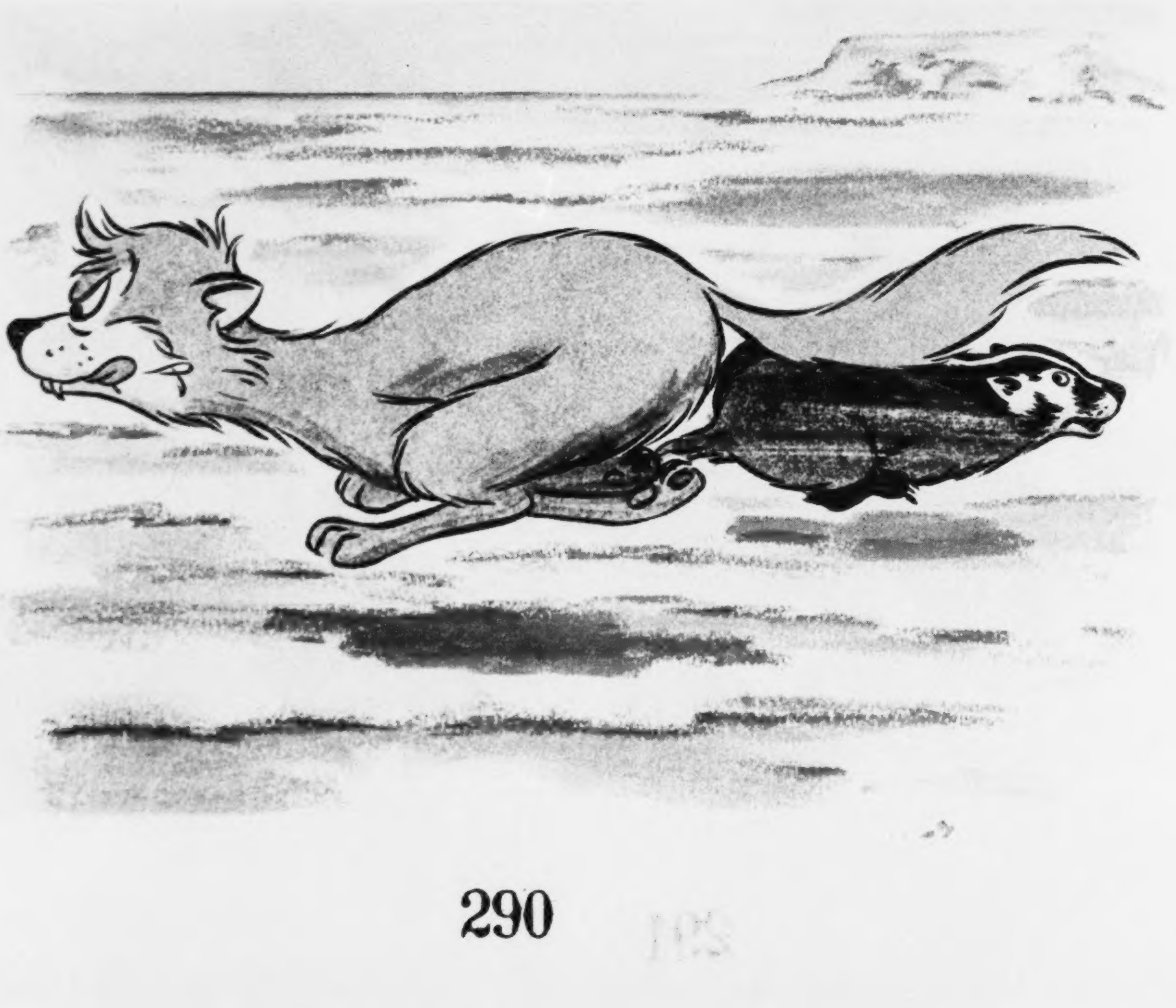
One morning the coyote said to the badger, "Let us have a race with each other. The one who wins the race may eat the rest of the rabbit meat from yesterday's dinner. We can go over to a place not far from here and hold our race." The badger answered, "Yes, let us have a race. It is a good way to keep strong."

So, the coyote and the badger left their camp and looked for a place to hold their race. Not long after they left the camp, they found a place that was a good one to start a race.

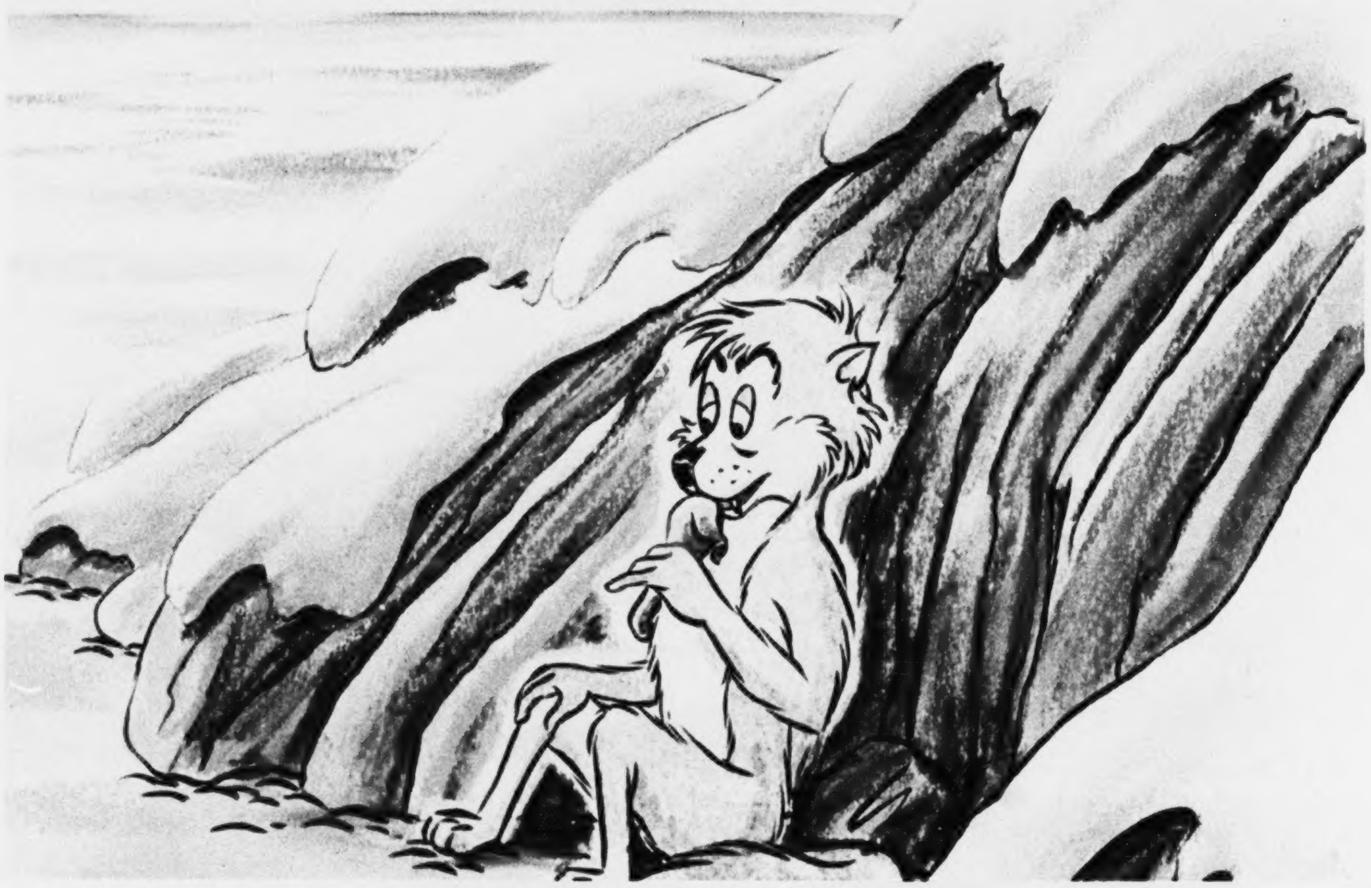
The coyote looked around and saw a large rock in the distance. He said, "Let us circle that rock and come back to the place where I am standing. The one who gets back here first shall be the winner. He may eat the rest of the rabbit meat. Let us get ready to run."



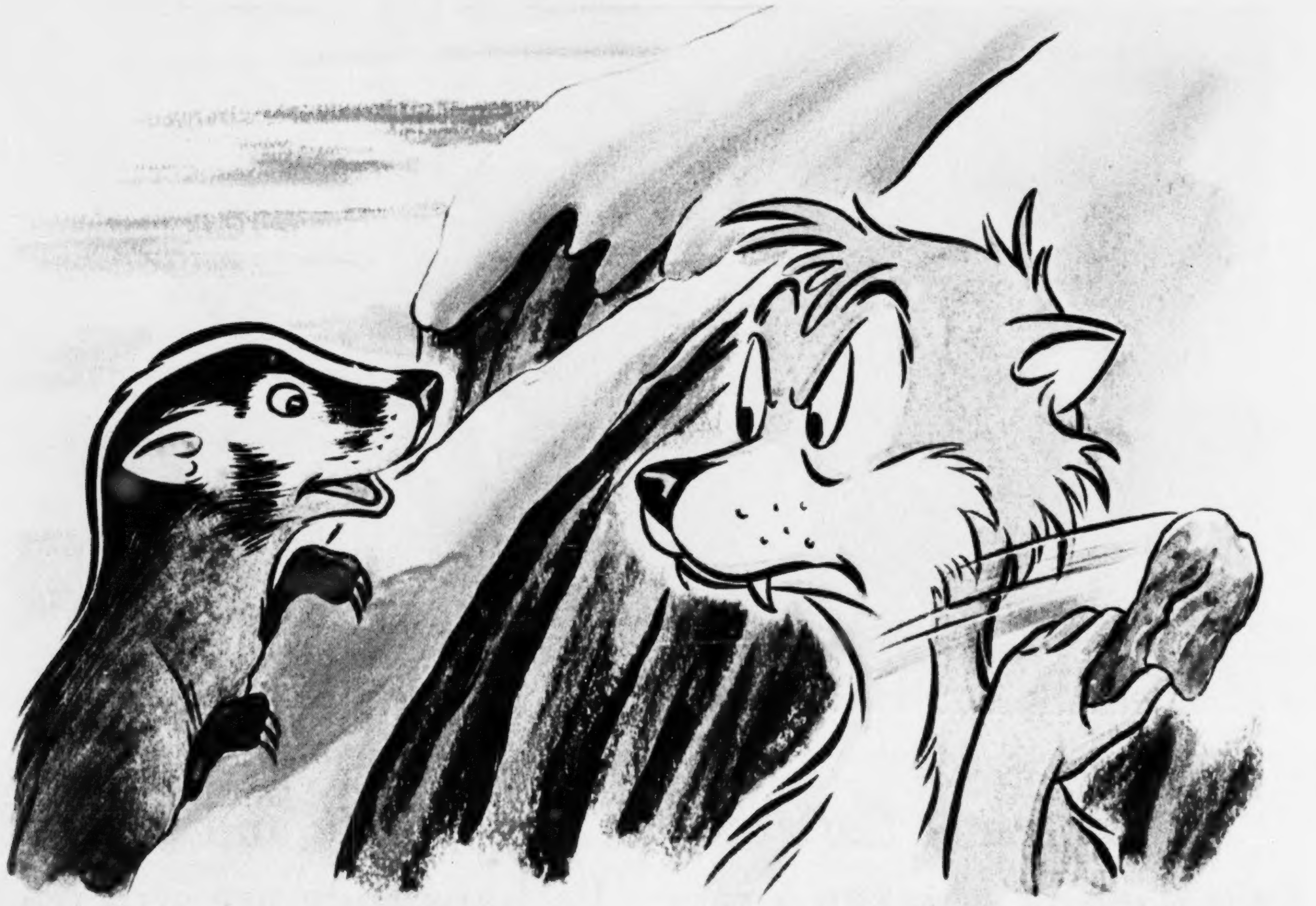
The coyote and the badger stood side by side. Then when the coyote shouted, "Now," they ran with all their might to the large rock in the distance. The coyote got to the rock first, circled it, and came back to where they had begun the race.

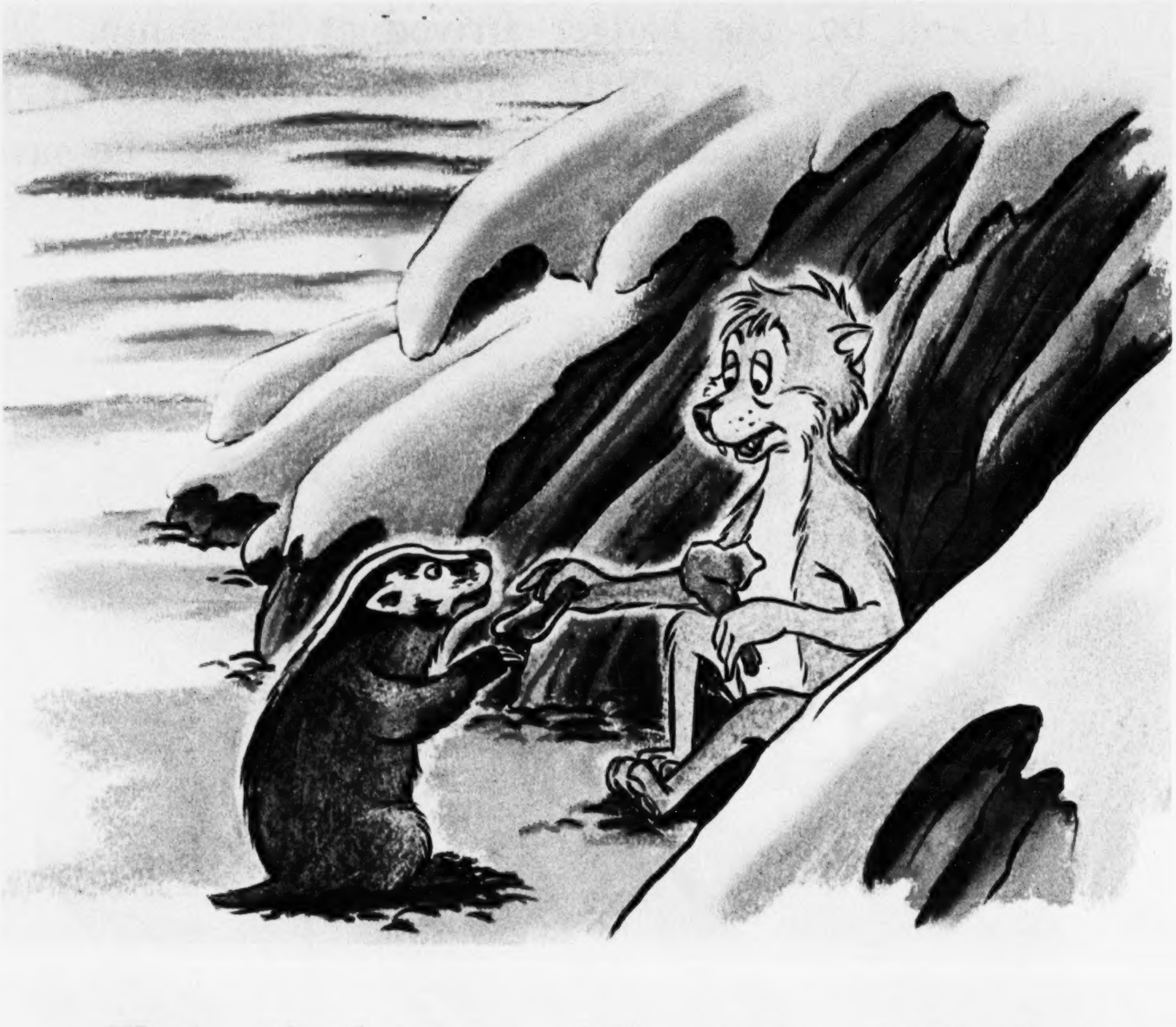


He trotted over to the camp. As soon as he reached the camp, he brought out the rabbit meat and began eating.



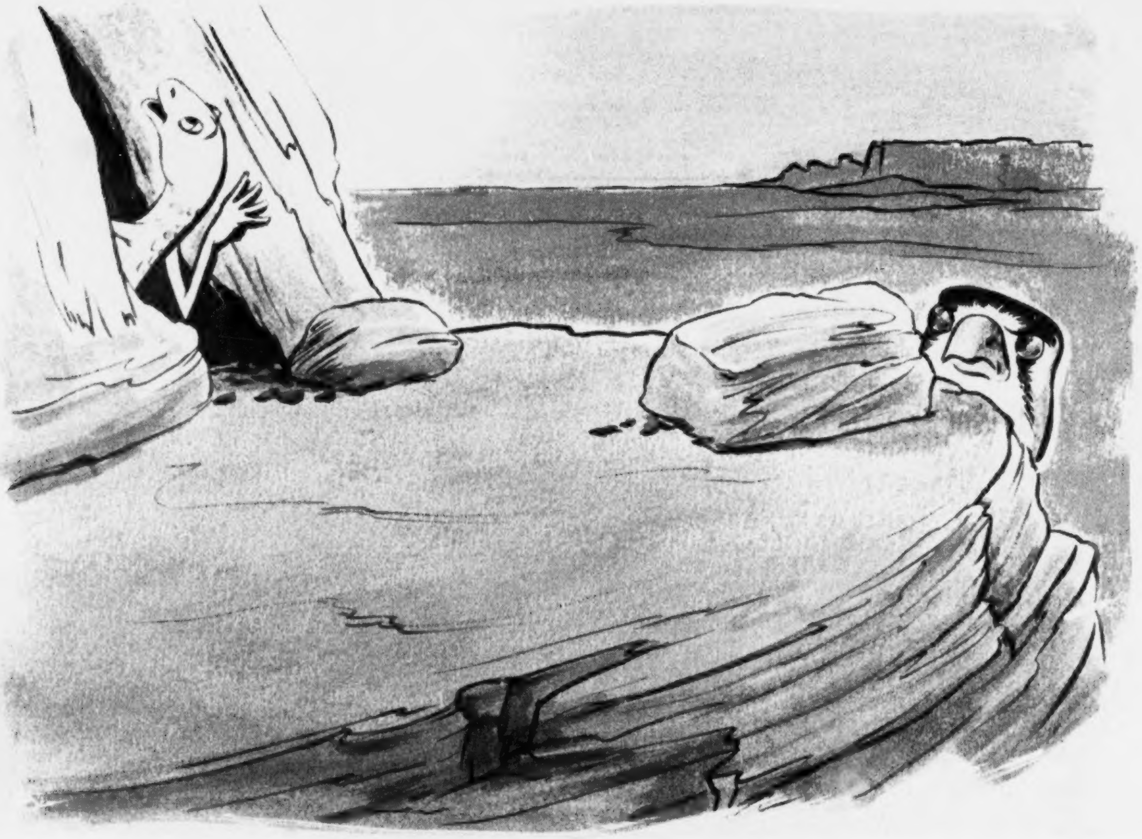
By and by, the badger arrived at the camp. He asked the coyote for a little piece of the rabbit meat. The coyote at first said no. Then after a while he gave the badger some of the rabbit meat.



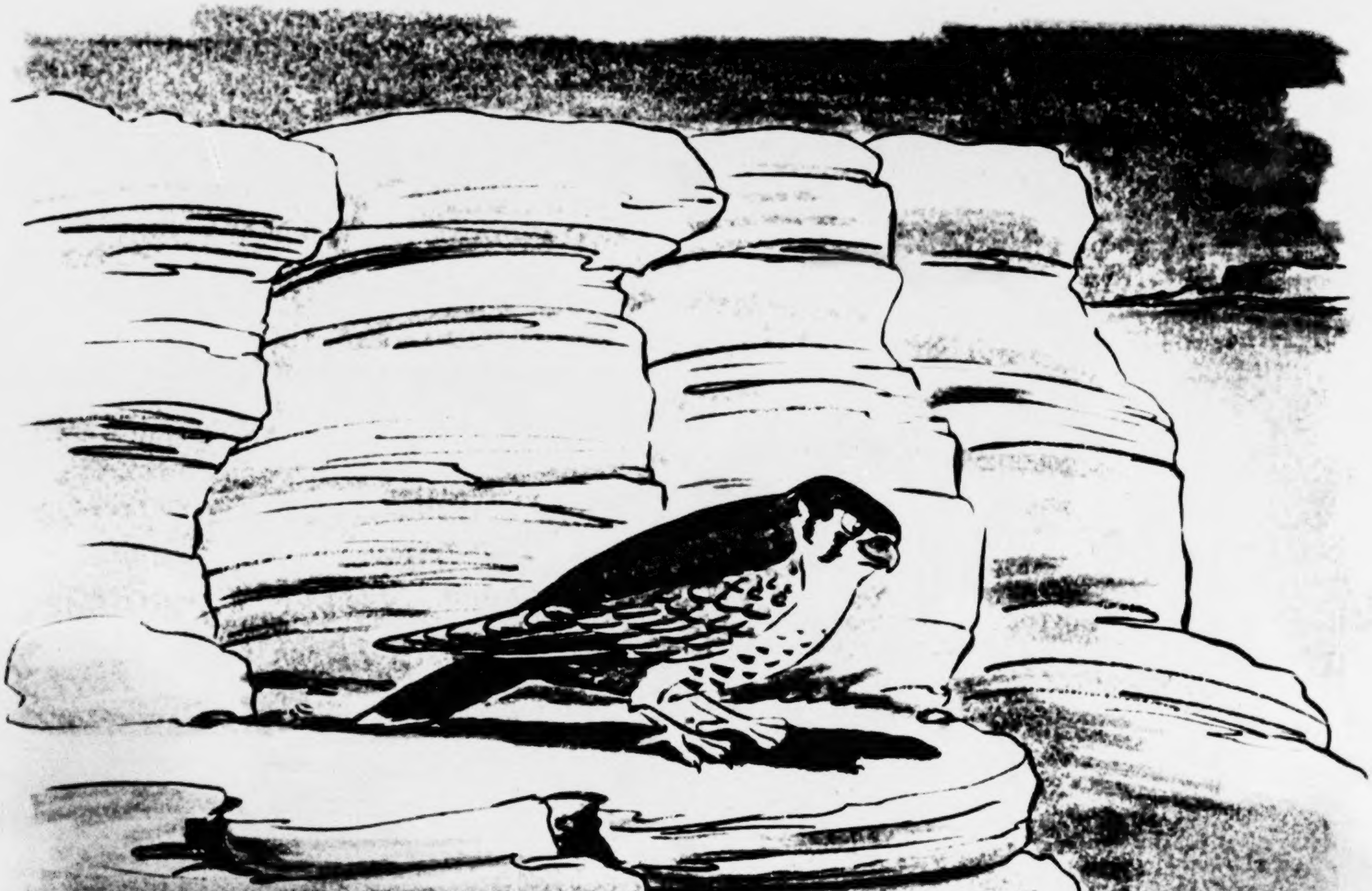


That ends the story of the coyote and the badger, two friends who ran a race. Perhaps they are still friends.

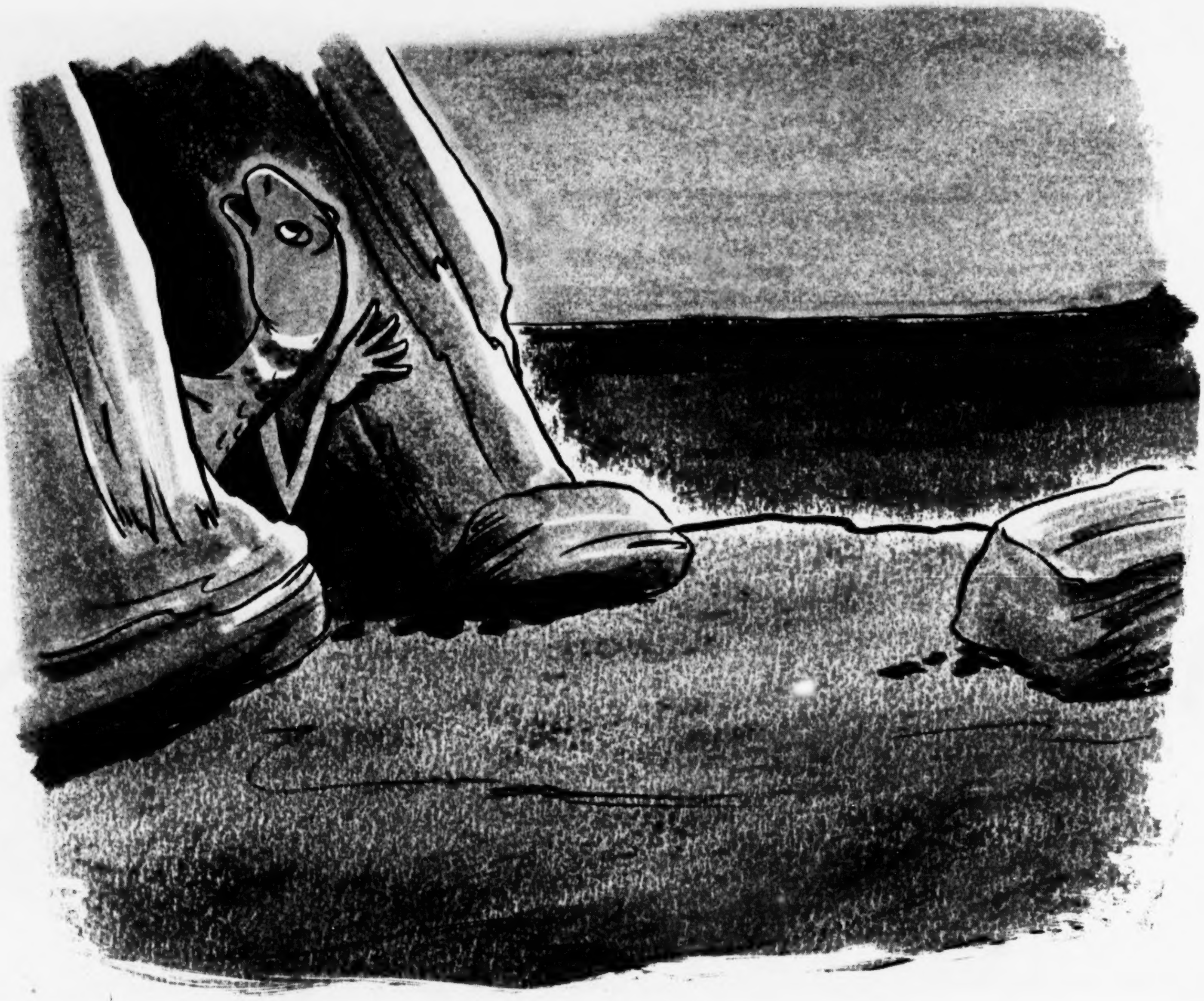
the sparrow hawk and the lizard



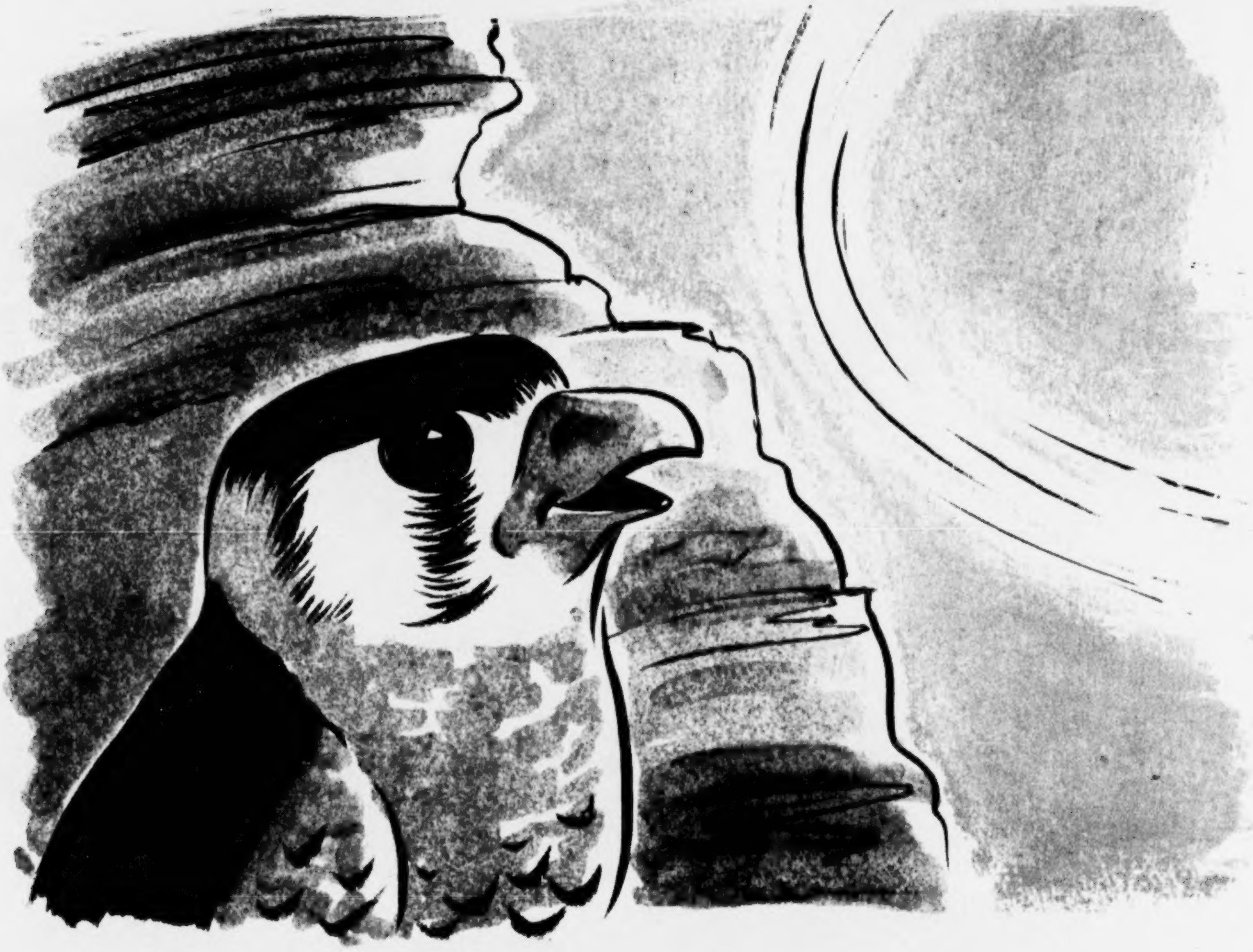
A HOPI TALE AS TOLD BY CHARLIE TALAWEPI
ILLUSTRATED BY DR. DON DOUGLASS



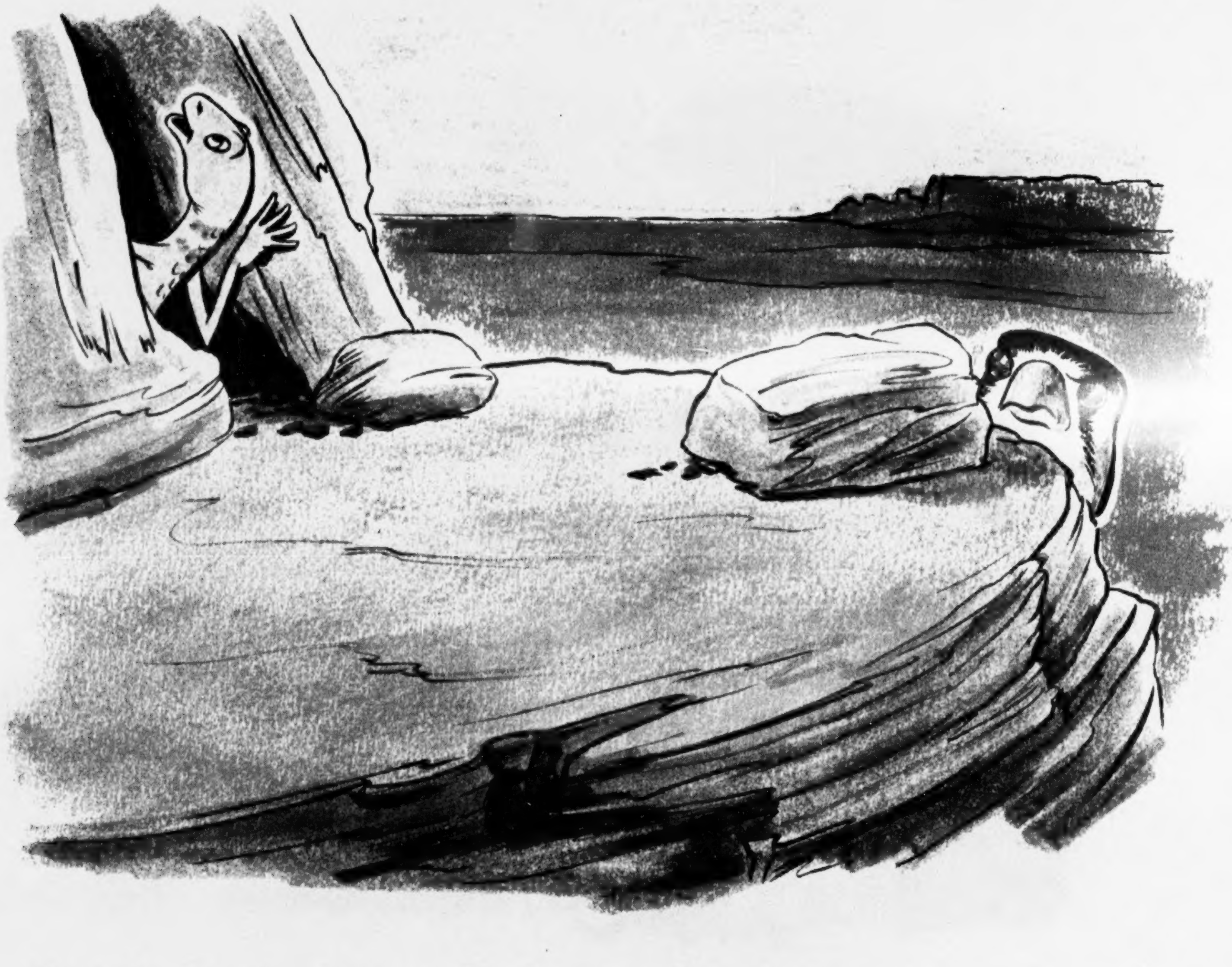
Long ago people lived at Oraibi. At Neukovi, a mesa not far from Oraibi, lived a sparrow hawk. The sparrow hawk lived on a ledge at the edge of the mesa.



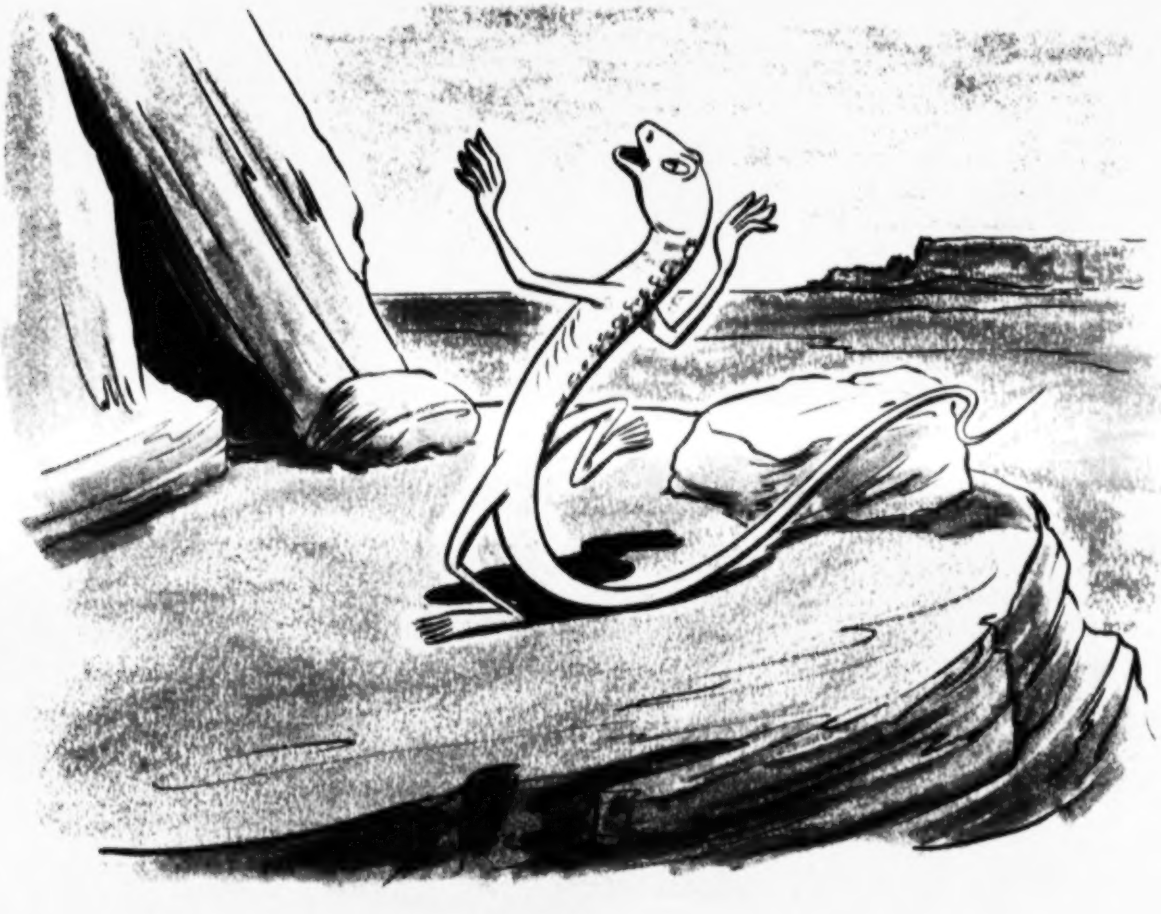
Far below at the foot of the mesa lived a lizard. The lizard lived in a crack in a large rock.



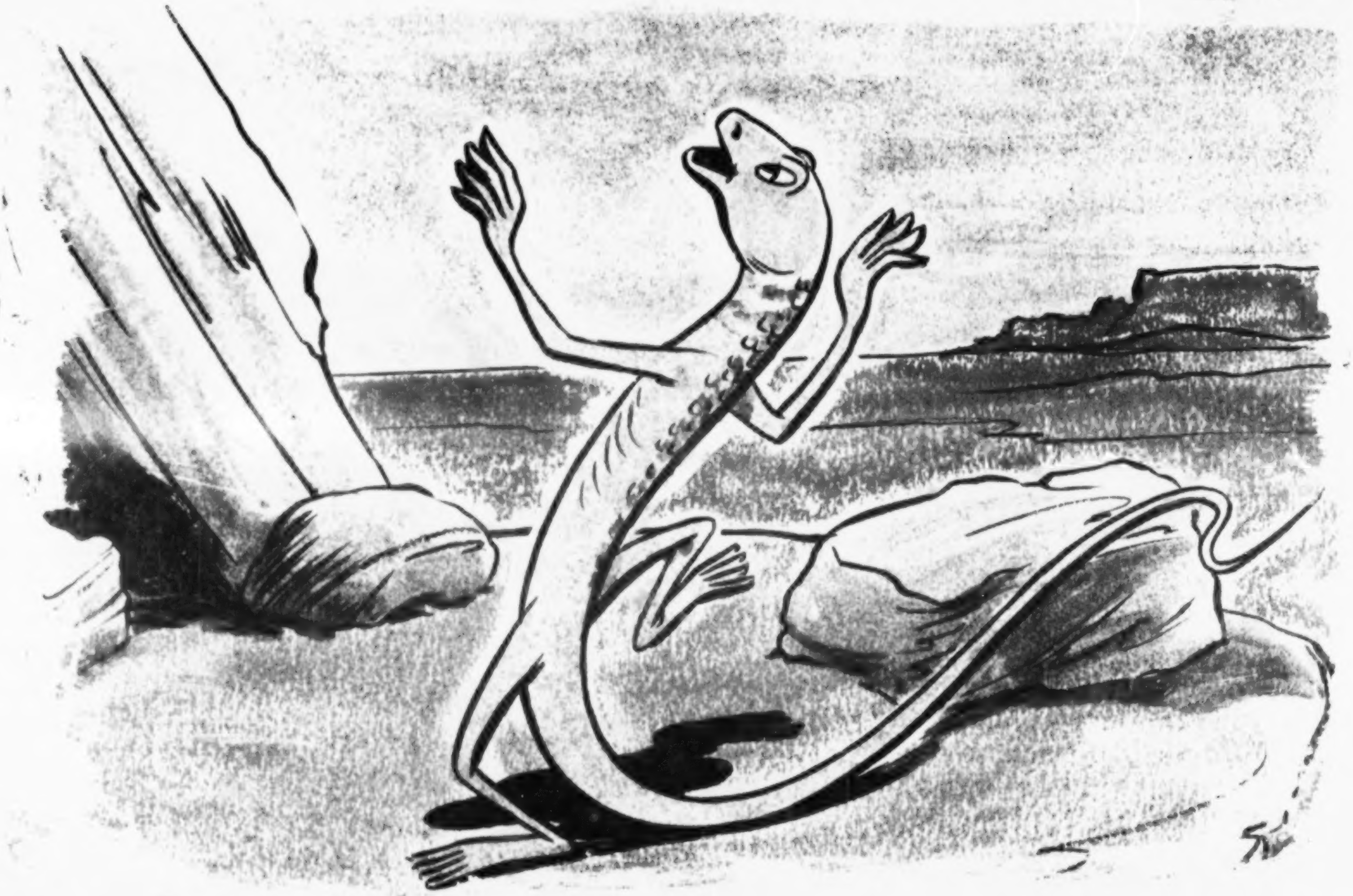
Every morning the sparrow hawk would sit on the edge of the mesa. He would sit and look for flying insects or lizards to catch.



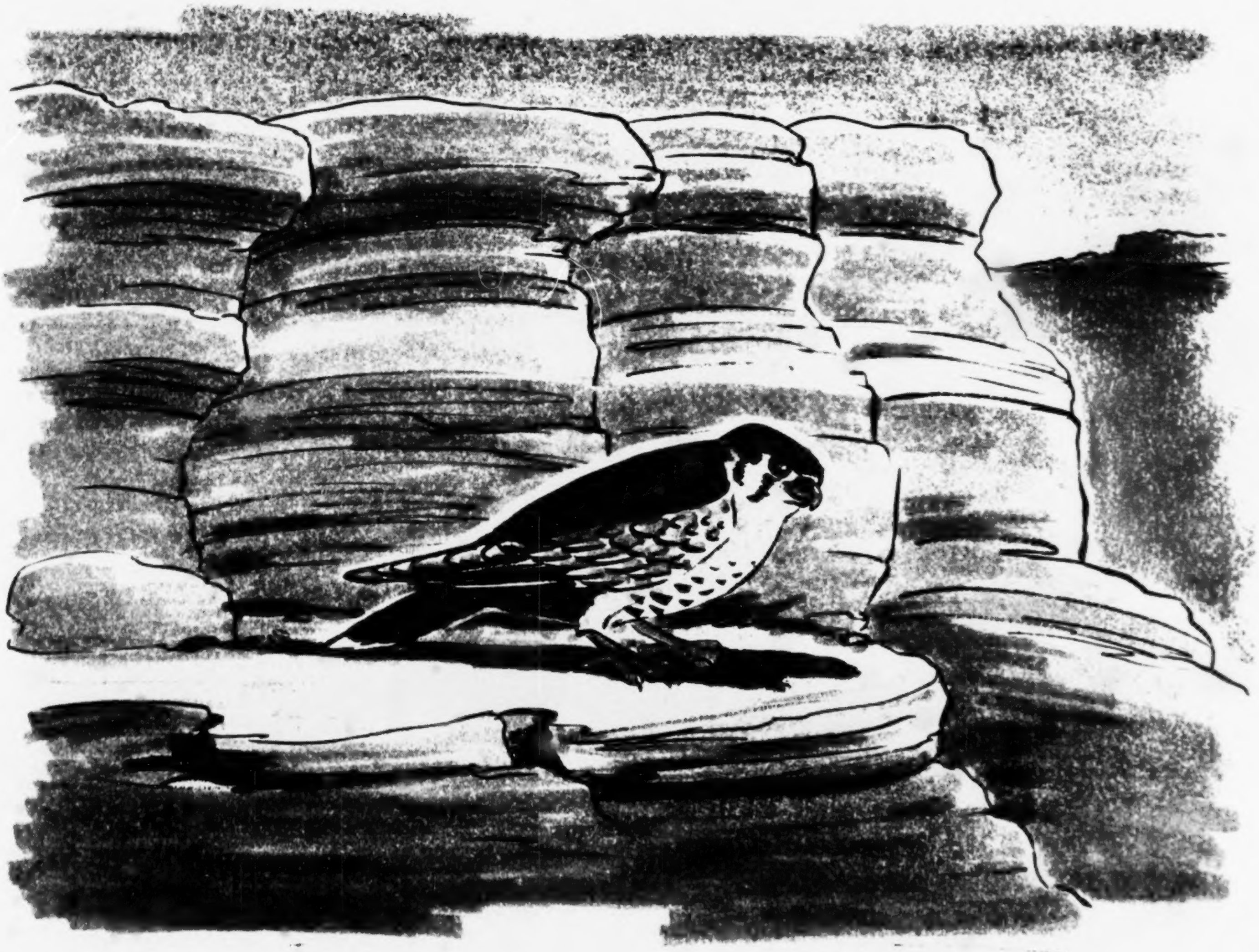
One day as the sparrow hawk sat and looked out over the valley below him, he saw something move. It was a lizard. The lizard would move a little way from a crack in a rock and then run back into it.



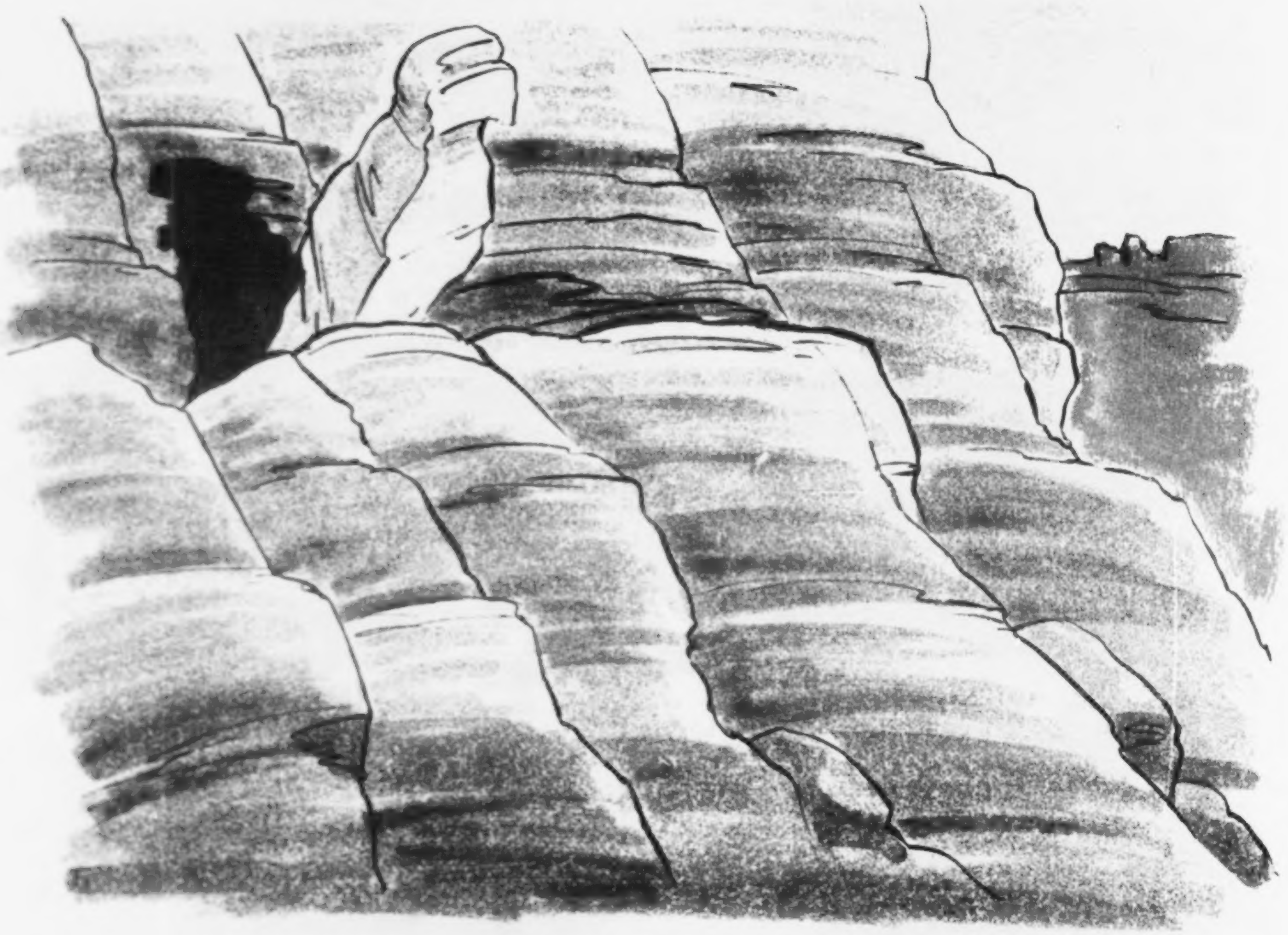
A little later the lizard came out of the crack in the rock and climbed upon a small ledge near the rock. The lizard looked around him. Then it looked up at the sparrow hawk. The lizard began to dance. He sang as he danced. He kept looking up at the sparrow hawk as he danced.



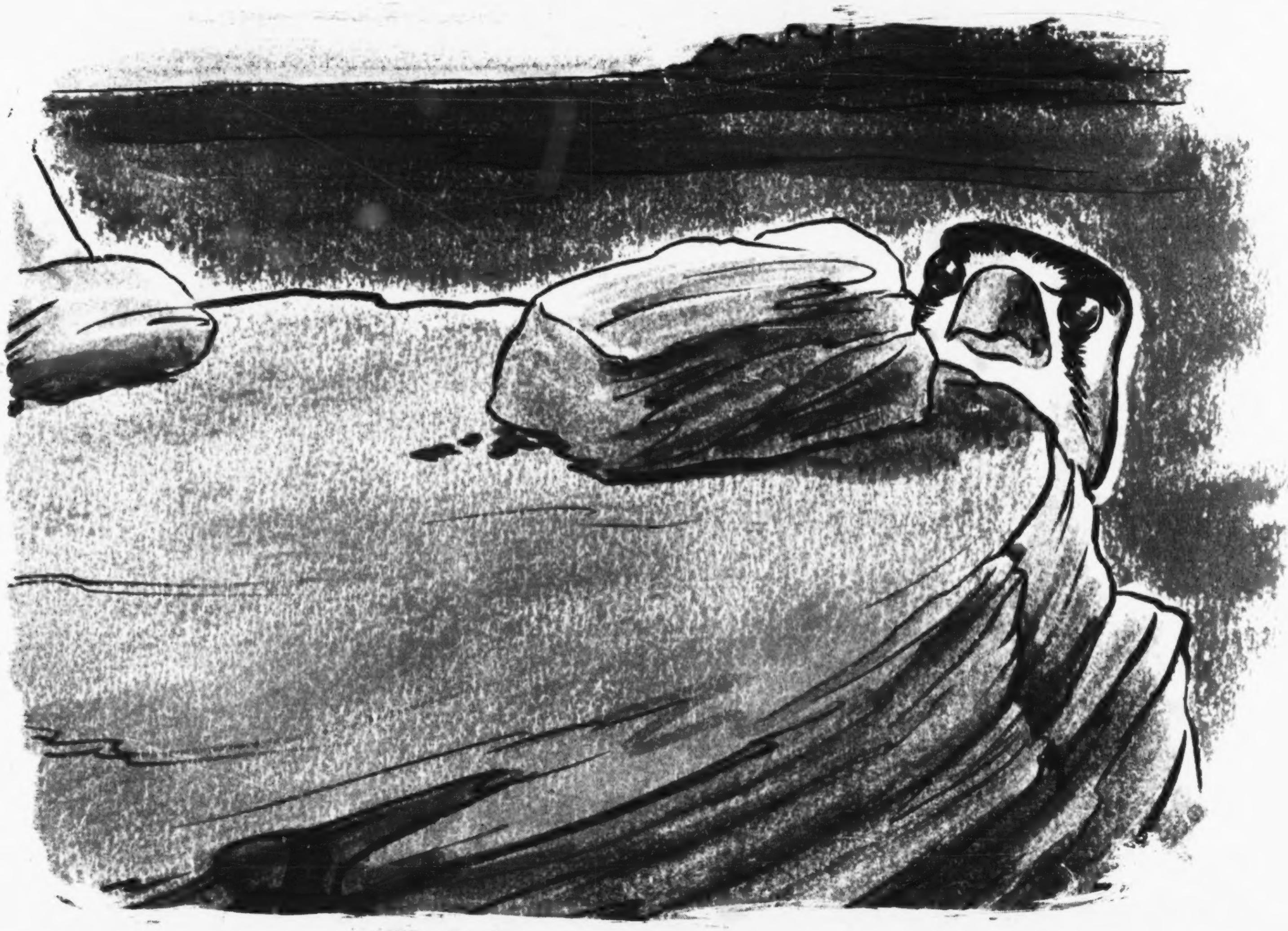
The lizard sang this song. "Around my kidneys there is a lot of fat. It is so good, so good. Ay, Ay." As soon as the lizard finished his dance he ran back to the crack in the rock and jumped into it. The lizard came out and danced several times.



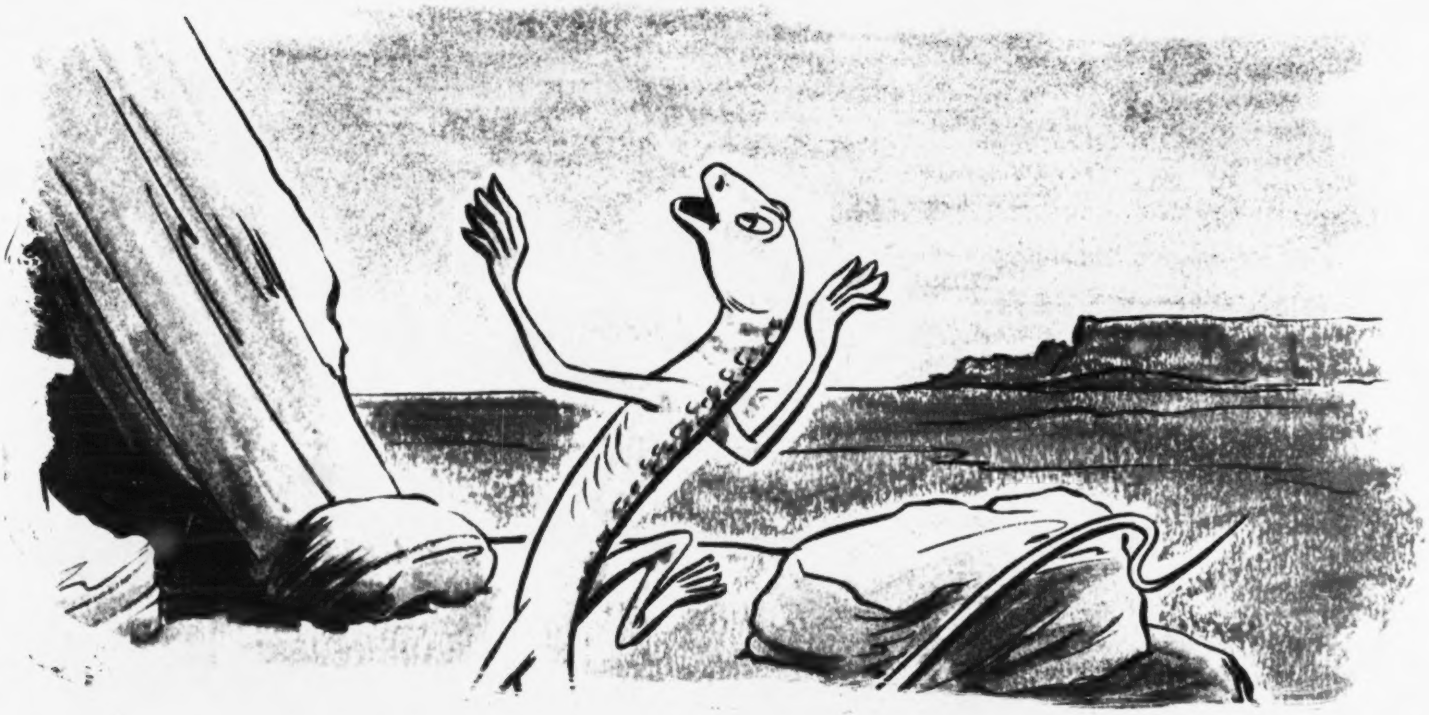
The sparrow hawk watched the lizard as he danced and sang. The sparrow hawk got angry. "I will catch that lizard. I will see if he is really so fat," he said.



The sparrow hawk looked around. He found a white rock. "I will fool the lizard," said the sparrow hawk. He put the white rock where he usually sat. The sparrow hawk said, "The lizard will see this rock and think that I am sitting up here."

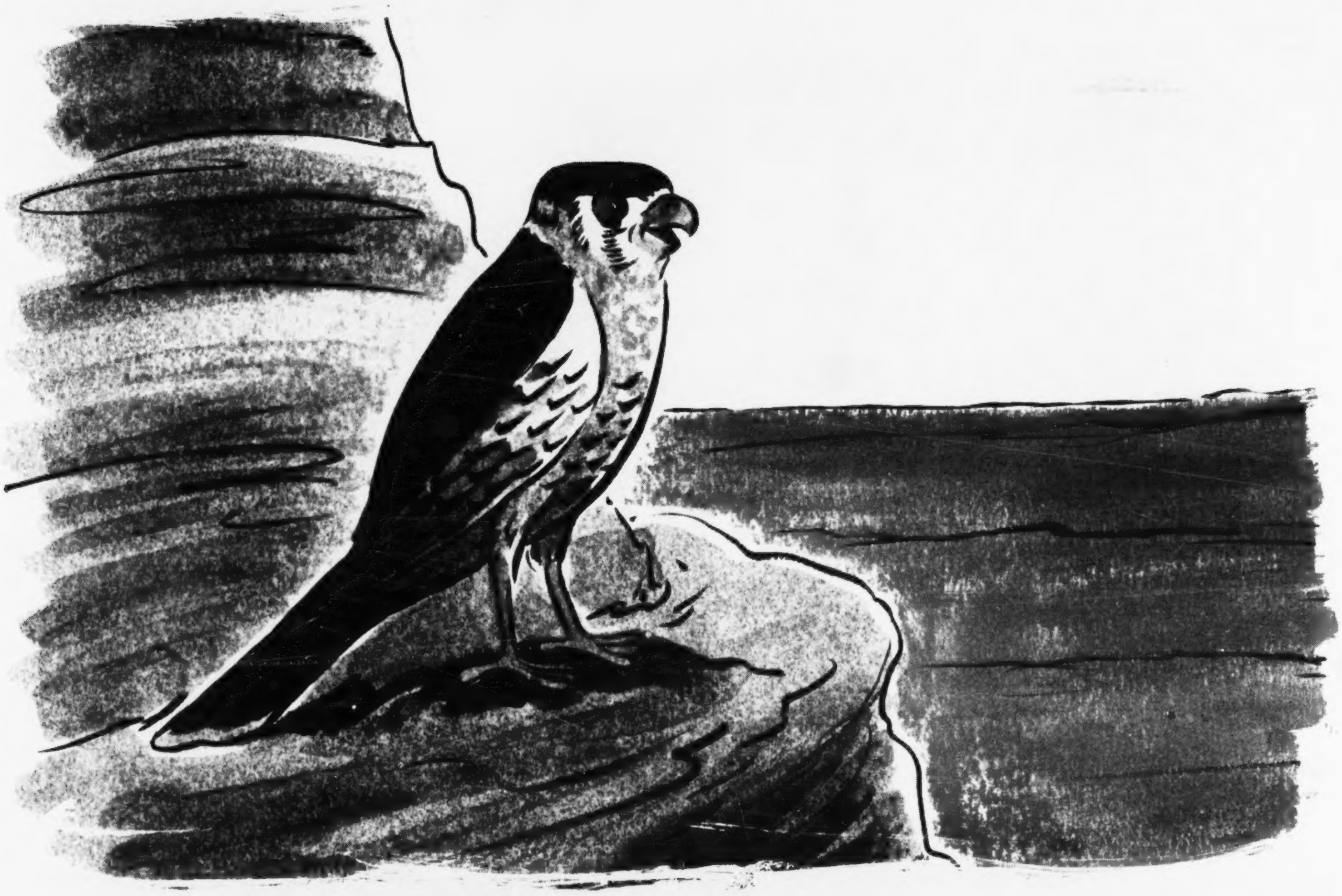


The sparrow hawk flew down to the valley below. He settled near the crack in the rock where the lizard lived. The sparrow hawk hid under a small ledge near where the lizard would dance. Then he waited for the lizard to come out.

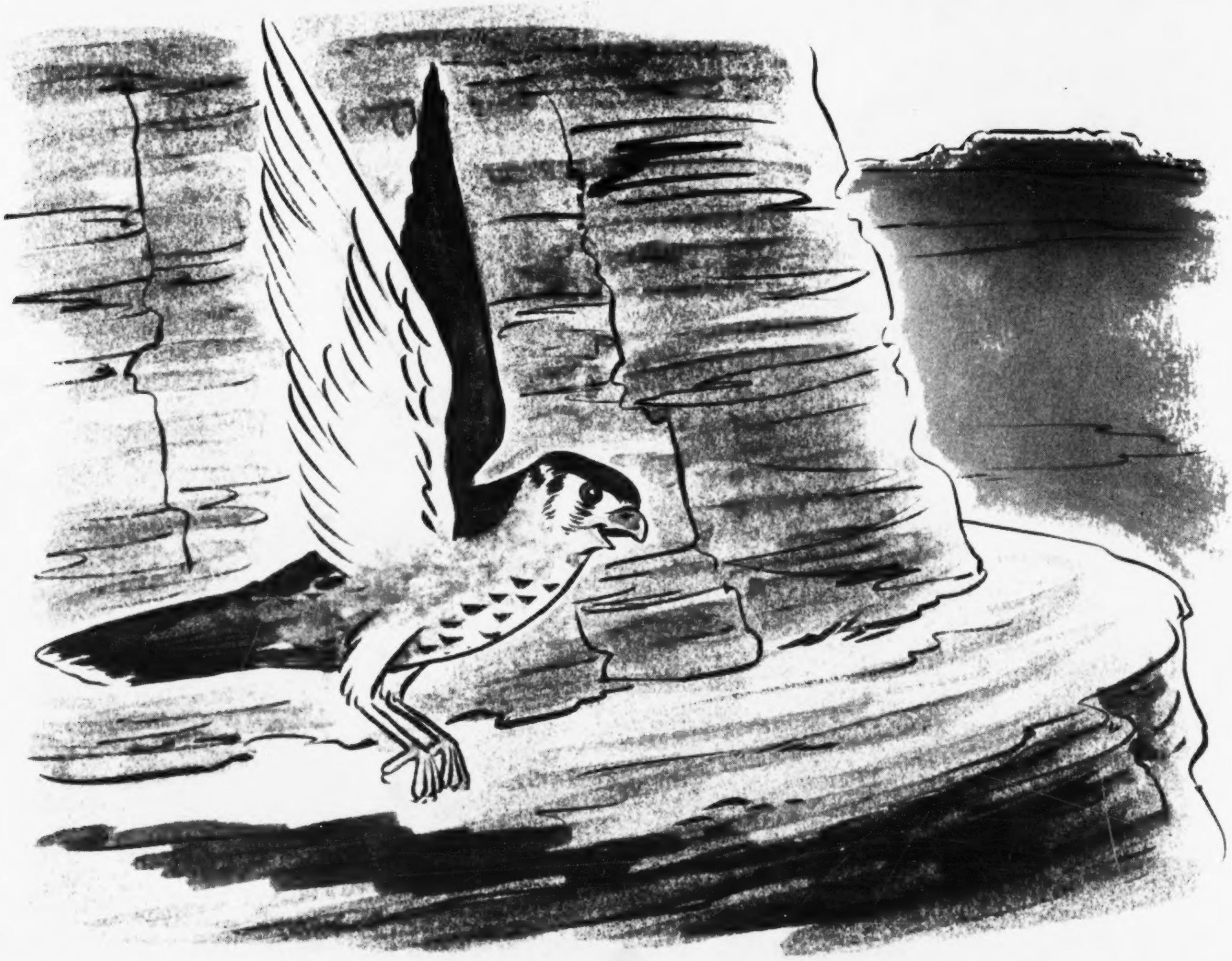


After a while the lizard stuck his head out of the crack in the rock. He looked up to see if the sparrow hawk was still sitting at the edge of the mesa. As the lizard expected, the sparrow hawk was still sitting there. The lizard said to himself, "Ha, ha! The sparrow hawk will never catch me. I am too fast for him. I will sing and dance and tease him again."

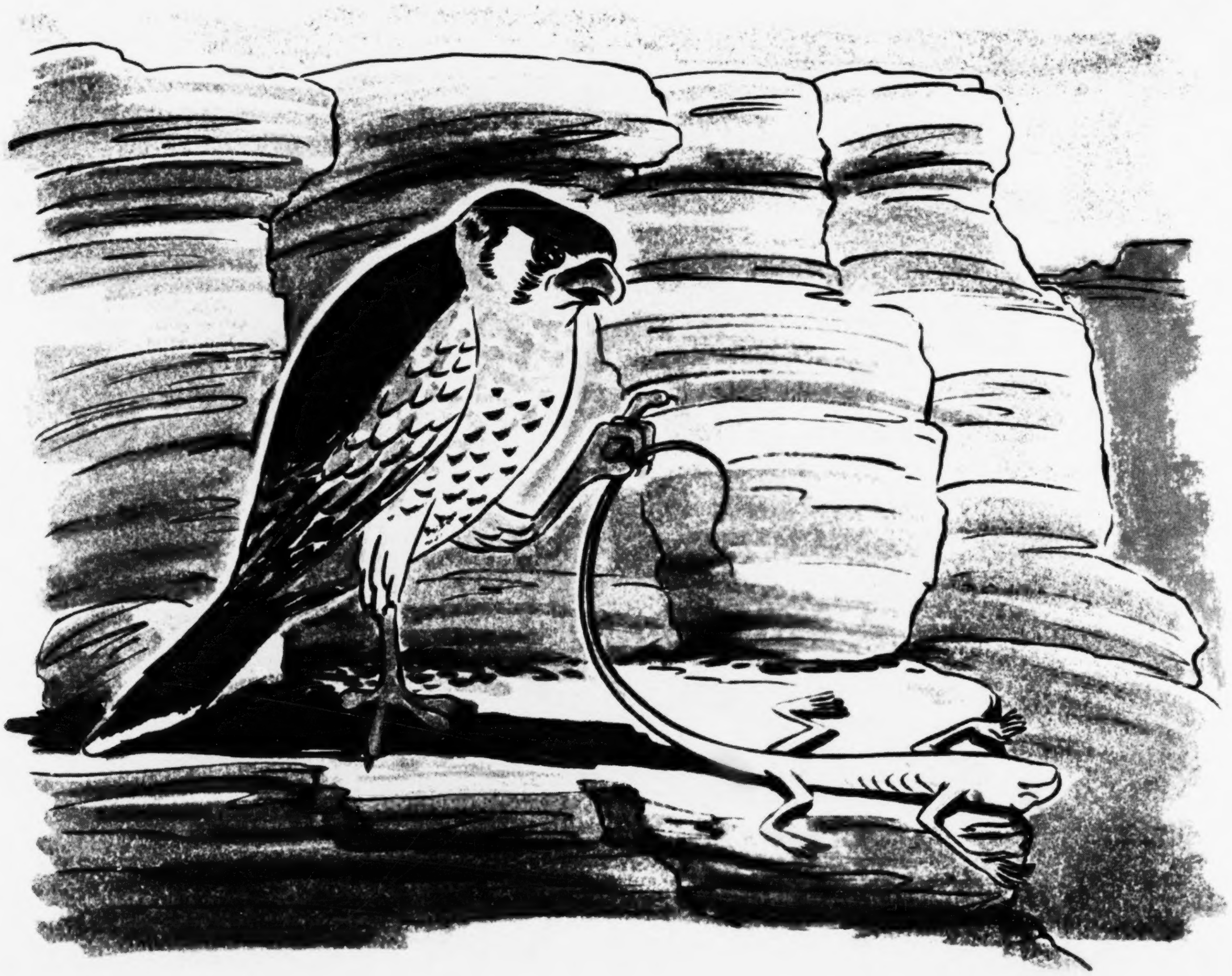
The lizard came out of the crack in the rock and began his dance. As he danced, the lizard would look up at the white rock now and then thinking that the sparrow hawk was sitting up there.



Meanwhile, the sparrow hawk watched the lizard from his hiding place. As soon as the lizard finished his dance he ran for the crack in the rock. The sparrow hawk flew swiftly from his hiding place and caught and killed the lizard as it ran for the crack in the rock. "Ah, ha! Poor lizard," said the sparrow hawk when he caught and killed the lizard.



The sparrow hawk flew back up to the edge of the mesa clutching the lizard between his talons. The sparrow hawk found that the lizard had no fat anywhere at all. It was the skinniest lizard the sparrow hawk ever killed.



The lizard ended his life in this way. Perhaps, it is said, the sparrow hawk is still living at Neukovi today.